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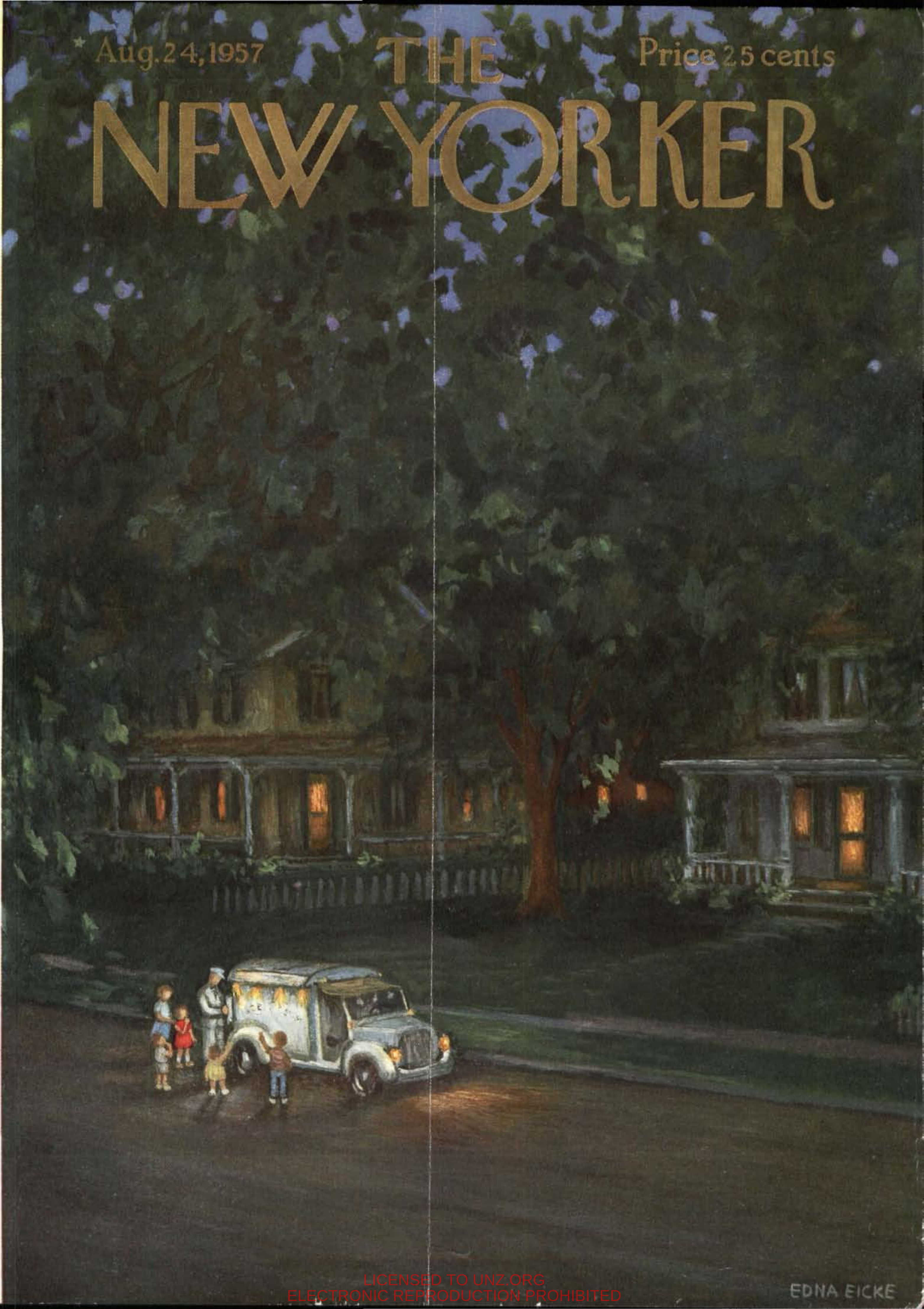

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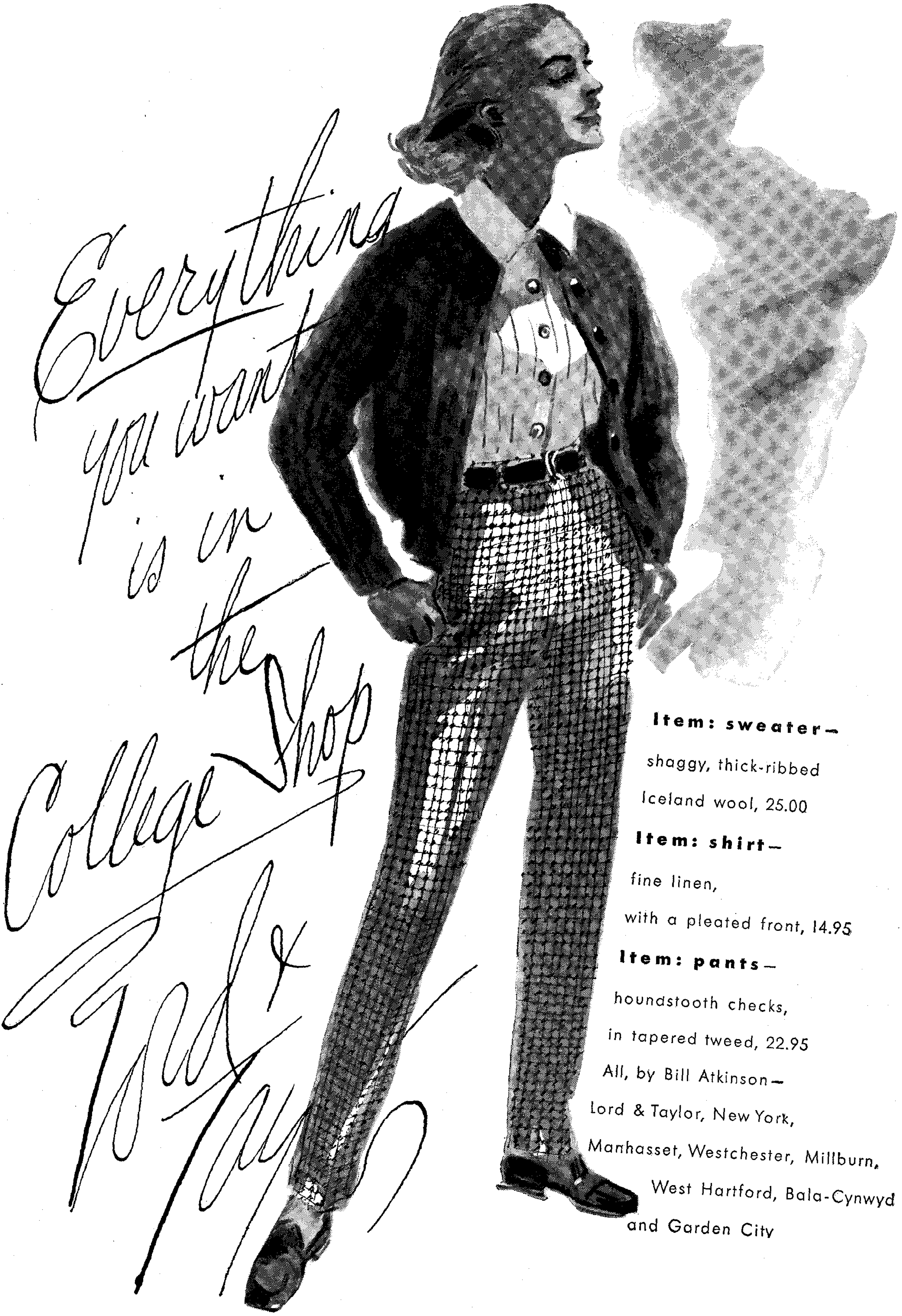
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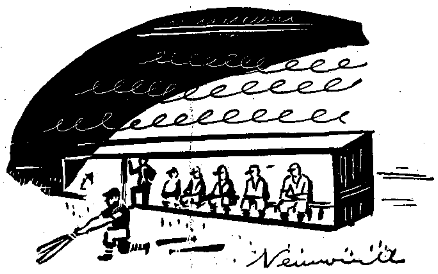
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. For those who may conceivably find themselves dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero and beautifully acted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see for some time. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Separate Tables—Reopens Monday evening, Sept. 2, after a summer hiatus, with Eric Portman and Geraldine Page again playing the leads. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Simply Heavenly—A Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with incidental music by David Martin. Melvin Stewart and Claudia McNeil are among the principals in this recent transplant from West 85th Street. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cutups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the estimable cast includes Tom Ewell. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is abetted by Edward Andrews as an overstuffed Pentagon general. Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan are also in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—no time for sergeants: All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Tucker Ashworth are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 14.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that also includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. Larry Parks and Betty Garrett will fill in for Miss Holliday and Mr. Chaplin for two weeks starting Monday, Aug. 26. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle—something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco—doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Jan Norris, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of a cast that features George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—damn yankees: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Now with Devra Korwin, Allen Case, and Nathaniel Frey. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **li'l abner:** The doings in Dogpatch of the dimwitted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare (for the time being) has the part of Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews plays Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Viola Roache and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—"Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis, Roger Boxill, and Patricia Peardon. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Renata Theatre—Leon Janney and Frances Sternhagen in "The Country Wife," William Wycherley's Restoration farce. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York Summer Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Macbeth," with Colleen Dewhurst, Roy Poole, and John McLiam, presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. The final production of the season. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Wednesday, Sept. 4.)

Theatre Under the Stars—Jazz Under the Stars—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: Al Hibbler, Dinah Washington, Slim Gaillard, Don Elliott's quartet, and others. Starting Monday, Aug. 26: Lionel Hampton and his band, Dave Brubeck's quartet, George Shearing's quintet, Erroll Garner's trio, Chico Hamilton's quintet, Anita O'Day, and others. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Groucho Marx in "Time for Elizabeth." Monday through Sunday, Aug. 26-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Henry Morgan in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Father of the Bride." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

BEVERLY—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "The Pajama Game." Starting Monday, Aug. 26: "The King and I." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

CLINTON—Through Sunday, Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Wedding Night." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "Silk Stockings." Starting Monday, Aug. 26: Lillian Roth in "Lady in the Dark." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

CRAGSMOOR—Through Monday, Aug. 26: "The Fifth Season." Wednesday through Monday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Janus." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Gertrude Berg in "The Matchmaker." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31 (final performances of the season): Peggy Wood in "Jane." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30. Free performances of "Lysistrata" will be presented by the American Theatre Wing Summer Workshop on Tuesday, Aug. 27, and Friday, Aug. 30, at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 24 (final performances of the season): "A Pound in Your Pocket," a new musical. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly at 8:40.)

FALMOUTH—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31 (final performances of the season): Eartha Kitt in "Mrs. Patterson." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

FISHKILL—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: "The Hasty Heart." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Time Out for Ginger." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

FITCHBURG—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: "The Desk Set." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1: "Mister Roberts." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "South Pacific." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31 (final performances of the season): "Oklahoma!" (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

HYDE PARK—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "The Seven Year Itch." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31 (final performances of the season): Sam Levene in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Eartha Kitt in "Mrs. Patterson." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31 (final regular performances of the season): Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." Sunday afternoon and evening, Sept. 1 (special performances): Magic by Fred Keating. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 25, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2:30.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "Rio Rita." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 28-31: "The Gypsy Baron." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: Dick Button in "On the Town." Starting Tuesday, Aug. 27: Olsen and Johnson in "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

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MAHOPAC—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1. "The Pajama Game." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Celeste Holm in "Back to Methuselah." Monday through Sunday, Aug. 26-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): Groucho Marx in "Time for Elizabeth." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sunday, Aug. 25, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MILLBURN—Through Sunday, Aug. 25 (after which the theatre will be closed for two weeks): Ruth Chatterton and Arthur Treacher in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.)

MONMOUTH—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31: "The Gondoliers." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Chester Morris in "A View from the Bridge." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31: Mony Dalmes and Francis Lederer in "The Dazzling Hour." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, Aug. 31: Frances Farmer in "The Jamison Affair," a new play. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Viveca Lindfors and Cathleen Nesbitt in "The Chalk Garden." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31: "The Pajama Game." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: "The Happiest Days of Your Life." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Janus." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 27-31 (final performances of the season): "Liliom." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

RYE—Through Sunday, Sept. 1: "South Pacific." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31 (final performances of the season): Ed Begley in "Inherit the Wind." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "The Pajama Game." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31: "The Reluctant Debutante." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Paul Hartman in "Oh, Men! Oh, Women!" Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31 (final performances of the season): "The Reluctant Debutante." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STRATFORD—"The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Thursday evening, Aug. 22; Saturday evening, Aug. 24; and Wednesday evening, Aug. 28. . . . ¶ "Much Ado About Nothing," with Katharine Hepburn and Alfred Drake: Friday evening, Aug. 23; Saturday matinée, Aug. 24; Tuesday evening, Aug. 27; Wednesday matinée, Aug. 28; and Friday and Saturday evenings, Aug. 30-31. . . . ¶ "Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Sunday matinée, Aug. 25; Thursday evening, Aug. 29; and Saturday matinée, Aug. 31. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call WA 5-1378.)

WALLINGFORD—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30.)

WESTBURY—Through Sunday, Sept. 1: "Mr. Wonderful." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

WESTPORT—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: George Jessel in "Showtime," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 26-31: Celeste Holm in "Back to Methuselah." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. Thursday, Aug. 22, at 4, the last in a series of readings, this one by Katherine Anne Porter. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, Aug. 25: "A View from the Bridge." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1 (final performances of the season): "Inherit the Wind." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

NOTE—The final performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24: Gemze De Lappe and Glen Tetley, Kurt and Grace Graff, Jean Cébron, and Josefina Garcia. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31: The Benjamin Harkarvy Ballet Company, Lotte Goslar, Carlos Antonio Fernandez, and Wisnu and Bagong. (Lee, Mass. Performances at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some of the first families of Manhattan, Hollywood, and probably Nineveh and Tyre will be dispossessed for a couple of weeks when the curtain comes down, the night of Friday, Aug. 23, on a celebrated grove of palm trees. Until then, dance music without cease.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the

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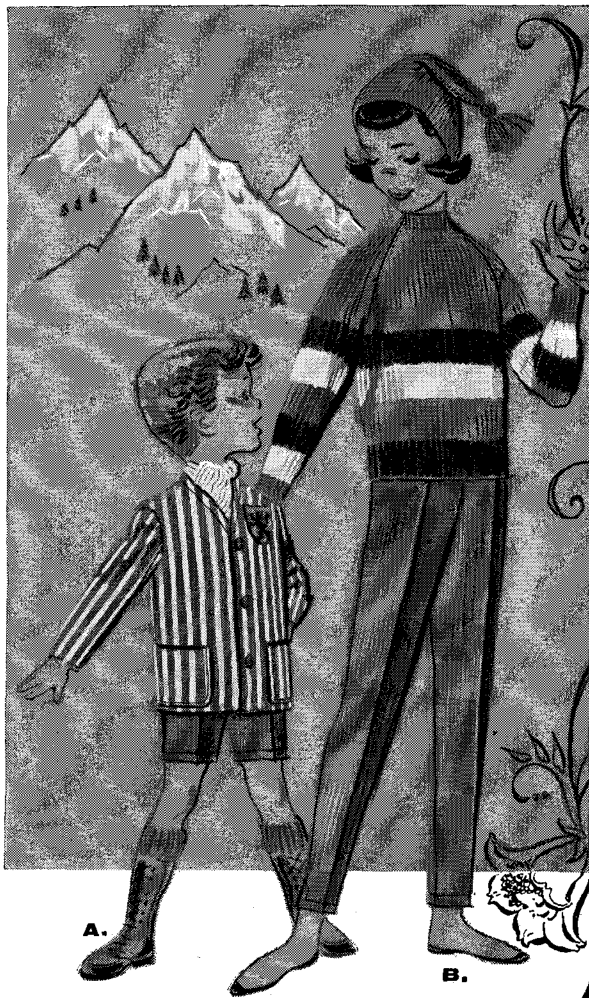

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C. Girls' wool skating sweater in red with white; white with blue. 8 to 14. **10.95**

Skating skirt, a whirl of corduroy in white lined with red; or blue with white. Sizes 6 to 14. **12.95**

Wool knit skating cap. Red or white. **5.95**

D. Reversible cotton-on-cotton "wind-jacke"—outdoors-print one side, solid on the other. Drawstring waist and hood. White with red or blue. Sizes 4 to 14. **19.95**

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E. Sturdy all-weather coat. Cotton-on-cotton in Swiss blue or beige. Sizes 2 to 14. **22.95**

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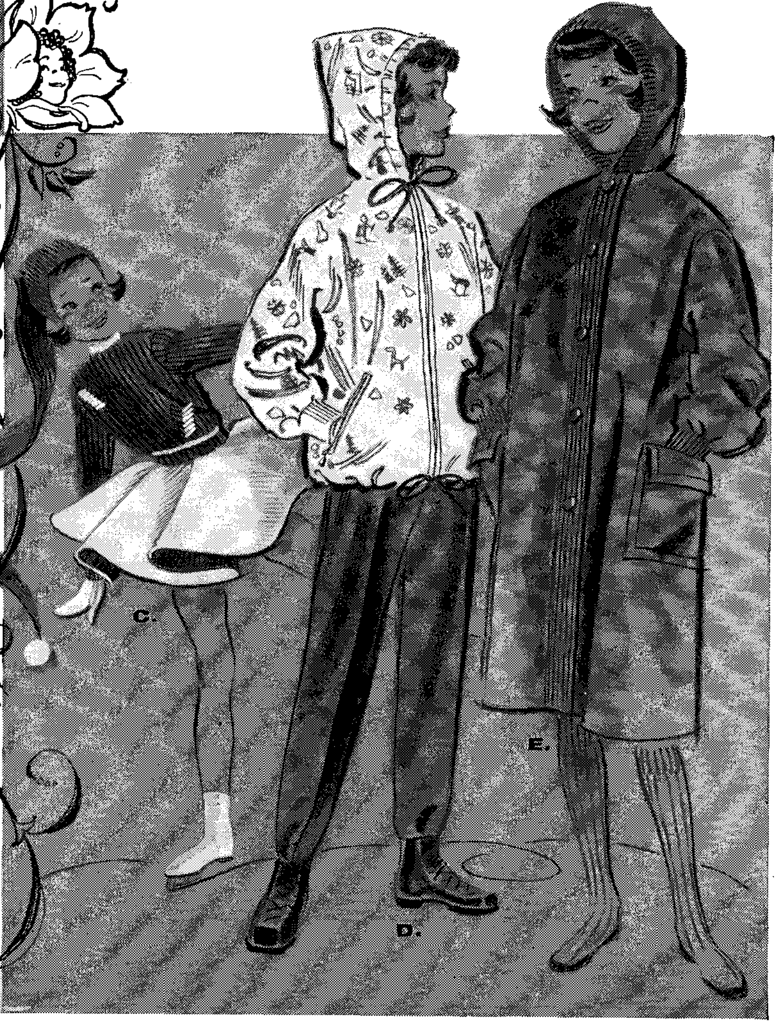

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini, who stays away Sundays, operates a guitar that conjures up dulcet heat waves in the tropics and castles in Spain.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Eddie Lane's band is spinning summer-weight dance music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—High as the Alps in quality, partly because it's an Alp itself, and glass-enclosed. Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play, play, play for dancing. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—People who like to be babes in the woods can play at it, on dry nights only, by sitting on the rim of the open-air terrace, which has dance music after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays. Nothing doing Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sarah Vaughan and Count Basie's band, up to now under a strange compulsion to hold their peace on the Starlight Roof, are now in full cry—Miss Vaughan with a voice capable of vast range, joy, and subtlety, Mr. Basie with brass and rhythm sections like thunderbolts of Jove. Joe Williams, who can outshout almost anyone else's blues, makes it an extra-grand night for singing. Also on hand is Béla Babai's orchestra, which does most of the dance music. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari concocts dance music from eight until one; the Babai gypsy band takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The crow's-nest known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can, if you snaffle a window-side table, survey at your ease the asphalt jungle known as New York 20. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A vineyard haven, evergreen and commodious as can be, where sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Addison Bailey is the author of this music during the week; Paul Morse is the Sunday driver.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The work week at Goldie Hawkins' in-town beach club is now only Monday through Thursday, but the surf of his conversation and piano runs as high as ever. Bill Taylor, a milder type, is his alter ego at the instrument.... **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, our first lady of sorrows, is also our first lady of songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, (2) better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist; Don Evans, a keyboard man of infinite variety, performs as a soloist. The music starts at cocktail time; Miss Mercer starts around half past ten. Closed Sundays. ... **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the bar, dignified as Berkeley Square, the court musician is Rack Godwin, of the never-to-be-forgotten piano team of Eadie and Rack. His pleasantries are available from five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty every night of the week. ... **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of very pretty opulence, in the middle of which Fred Witmer plays bland piano at dinner and supper every night but Sunday, which is curfew.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, and they operate in the best table-side manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday.... **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, an influential citizen who has had his effect on one or two generations of drawing-room pianists, demonstrates (from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two) that he is still a peer of his realm—a calm, collected, sanctuary sort of place. Closed Sundays.... **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Way out West, where the wide-open Madison Square Garden begins, sits this reminder of night life back on the eastern seaboard. After ten, Hubbell Pierce joins in with back-East words and music from behind his Mason & Hamlin, and the Lee Evans jazz trio (with the magnificent Denzil Best on drums) fills in during his idle moments. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent festival here (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays. ... **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the peripatetic music and the songs, is French. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Little old Ruritania is full of happy villagers, all busy cooking with gas, playing piano and violin, or singing in French, English, Hungarian, and Ruritanian. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.

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SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

UE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A long Labor Day weekend begins at close of business on Saturday, Aug. 24. Mae Barnes, a brassbound canary who could show Samson a thing or two about bringing down a house; Carol Burnett, whose unhappy childhood (television) was spent sharpening an already acute set of wits; T. C. Jones, whose transvestite dissection of famous denizens of the second sex can leave scar tissue on both subject and audience; and Bob Ritterbush, a full-fledged, full-voiced folk singer, will finish summer school that evening.... ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time. This, too, comes to an end on Saturday, Aug. 24.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The estival habitat of Julius Monk, an entrepreneur who specializes in the sort of seemingly artless merriment that thrives only when performer and audience are as one. The kingpins are Blossom Dearie and Annie Ross, girls who can convert the simplest songs into little jewels of gamesmanship. The musicians are Francy Boland and Eddie De Hass, a couple of Europeans who play Yale-dormitory jazz. Closed Sundays.... **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Othella Dallas, a native American songbird, has returned from the Grand Tour with a lot of Gallic lacquer and songs in several languages, not including the Scandinavian. The support she gets from the local bandsmen is not in the manner she is accustomed to. She's on around ten. Dancing on a floor the size of your neighborhood phone booth. Closed Sundays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from their twin pianos. Right now, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, an old established firm steeped in spoofery, are the jokers. Sundays, when this pair is away, there are silent movies.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An awesome collection of firepower, going by the names of Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chris Connor, a girl beamish enough to be called the Midnight Sun, is firmly singing a fairly intricate jazz, backed by Stan Free's triad. Slim Gaillard, outer-spaceman musician and talker, is also making a visit to this small planet. On Sundays, there are jazz concerts at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The quintet of George Shearing and the trio of Jack Kelly, another knowledgeable workman, tee off around eight-thirty. Mr. Shearing is everything from concert artist at the pianoforte to leader of a tense but muted form of new-era jazz; the Kellys just cheerfully play for keeps. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, other hands occupy the podium.... **BOURBON STREET,** 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The first real good look this town has had at Turk Murphy's jazz band, which is doing its best to reproduce a way of life that flourished in the long, long ago. The listening quarters provided are solid Southern comfort. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six, a heating device manufactured in Trenton, New Jersey, is the major household appliance here. On Tuesday, Aug. 27, Billy Maxted's band will replace this equipment. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten, who believe that the jazz that Grandpa used to make was the best in the land. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Mary Lou Williams, who has decided to give up being just a legend, is again in the public eye, playing the sort of piano that has always been ahead of its time. Her trio shares the podium with the threesome run by Marian McPartland, another girl who thinks clear and modern when she sits down at the keyboard. The Williamses are on leave Sundays, the McPartlands Mondays. Their night starts at nine. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The one thing you can't say about this melting pot is "*plus c'est la même chose.*" At the moment, the major interest is Bud Powell, who can be a piano man of irresistible force and yet felicity of phrase. He has a trio; Johnny Richards has a full-grown band. On Thursday, Aug. 29, the scene changes—to the quartet of Stan Getz, whose thoughts on the new music can bear repetition, and the Maynard Ferguson orchestra, which sometimes lies down and screams its big head off. The regulars are around nightly except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

make jam.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by Toshiko Akiyoshi, who would be the perfect choice for Pitti-Sing in a revival of "The Hot Mikado" and whose piano would qualify her for "The Cool Mikado." This little Japanese girl from school sets to at nine-thirty. No action Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Murder will out every time, if Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and J. C. Higginbotham have anything to say about it. The victims are pop tunes of yesterday, and the butchery (completely in fun) is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. ... **JAZZ CITY,** 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): Another shop front has been rescued from commerce and dedicated to the arts. This one contains the newly augmented group, eight in all, led by Ruby Braff, hornsman of distinction, and the quartet owned by Don Elliott, Jack of several instruments and master of all of them. The Braff contingent, which takes Mondays off, includes Pee Wee Russell, Benny Morton, Bobby Donaldson, Steve Jordan, and Walter Page. The Elliotts are off Tuesdays. Ten is the witching hour, and there's dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A celebrated beer garden for children who are in town weekends. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24, the boys involved in playing Southern airs and graces will (it is reasonable to expect) be Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Johnny Windhurst, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The experiments, all futuristic, conducted here sometimes go off with a bang, sometimes fizzle; the comings and goings of the performers are just as uncertain. However, it's no worse than even money that Buddy Rich's quartet will be among those present. On Monday, Aug. 26, the Reese Markewich quartet, a new sampling of Ivy League wares, will probably be added. No doubt about this, though: the foundry is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays.... **BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays.... **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays.... **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). ... **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266).... **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays.... **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays.... **GLEN COVE, L.I.:** Villa Pierre, formerly Villa Victor (GLen Cove 4-2890); Thursdays through Saturdays, the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon; closed Tuesdays.... **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays.... **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558).... **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays.... ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday.... **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays.... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday.... ¶ Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); dancing on Thursday evenings, and piano every other evening.... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays.... ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays.... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays.... **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays.... **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday.... **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Friday, Aug. 30. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, Sol Wilson, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Friday, Aug. 30.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Stuart J. Davis, William Chaiken, and Stanley Twardowicz; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.)... **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Craig, Hobart Nichols, Gordon Grant, and others in a showing of portraits, landscapes, water colors, and sculptures; through Friday, Aug. 30. ... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery members, including Arthur Osver, Victor Candell, and Seong Moy; through Friday, Aug. 30.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Greene, and Manolo Pascual are three of the participants in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation of paintings and sculptures; through Friday, Aug. 23.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HERVÉ,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Marie Laurencin, Buffet, Jacus, and others; through Friday, Aug. 30.... **MELTZER,** 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by—to name a few of the artists—Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, and George Constant; through Sept. 30.... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Knaths, Léger, and Maldarelli; through Friday, Aug. 30.... **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: American and French paintings and drawings by Homer, Courbet, Pissarro, and others; through Friday, Aug. 30.... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Friday, Aug. 30.

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Friday, Aug. 30. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others.... ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman.... ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, and so on; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings. Works done up to 1925 will be shown through Sunday, Aug. 25; prints and drawings through Sept. 2; and the rest of the exhibit will close on Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second part of a show of recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Alechinsky, Klee, Duchamp-Villon, and others;

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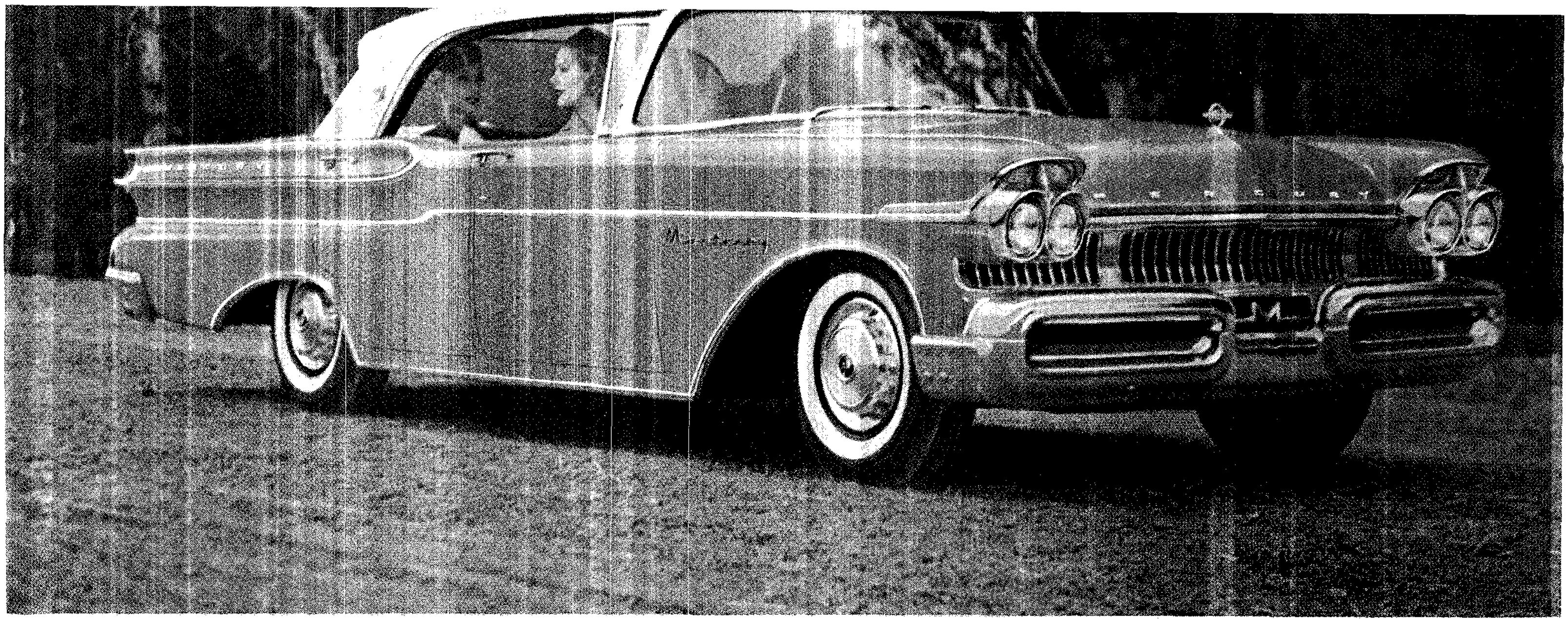

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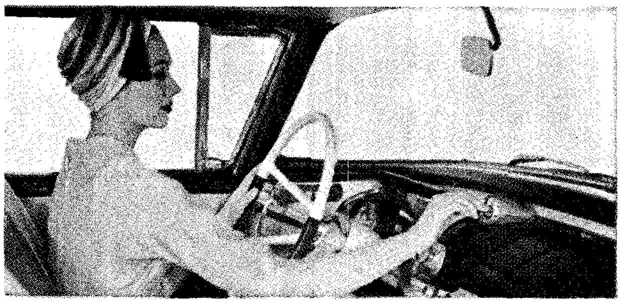

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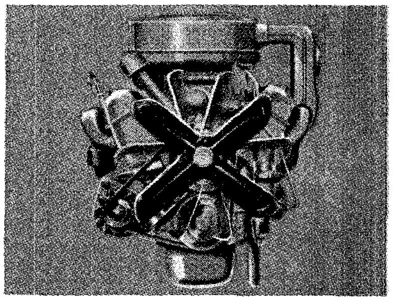

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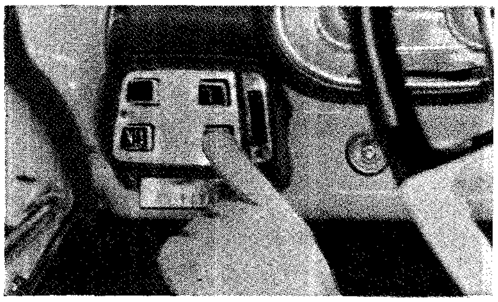

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Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art Schools U.S.A., 1957," made up of works in various mediums by graduates of fifteen art schools and universities; through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **BLUE HILL, MAINE.** Blue Hill Pavilion: Sculptures and paintings by William Zorach, Marguerite Zorach, and Dahlov Ipcar; through Sept. 3. (Daily, 10 to 6.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: An invitation exhibition of oils, water colors, and sculptures by Nicolai Cikovsky, Victor De Pauw, and other artists of the region; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: A small-picture exhibition, chiefly by Mystic artists; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Edward Betts and Robert and John Laurent are three of the members who have paintings and sculptures on display in the August show; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: The second show of the forty-third season offers paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by, among others, Edwin Dickinson, Byron Browne, and Seong Moy; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: This summer's third and final exhibition (mixed mediums) includes items by Carl W. Peters and Hetty Beatty; through Sept. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **WOODSTOCK, N.Y.** Woodstock Artists Association: A selection of paintings and sculptures completed within the last two years by residents of the community; starting Saturday, Aug. 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

Washington Square Park Concerts—Fritz Rikko conducting the Collegium Musicum in the last in a series of free chamber-music concerts. (Monday, Aug. 26, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Judson Memorial Church, Washington Sq. S.)

New York Jazz Festival—Count Basie and his orchestra, Joe Williams, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Stan Getz, Carmen McRae, Miles Davis's and Horace Silver's quintets, Sarah Vaughan, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, Coleman Hawkins, and others are scheduled to appear on Friday, Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, Bobby Hackett's sextet, Bud Powell, Billie Holiday, Max Roach's quintet, Anita O'Day, and others are expected on Saturday, Aug. 24. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Curtain raisers at 7; main events at 8:15. For tickets, call CI 5-1380.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Music Barn—Final jazz and folk concerts of the season—Sunday, Aug. 25, at 8:40: Oscar Peterson's trio, Dizzy Gillespie, and Max Roach. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8:40: A jam session by students and faculty members of the Music Barn's school, including Jimmy Giuffre's trio, Oscar Peterson's trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dizzy Gillespie, and Max Roach. For the benefit of the school's scholarship fund. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8:30: The Weavers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 1, at 8:40: The Modern Jazz Quartet and others. (Lenox, Mass.)

Chautauqua—The First Piano Quartet in the final concert of the season. (Chautauqua, N.Y. Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in an all-Schubert program, with Sidney Foster,

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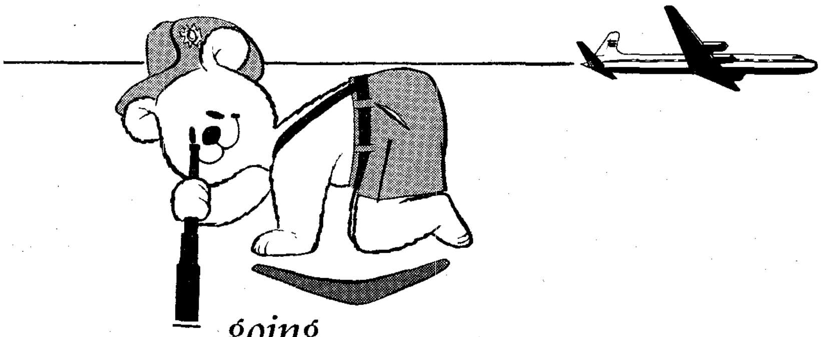

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano, and Aldo Parisot, cello. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 25, at 4.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 22, at 1:30; Friday, Aug. 23, at 8; and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2, and Monday, Aug. 26, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 1:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 22-23, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 27-28, at 8. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, Aug. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 31, at 2. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, Aug. 30, at 2, and Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8:15.

Golf—Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Fresh Meadow Country Club, Great Neck, L.I.; Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J., and Westchester Country Club, Rye. Tuesday, Aug. 27.) . . . ¶ Walker Cup Matches. (Minikahda Club, Minneapolis, Minn. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31.)

Horse Shows—Maryland State Fair Horse Show. (Timonium, Md. First section Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 28-30. . . . ¶ Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Starting Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 24; the Spinaway, Monday, Aug. 26; the Alabama, Wednesday, Aug. 28; the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Friday, Aug. 30; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 31. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

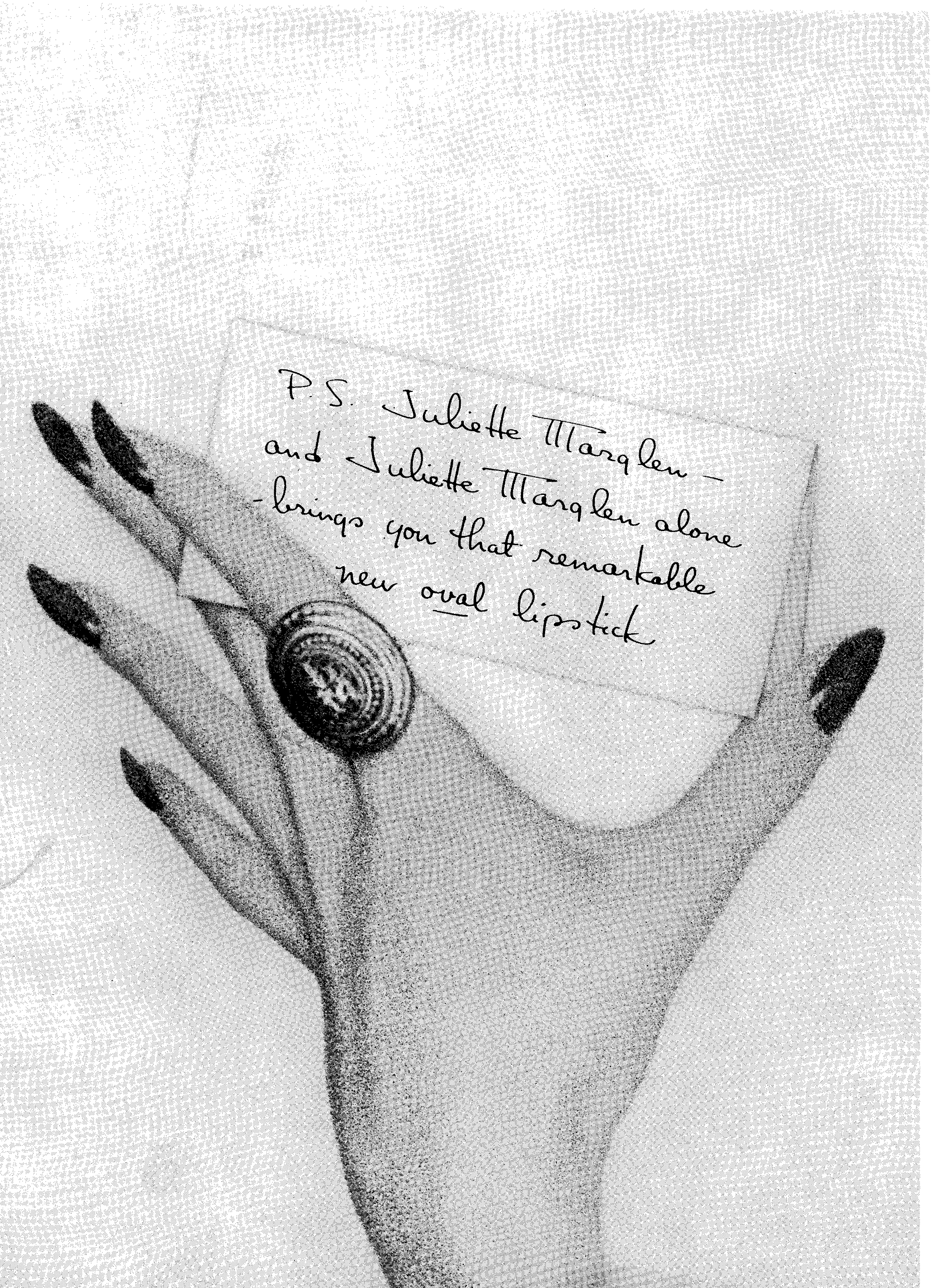
Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.) . . . ¶ Tournament of Champions. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Saturday through Thursday, Aug. 24-29, and Saturday, Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ A match between the International Lawn Tennis Clubs of the United States and Australia. (Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Sea Bright, N.J. Tuesday, Aug. 27.) . . . ¶ National Singles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Starting Friday, Aug. 30. Tickets may be obtained at John Jarrell's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Cedar St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Daily at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next month; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.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GERALD HOCHMAN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Budd Schulberg, who wrote this work, and Elia Kazan, who directed it, never get far below the surface of the infamous television character they've put under scrutiny, but the film does have its exciting moments. Andy Griffith is splendid as the guitar-playing TV terror. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 23, tentative.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 25-27.)

A Hatful of Rain—Adapted from the Broadway play about drug addiction, and directed by Fred Zinnemann, this film, after a slow start, works itself up into a tense, melodramatic mood as it approaches its climax. The plot revolves around a Korean veteran who has taken to the needle; his wife, who is baffled by his conduct; his brother, who is full of sympathy for him; and his father, who is extraordinarily obtuse. Don Murray, Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, and Lloyd Nolan are all commendable in these central roles. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

It Happened in the Park—Five successful and deeply moving vignettes of life and love in the beautiful Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A film of charm, taste, humor, and sadness, with an outstanding cast, including Giulia Rubino, Franca Valeri, Anna Maria Ferrero, and Vittorio De Sica. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Silk Stockings—Some of the old magic agility of Fred Astaire complemented by the remarkable grace of Cyd Charisse. A picture based on another picture, called "Ninotchka," which later became a musical comedy—but let's not pursue it down the alleyways of time. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian, the film has something to do with a lady commissar from the Worker's Paradise, who finds Paris to her liking. And why shouldn't she? Much of the dialogue is in broken English. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but piquant. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. With English dialogue. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Aug. 24.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Aug. 24, tentative.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 25-27, tentative.)

Sweet Smell of Success—Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman have put together an interesting, if occasionally overblown, script for this movie concerning a Broadway gossip columnist who is inclined to think that his prattle about patriotism and the mating habits of some urban types adds up to the last journalistic word. Burt Lancaster is all right as the columnist, and so is Tony Curtis as a publicity stooge who provides him with material. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Aug. 28.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharoahs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

12 Angry Men—A rewarding survey of the workings of the jury system, in the course of which the impanelled veniremen cook up quite a head of steam while determining the fate of an eighteen-year-old youth accused of patricide. Among the jurors are Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden, good actors one and all. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Aug. 22.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 25-27.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Aug. 22.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370, Aug. 22.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 27-28.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 25-27.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through Aug. 24: "La Règle du Jeu" (1939), directed by Jean Renoir.... ¶ Aug. 25-28: "Espoir" (1939), in Spanish and directed by André Malraux. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 27: "Fire Down Below," Rita Hayworth, Robert Mitchum.
From Aug. 28: "3:10 to Yuma," Glenn Ford, Van Heflin.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SILK STOCKINGS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Aug. 22: "The Curse of Frankenstein," Peter Cushing.
From Aug. 23: "Love in the Afternoon," Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

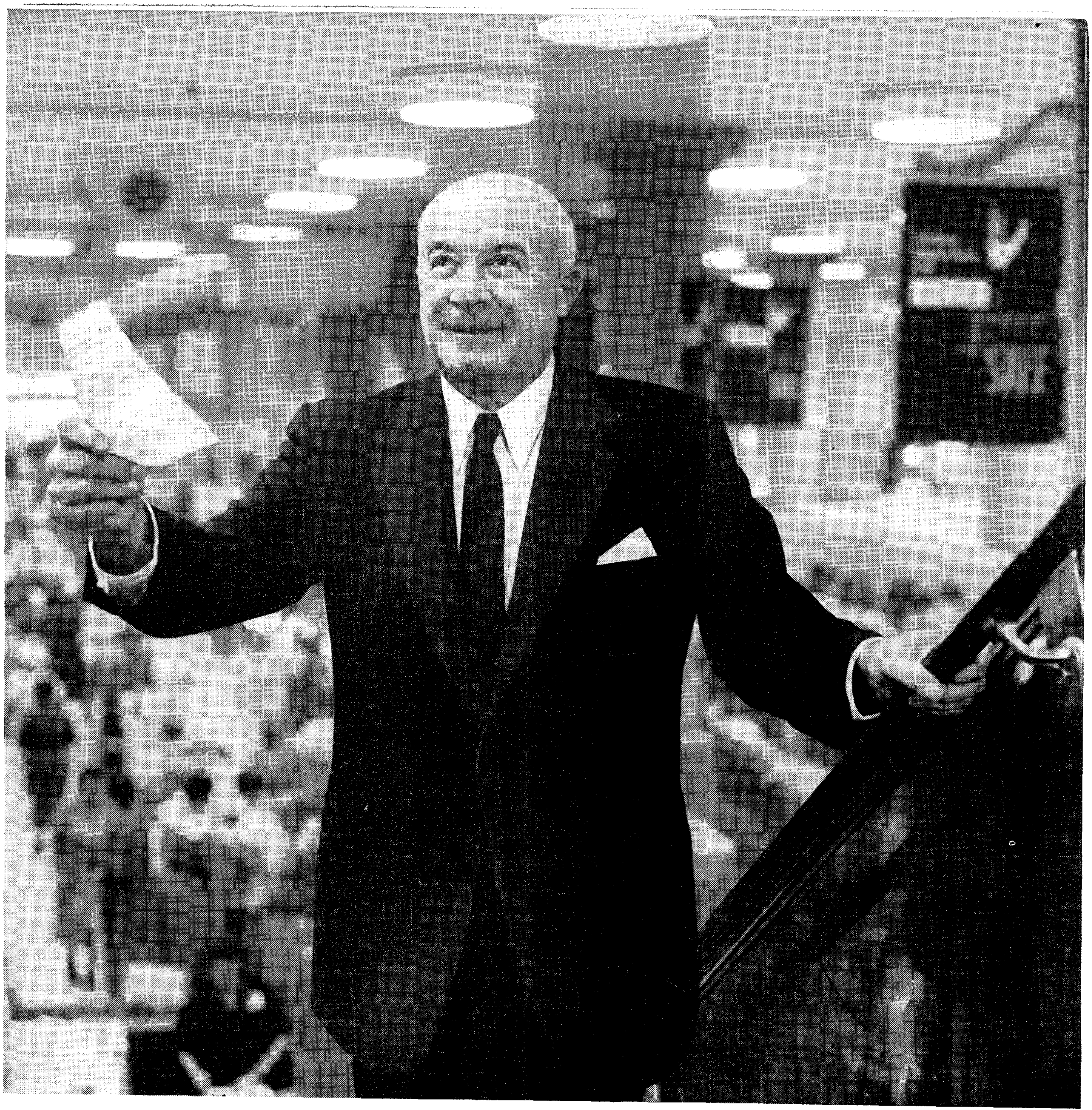
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Aug. 22: "An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From Aug. 23: "The Sun Also Rises," Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Man on Fire," Bing Crosby, Inger Stevens.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
A HATFUL OF RAIN.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).



Bernard F. Gimbel, Chairman of the Board, Gimbel Bros., as photographed by Peter Benech

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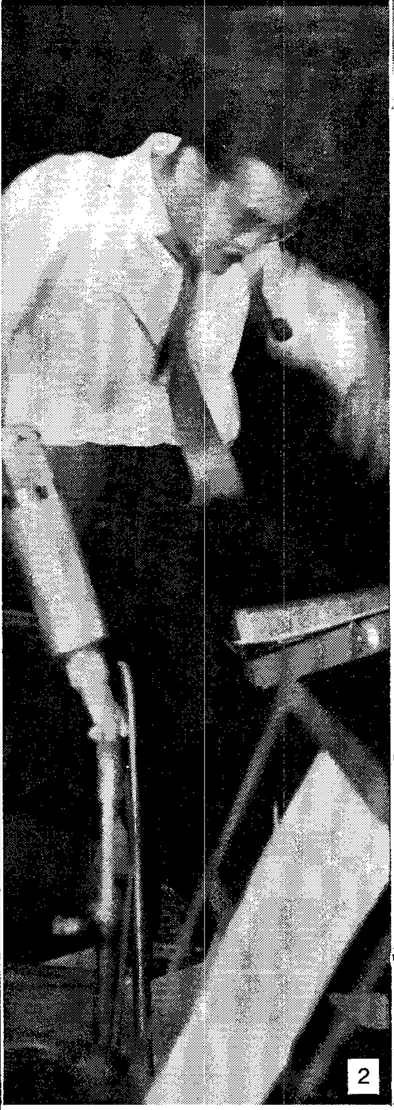

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THE COLUMBIA ALBUM OF COLE PORTER: Michel Legrand and His Orchestra. C2L-4 $6.98

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JAZZ GOES TO JUNIOR COLLEGE: Dave Brubeck Quartet
CL 1034 $3.98

3

WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL: Johnny Mathis with Percy Faith and His Orchestra. (August Buy of the Month—$2.98 August only)
CL 1028* $3.98

LALO: Symphonie Espagnole; **VIEUXTEMPS:** Concerto No. 4 in D Minor for Violin and Orchestra—Francescatti, violinist—The New York Philharmonic, Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.
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CAPTAIN KANGAROO'S SONGS AND DANCES: Bob Keeshan (Captain Kangaroo)
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BREAD, LOVE AND CHA CHA CHA: Xavier Cugat and His Orchestra
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MOZART: Quintets in D Major and E-Flat Major—Budapest String Quartet with Walter Trampler, violist.
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The Philadelphia Orchestra,
Eugene Ormandy, conductor.
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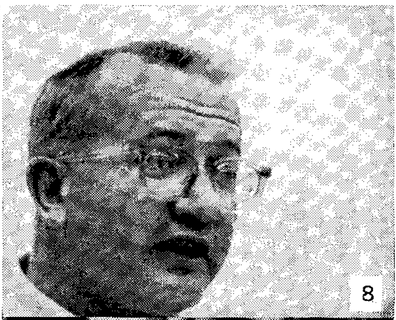
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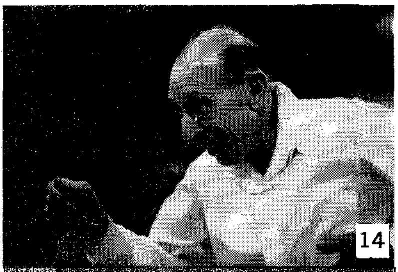
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STRAVINSKY: Persephone—
Igor Stravinsky conducting the
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17

MOZART: Quintets in B-Flat Major and C Minor—Budapest String Quartet with Walter Trampler, *violist.*
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Look Who's Having Fun:

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3. Johnny Mathis
4. Dimitri Mitropoulos
5. Anna Russell
6. Erroll Garner
7. Rosemary Clooney
8. Paul Weston
9. Doris Day
10. Vic Damone
11. Percy Faith
12. Zino Francescatti
13. Andre Kostelanetz
14. Igor Stravinsky
15. Dave Brubeck
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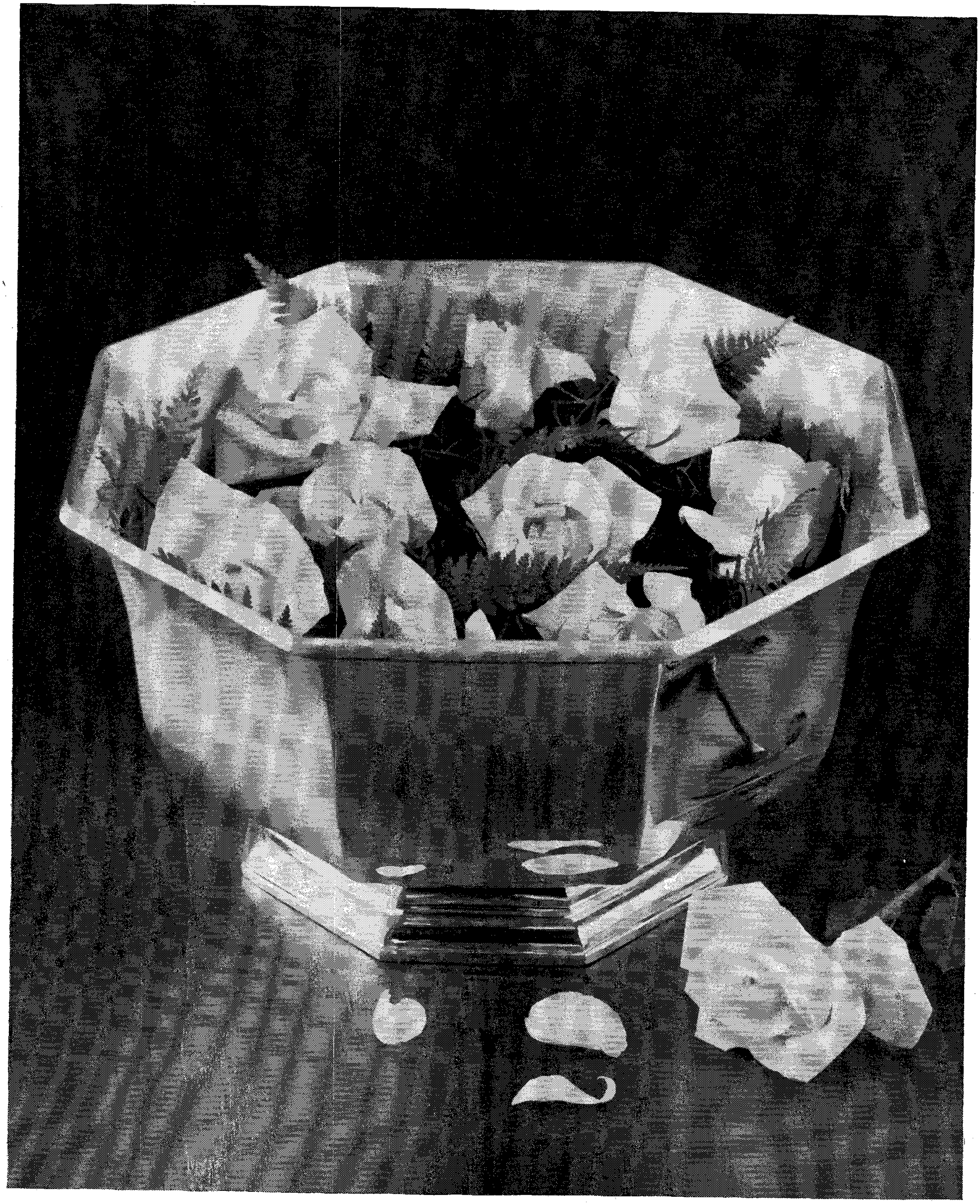

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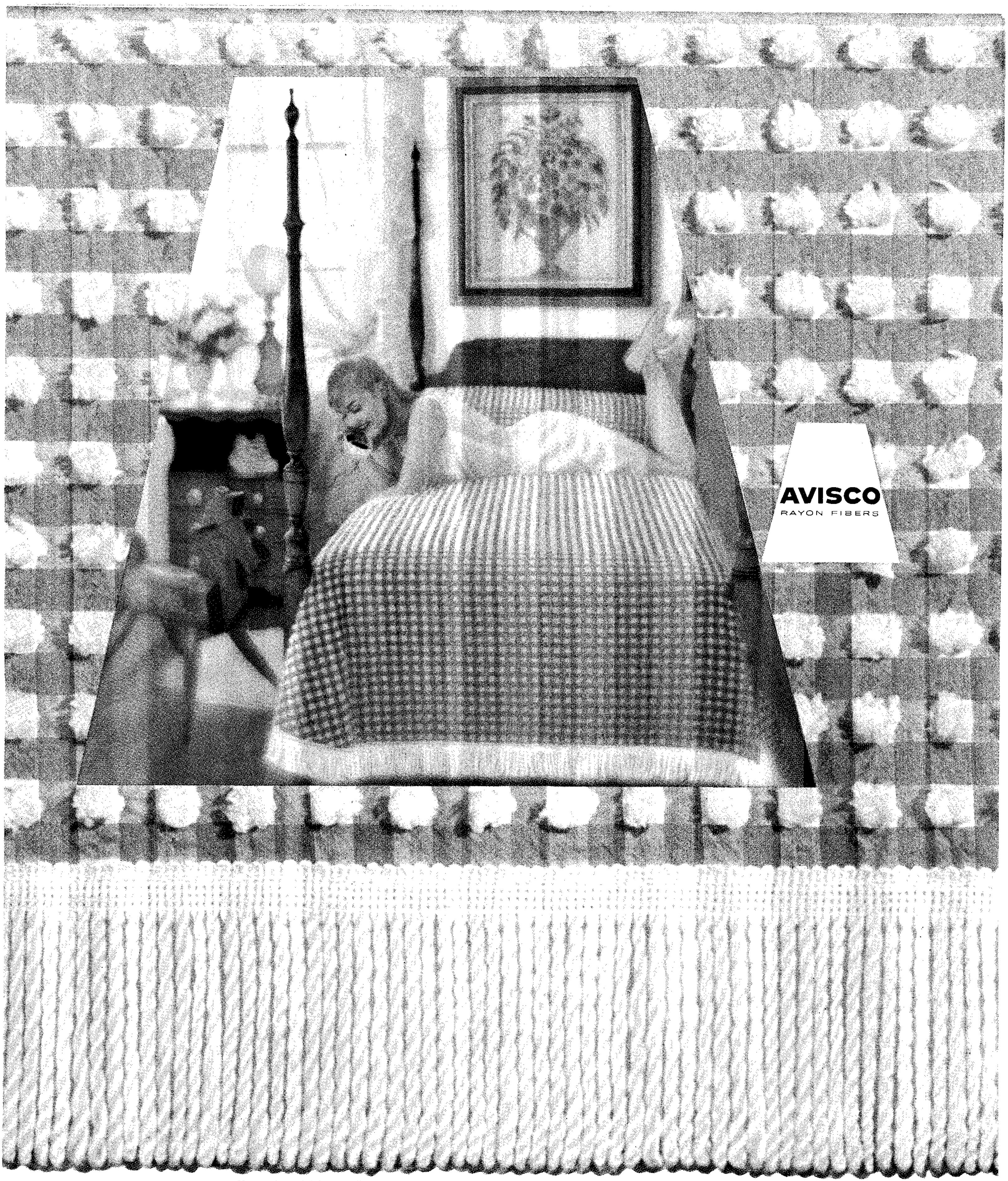

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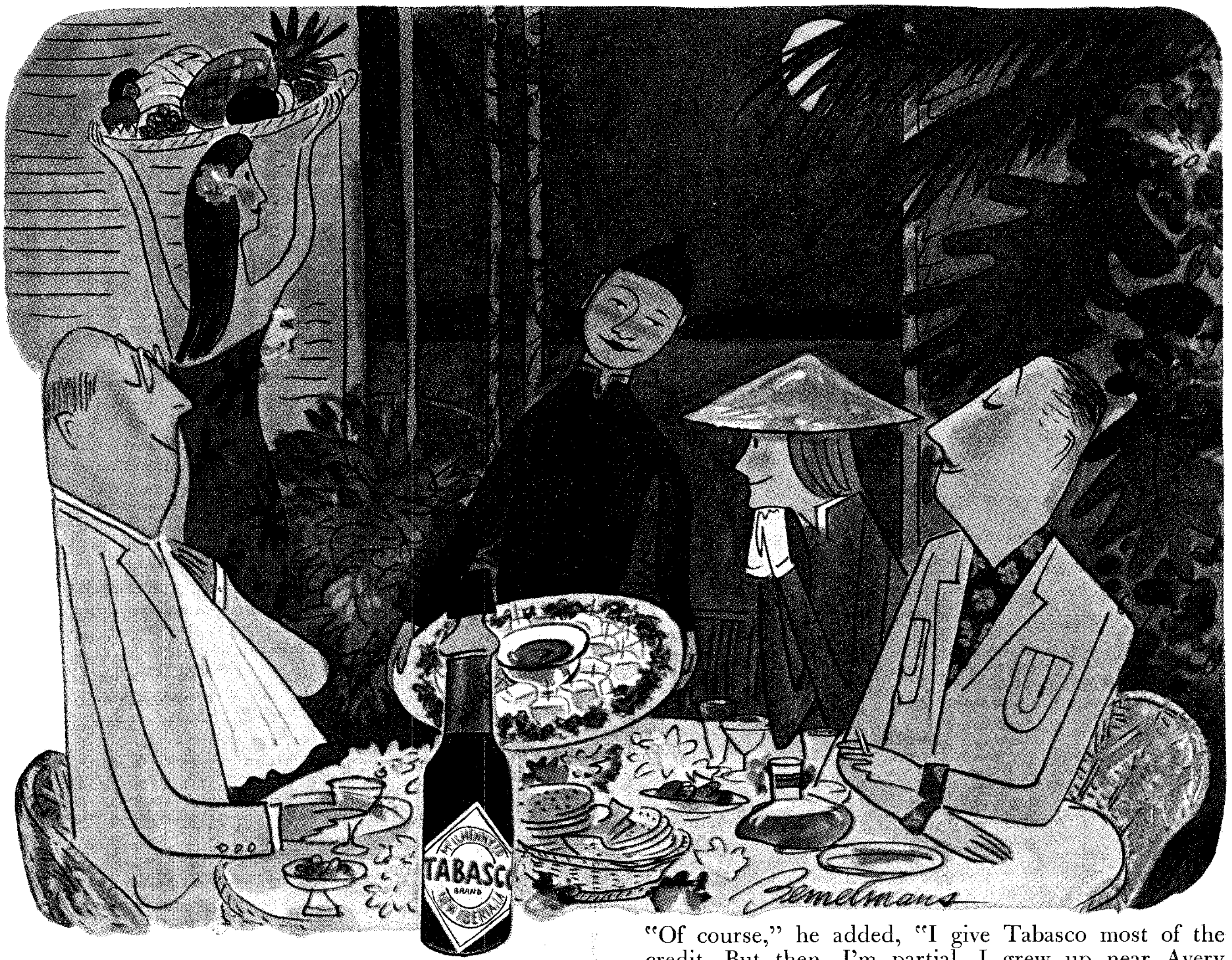


REUNION IN Tahiti

While sailing on a friend's yacht, we were invited to visit an American author who was vacationing in Papeete.

To celebrate our arrival, he gave a dinner of Polynesian dishes. One of these, a fish hors d'oeuvre known as "*I'a Ota*", was so good that it caused much comment.

"Two things make it distinctive," our host explained. "The fish is 'cooked' at cool temperature for an hour and a half in lime juice, rather than heat. And the exotic tasting sauce is seasoned with Tabasco*."

"Of course," he added, "I give Tabasco most of the credit. But then, I'm partial. I grew up near Avery Island, Louisiana, where Tabasco is made. And I know how those brilliant red peppers are aged like fine wine—till they have an aroma and mellowness that make the *best* food taste even *better*."

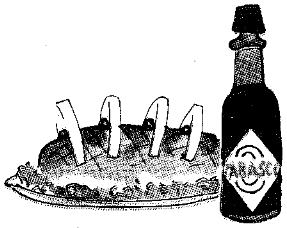
"There *is* a magic to Tabasco," I agreed. "I've found it adds character to the best foods from Tahiti to Tangiers."

I'A OTA—Cut large fish into bite-size pieces; cover with lime or lemon juice. Marinate fish in your refrigerator for 1½ hours in juice. This "cooks" the fish. Drain. Serve with coconut cream sauce, made of grated coconut in coconut milk flavored with grated onion, salt and Tabasco.

**Registered trademark for McIlhenny Co. pepper sauce.*

South Seas Chicken Salad—To your favorite chicken salad recipe for six, add ½ cup pineapple bits drained, and ¼ cup slivered, toasted almonds. For a perfect marriage of flavors, season the mayonnaise with ½ teasp. Tabasco. Chill before serving for better blending.

Shrimp Papeete—Brown shrimp in salad oil; remove. Add to pan 1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce, 1 cup each chopped onion and green pepper, celery, 1 teasp. salt, ½ teasp. Tabasco. Add shrimp; simmer 40 min. Stir in dash Tabasco. Serve on rice.



Polynesian Pork Barbecue—Mix ¼ teasp. Tabasco to each teasp. salt. Spread on pork loin. Cut at intervals; fill with ½ slice pineapple. Bake 35 to 45 min. per lb. at 325°. Remove excess fat; add ½ cup pineapple juice, ½ teasp. mustard, 2 teasp. lemon juice, ¼ teasp. Tabasco.

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NEW YORK • PARIS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CRANBERRY scoops are implements used by cranberry pickers. Discarded cranberry scoops make good magazine racks, and are sold by antique dealers on Cape Cod. New cranberry scoops now cost thirty-five dollars; the antiques go for about fifteen dollars. All right, then. We can proceed with the only contribution we are able to make at this moment to the current discussion of inflation. A tourist recently tried to purchase an old scoop in a Dennis antique shop. The proprietor said he had just that minute sold his last one—to a cranberry picker, of all people. In fact, said the dealer, there had been quite a run on the cheaper antique models by cranberry pickers this year, and the *objects* were consequently in short supply throughout the Cape. Hearing this, the tourist rushed out, hailed the departing scoop purchaser, and urged him to resell. The cranberry picker agreeably did so—for the thirty-five dollars it would cost him for a new scoop.

Toshiko

THE veritable squalls of foreign jazz musicians that have come pelting down on our shores in recent years have included, among others, a Danish fiddler, an Argentinian pianist, a big English band, a German pianist (female), and a Belgian tenor saxophonist. Possibly none, however, has been more comely, more modest, or more accomplished than Toshiko Akiyoshi, a twenty-seven-year-old Japanese pianist. Much of the year and a half since her arrival, Toshiko, as she is known, has been hiding in Boston, where, by day, she has been studying musical composition and theory at the Berklee School of Music and, by night, filling a night club named Storyville. Last week, temporarily pried loose from the North, Toshiko opened at the Hickory House, on West Fifty-second Street, with her trio, a handful of appropriate kimonos, and a gorgeous scarlet, gold, and white ceremonial *obi* (a broad, heavy silk sash worn about the middle). We went to see her at the Park Sheraton on the afternoon of her début, and found a vision in black: neat black dress, black patent-leather shoes, wide black eyes, and glistening black hair that fell in a dancing ponytail to the level of her waist. Short, stocky, and quick-moving, Toshiko gave us a shy, brilliant smile and lit on the edge of a chair with the alert air of someone about to be served tea. We asked her how she had become a jazz pianist. "Oh, was by accident," she said, in clear, warm, telegraphic English. "In '46, I decide to go to medical school. My father very much want me to become doctor. Before school begin, I visit cousin in Beppu. She hear of Japanese dance band there that need piano player. I take piano lessons since seven years old and my cousin say, 'Do you play jazz?' I say, 'I never hear of jazz.' At audition, I play a German tango called 'Blue Sky.' The leader, Mr. Yamada, say, 'Oh, she can play piano.' So I join the band. One week later, my father find out. He was very mad. Seventeen-year-old daughter playing piano in a dance palace. Toof! But I told my mother, who is very, very understandable person, that I will quit when school starts. But I didn't. A big fourteen-piece Japanese orchestra want me, then later an Argentine tango band, then another Japanese band. In '49, I went to Tokyo and joined Mr. Ikoma and his orchestra. All this time, I play no solos, just umpcha-umpcha behind band. Then, one time, I wrote out all the notes in solo on Teddy Wilson record of 'Sweet Lorraine' and put his notes beside straight melody to compare. I study difference hard and then write down new figures of my own, learn them by heart, and play them in solo next day with band. Great success."

For the next few years, Toshiko worked in Tokyo with such indigenous groups as the Blue Coats Orchestra, the Gay Stars Orchestra, the Tokyo Jive Combo, and the Six Lemons. After that, equipped with a sparkling style akin to that of Bud Powell, she formed her own group, the Cozy Quartet. "One night," she said, "Oscar Peterson, in Tokyo with Norman Granz and the Jazz at the Philharmonic group, heard me play. Of course, he was idol, and when he came to speak to me, I was shaking all over. He introduce me to Mr. Granz, and Mr. Granz say, 'Would you like to make record?' He gave me Oscar Peterson rhythm section, and two weeks later I make my first record." Three years later, after the proper amount of complicated correspondence, she was offered a four-year scholarship at the Berklee School.

Toshiko was born of Japanese parents in Dairen, a seaport in Manchuria, the youngest of four girls. The family lived in Dairen until 1946, when they were exiled to Japan by the Chinese Nationalists. From 1945 on, Dairen was occupied by the Russians, the Red Chinese, and the Chinese Nationalists. "When Russians come, my father make my sisters and I cut off all our hair to look like boys. All day long, Russian soldiers come into our house and take things. They sell them in the park in front of our house to Manchurian merchants. My sisters and I get up about four, five o'clock every morning to make many rice balls, and hide all day up on veranda and eat them. When Red Chinese come, a Communist officer and his wife—how do you say?—requisition upstairs in our house. Then the Nationalist Chinese come, and a general move in upstairs. He was very funny man. Every night, he bring lots of young officers home to play games like chess with me and my sisters. He say to my father many times, 'Don't sell anything in your house, please. If you need money, I will give you all you want.' He want everything in house for himself after we leave. We could take only what we could carry and three dollars apiece. The general came to the station, and gave us a case of soda, like ginger ale, for going-away present."

What are Toshiko's plans for the future? "If possible, if I good enough," she said, "I would like to finish four years at Berklee early, and play a year for experience. Maybe go to Europe, too. Then I will go home and teach young Japanese jazz musicians. There are two, three with very good potential. I have learned many things from musicians here, but I will finish my life in Japan. Here is too fast. I am more or less enjoying type, slow-motion type. In Tokyo are many tiny coffeehouses, hold eight, ten people. Each have hi-fi sets and enormous collection of American jazz records. You buy one cup coffee only and sit four, five hours listening to records. Is nothing like that here."

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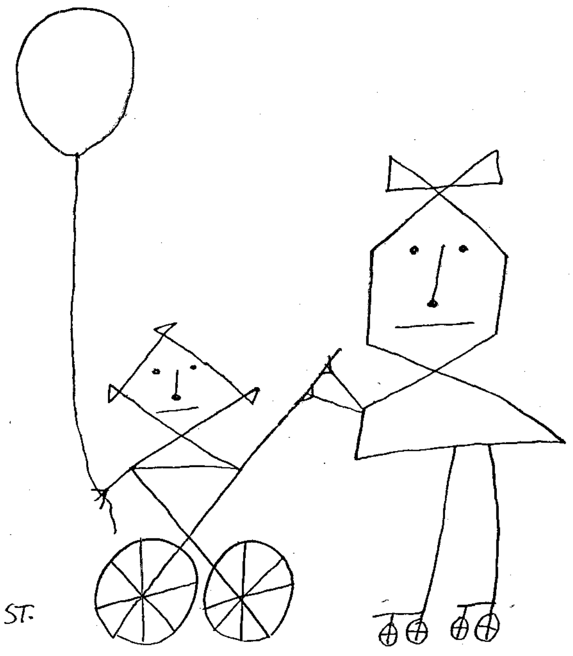
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Bingo Insecticide Company, 245 East Fifty-ninth Street, offers a rodenticide called Mouse and Rat Snack.

Moment in History

As you can scarcely help knowing, the Ford Motor Company, with no little whoopdedo, has been getting ready to bring out a new car called the Edsel. The first new medium-priced automobile line (eighteen models, including convertibles and station wagons) to come on the national scene since Ford brought out the Mercury, in 1938, the Edsel will be publicly unveiled on September 4th in Manhattan in the Park Avenue showroom of Charles Kreisler, the former "Thanks a lot" Oldsmobile man, who has now become a "Thanks a lot" Edsel man. We dropped in on Mr. Kreisler last Thursday afternoon, and found him, behind heavily draped and shuttered windows, in a room the size of three tennis courts, where a dozen workmen were putting the finishing touches on wall-to-wall carpeting, in a fluffy soft green, and on a large beige turntable. The only vehicle in the room was a gray motor scooter. Kreisler, a studious-looking fifty-year-old man, wearing a brown gabardine suit, a pink Brooks Brothers shirt, a brown silk necktie, tortoise-shell glasses, and a green lapel button with the letter "E" on it, puffed nervously on a pipe. "E Day isn't here yet officially, but it's E Day for me right now," he told us. "I've been sitting on seven Edsels in my warehouse, a couple of blocks from here, for seven days, and I'm getting them delivered and all set up in here by tonight. I don't mind telling you it's no easy trick to spirit in several tons of heavy cars in this town, especially when they're new-model automobiles. Naturally, we don't want the public to see them. It would take the kick out of the thing. It's like a strip-tease dance. When that final veil drops, it's got to drop with a bang!"



A tall, red-haired gentleman with bushy red eyebrows wandered over and was introduced as Mr. John E. Sattler, of Ford. He clapped Kreisler on the back. "Congratulations, Charlie," he said. "I see you're in business."

"We're going to be the plushiest dealers in town," Kreisler said. "I think we've got the only local automobile showroom with wall-to-wall carpeting."

"Charlie, you going to give a peekaboo look at the Edsels to anybody?" Sattler asked.

"Only to a few V.I.P.s," said Kreisler. "We'll keep the security on them very tight."

"That's the way," said Sattler. "When we built the first car at Mahwah last month, we wanted to mark the occasion when it came out of the plant, so we put up a large paper barrier with a big 'E' in the middle of it, and the manager of the plant drove the car right smack through the barrier, but only for a peekaboo look, up to the top of the front grille, and that's all."

One of the workmen shouted to Kreisler from the turntable end of the room, "Hey, Charlie, the warehouse called! The first car is just rolling out to head over here!"

Kreisler took the pipe out of his mouth. "Tell them to be sure to put the diapers on the front and rear ends!" he yelled back, referring to the paper coverings that were being used to conceal the bodies of the cars.

A couple of salesmen came by.

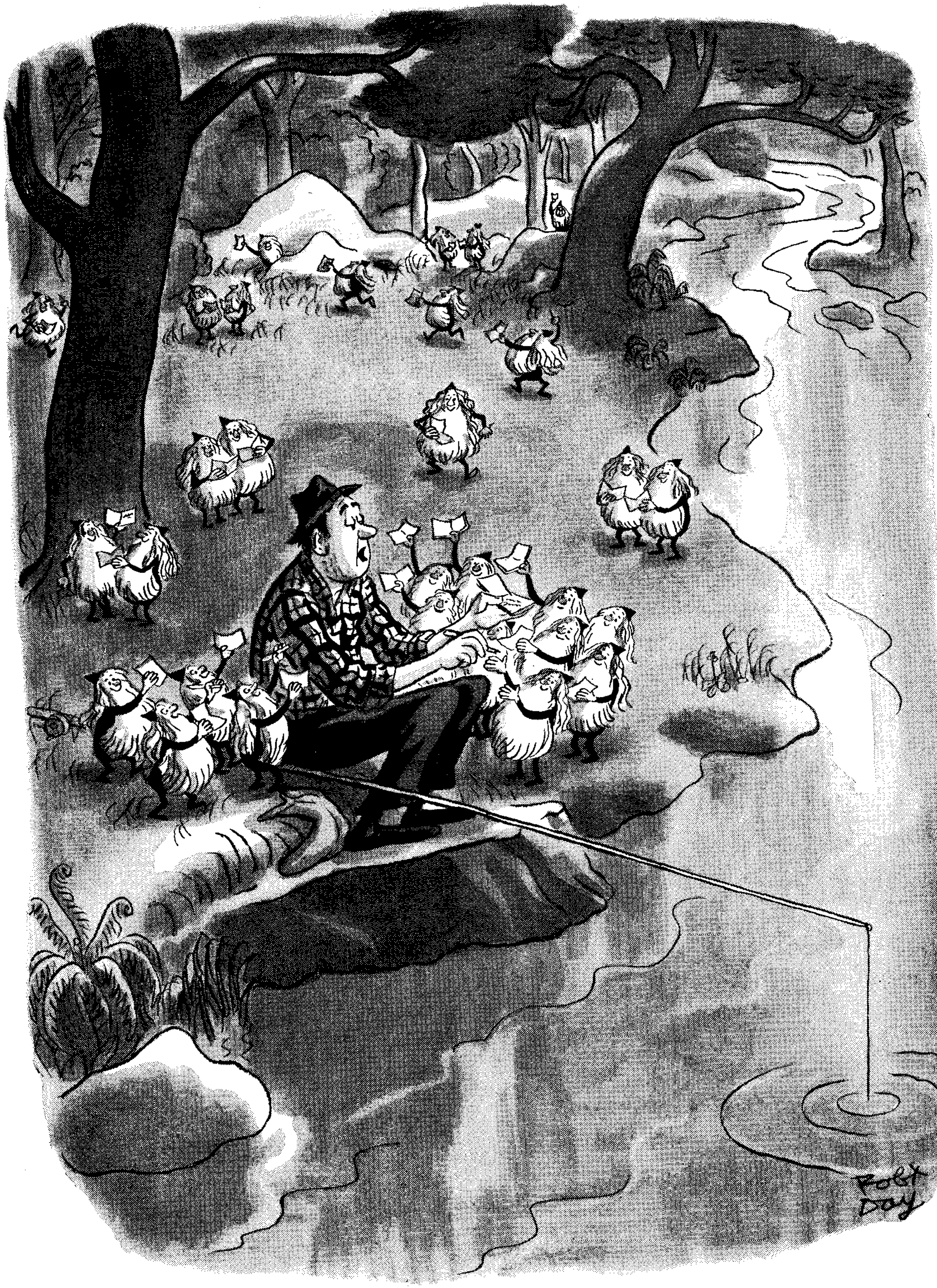
"How you like the name Edsel, fellas?" Sattler asked them.

"I woulda liked Henry better," one of the men said. "Henry made the same old Model T for twenty years, and they were all black. Edsel's the one who fought for colors and fancy improvements. But I guess that this here Edsel is more like Edsel than like Henry."

Sattler gave a long sigh. "The company invested two hundred and fifty million dollars in the Edsel before a single car was even out, and we have to listen to that," he said. "Wait till you see this doll. The styling is different—very distinctive. It'll have identity, even from a block away. But it won't be too radical. It's got clean lines. No fins. No gimmicks. It's got utilitarian design, but it's got the long, long sweep of the Continental. It's two inches longer than the biggest Ford, and it's got a long, low, elegant look. It's got this distinctive grille in front, with vertical front styling that looks like the front of a Mack truck, and sort of like the old Packard. And the rear end has the flat, clean lines of an aircraft-carrier flight deck. It's got Teletouch push-button-transmission gearshift controls located in the steering-wheel hub. It's got dual headlights, contour seats, self-adjusting brakes, a single-dial heater-defroster-ventilator control. And it's got this dashboard with red lights that go on if the gas is low, or the oil is low, or if you're going over a prescribed speed. Gimmicks like *that.* They're *inside* gimmicks. It's got this huge trunk—"

He was interrupted by a shout from another workman, who wanted to know what to do with the motor scooter.

"Out!" Kreisler shouted back. "It's just something I play with now and then," he explained to us. "I have a lot of toys like that. I have a 1930 Nash I bought the year she came out. Has natural-wood wheels, her original tires, a rumble seat, and not a scratch on her. She's still brand-new. I take her out once in a while for a little spin. I have another toy, this Ghia hand-made body with a Chrysler motor; it's a Carrozzeria Ghia Torino that I like to drive up to the country. And in the Sebring sports-car races this last year, I drove a Mercedes-Benz three-hundred S L roadster and won in my class. I'm nuts about cars. A few weeks ago, I was just one of six Oldsmobile men in town. As of today, I'll be the only local dealer carrying Edsel."



"That's all now! No more autographs!"

"You'll have identity," said Sattler.

"I'm going to resume my radio advertising," Kreisler said. "I think I'll say, 'The Ford folks named it Edsel and they named me Manhattan's only Edsel dealer,' or words to that effect. I've got to figure out a way of explaining that the Edsel prices start at the top level of the Ford."

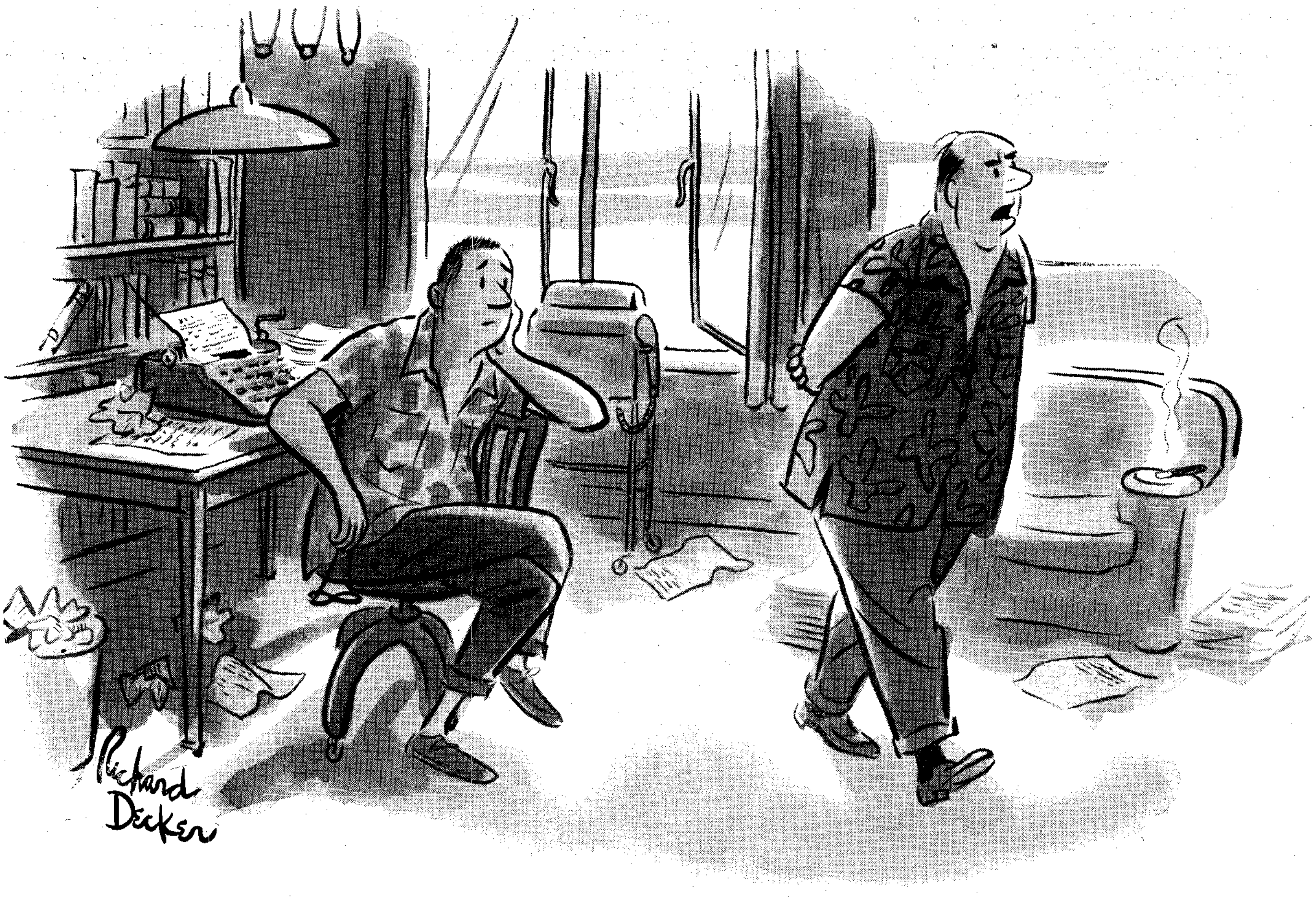
"Edsel is going to compete with both Mercury and Ford," said Sattler. "We'll have competition within our own family as well as with General Motors and Chrysler. It's a very healthy situation. It'll keep all our divisions on their toes. It'll give us more breadth and depth."

"All I want is to make some money," Kreisler said.

There was loud shouting outside, and a man called, "Charlie, it's here." We all moved to a wide sliding door on Park Avenue, through which the first Edsel was going to enter. There it was—an auto covered, front and back, with brown wrapping paper. The sliding door opened. After a bit of maneuvering, the masked Edsel slowly drove into the showroom. It was 4:32 P.M. The car came to a stop, and a couple of workmen ripped off the wrapping paper. What we saw revealed was a cream-colored Citation-model convertible. At Kreisler's invitation, we ourself stepped in and sat down on the sky-blue contour cushion and pushed all the buttons we could lay our fingers on, including the Teletouch push-button-transmission gearshift controls located in the steering-wheel hub. On the dashboard, the mileage was recorded as three-tenths of a mile. Before we had a chance to make any further observations, Kreisler was beside us in the car. "Shove over," he said. "I want to drive this baby up onto the turntable myself."

Botanical Experiment

WE have just learned of the method used by a lady out in Queens to persuade her reluctant landlord to redecorate her apartment. It seems that a broken water pipe had left a spot of moisture on the wall of one of her



"Now, let's see. How would N.B.C. wrap this story up? Do the townspeople learn a lesson in tolerance and open their hearts to her at last, or do ignorance and bigotry force her to leave Willow Forks and start life as a schoolteacher somewhere else?"

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rooms, and a bit of fungus had sprung up. Instead of removing the growth after the pipe had been repaired, the tenant watered it, as if it were a favorite geranium, and soon managed to expand the fungus into a formidable array of finger-long, mushroom-shaped plants. Then she invited her landlord in to inspect her handiwork. The man shuddered and announced that he certainly would have the apartment shined up immediately.

Citizens

IT isn't every day that a couple of people who make a lifework of being American citizens drop into our office for a talk. One day last week, however, that's precisely what happened. A pair of citizens named Harry and Ruth Kingman called on us on their way back to their home in Berkeley, California, after having spent four months practicing their pure and ardent citizenship in Washington, D.C. Sitting on a sofa, they gave us an edifying account of their experiences.

"Best time Ruth and I have had in the thirty-five years since we've been married," said Mr. Kingman, a raw-boned, sun-tanned man of sixty-five with crew-cut white hair and a drawling, gravelly voice.

"It was the kind of thing we'd dreamed of doing for years," said Mrs. Kingman, a plump, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked woman wearing a black dress with a lace collar and a black hat rimmed with pink flowers.

"We attended committee hearings, Congressional debates, Supreme Court sessions. Mainly, though, we worked on behalf of the Civil Rights bill," Mr. Kingman said. "Ruth made it her business to hear, or read in the *Congressional Record*, every one of the hundreds of thousands of words—maybe even millions of words, for all I know—that were uttered in the House and Senate Civil Rights debates. I don't suppose there are many people in the country who can claim to have done that. As for me, I functioned, I suppose you might say, as a lobbyist—though an amateur, unpaid lobbyist, representing no organization, just myself as an American citizen. I had interviews in regard to the bill with about twenty-five senators and maybe eighty representatives. Some of them, I could see, didn't know quite what to make of me, especially after word got around Washington—as it did—that Ruth and I not only were paying our own expenses to work for legislation we believed in but had, as a matter of principle, turned down a thousand dollars that a number of our friends back in Berkeley had offered us to help pay the cost of our trip. One congressman from Arkansas kept saying, when I talked with him, 'That's the damnedest thing I ever heard of in my life!' " Mr. Kingman laughed heartily at the recollection, clearly getting nearly a thousand dollars' worth of pleasure out of that one episode alone.

We asked the Kingmans to tell us something about themselves, and learned that both were pretty much committed to lives replete with faith, good works, and civic responsibility from the cradle on—Mrs. Kingman being descended from a long line of Methodist missionaries and ministers and Mr. Kingman's father having been a Congregational minister. Mrs. Kingman has been president of the Berkeley League of Women Voters, executive-board member of the northern California branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, and, during the Second World War, executive secretary of an organization concerned with redressing wrongs done to Americans of Japanese descent who had been summarily evacuated from the Pacific Coast region after Pearl Harbor.

As a youth, Mr. Kingman made an attempt to swap his inherited mantle of public virtue for a ballplayer's uniform. Upon his graduation from Pomona College, in southern California, in 1914, he was acquired by the Washington Senators as a first baseman. His brief career in big-league baseball went like this: Reported to Senators, got his first chance at bat as pinch-hitter in game with Yankees, struck out, traded to Yankees that same day and converted to pitcher, hit Yankee manager Frank Chance in back with a wild pitch while latter was standing several yards from the plate, gave up baseball. He has since devoted his life to the Y.M.C.A. and other worthy causes, serving for thirty years as director of the student Y at the University of California and, during the Second World War, acting as West Coast regional director of the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice.

"At the Y, I had always stressed the importance of the contribution that the individual citizen can make in a democracy," Mr. Kingman said. "So when I retired last spring, it seemed that the most logical thing for us to do was take our savings, go to Washington, and put this idea to the test." He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said rather sombrely, anticipating a question we had been poised to put to him, "Of course, when you come right down to it, there's no way of appraising exactly what you do accomplish—if anything at all—by the kind of activity we engaged in in Washington. Perhaps it was all waste motion. Still, I'd like to think we've done some infinitesimal amount of good. I'd hate to think we might just as well have stayed at home for all the effect we've had."

"Harry, you're just being modest. You know very well you influenced *several* congressmen's votes," his wife protested, and then to us she added, "It's hard to believe, but apparently Harry *did* sway at least two or three votes in the House. He was publicly given credit for this, both by Congressman John Shelley, one of the assistant Democratic whips in the House, and by Clarence Mitchell, the Washington legislative representative for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People."

Mr. Kingman brightened perceptibly at the recital of these testimonials, but modestly persisted, "I don't know. It's awfully hard to say what prompts a congressman to vote the way he finally does. I find it very mysterious."

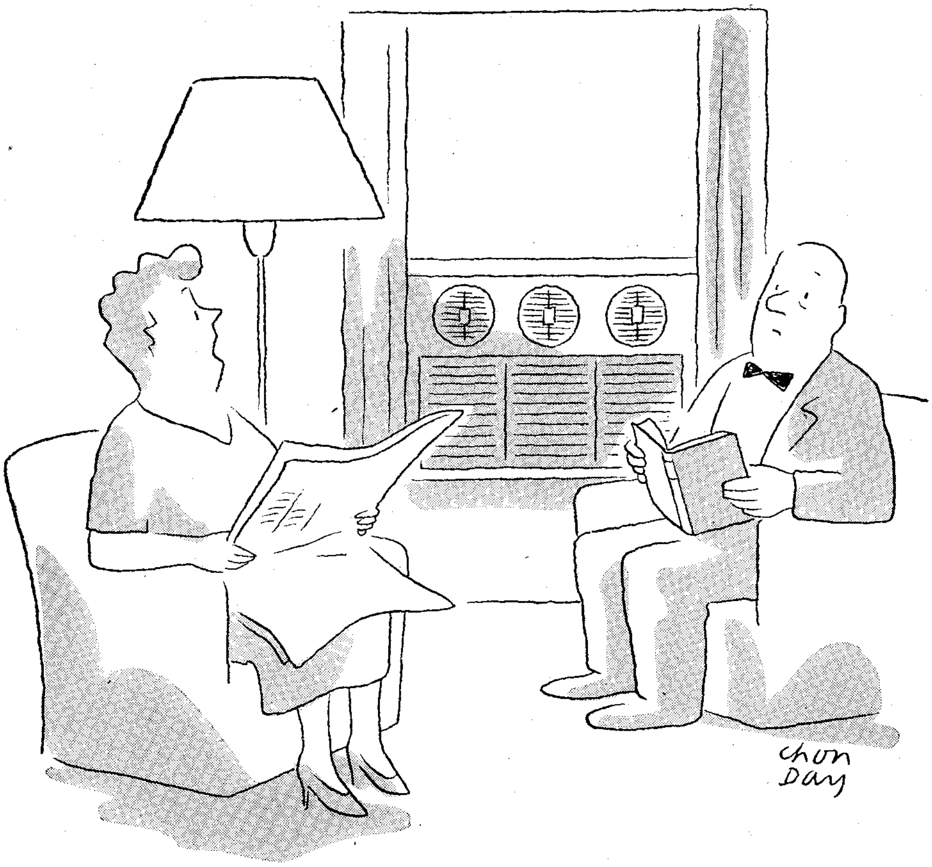
We said we wondered whether the Kingmans had found cause to be disillusioned about the way democracy works, from their stay in Washington and their close inspection of Congress and legislators.

"Not at all!" said Mr. Kingman emphatically. "We're actually more impressed than we thought we would be. We thought the debate—especially in the Senate—was on a very high level. Lots of the men in Congress struck us as brilliant and conscientious. What struck us most of all—and perhaps this Civil Rights legislation is unique in this respect—was how few of them seemed to have made up their minds irrevocably in advance, how willing they were to listen to the various arguments, and how painstakingly they seemed to weigh them. I know you'll hear much more cynical descriptions of congressmen, but this, at least, is the way they impressed us."

Between the time the Civil Rights bill was passed by the House and the time it was taken up by the Senate, there was a short lull for the Kingmans, and Mr. Kingman took a day off and went out to the Washington Senators' ballpark, where he had made his big-league début as a rookie in 1914. "The Senators were out of town and the park was empty," he said. "I went down to home plate and stood there remembering what it had been like when I batted there forty-three years ago. Then I walked over to the dugout, just as I had done on that day. It seemed just as long and grim a walk as it ever had. The thought that I had struck out made me feel just as lousy at the age of sixty-five as it had when I was a kid."

Limited Endorsement

NOT long ago, a traveller of our acquaintance, while passing through London, dropped in at Fortnum & Mason, which is currently celebrating its two-hundred-and-fiftieth year in business. Our traveller noted, with surprise, an exhibit of tea bags among the articles on display. "Don't tell me," he remarked to one of the F. & M. clerks, who are all very formally attired, "that you are really endorsing these things!" The clerk switched the tails of his cutaway irritably and said, "Sir, I hope you realize that we recommend them only for picnics."



"Don't you think it's getting too *cool in here? I just heard the furnace start up."*

THE DARK WOMAN OF THE SONNETS

Laura Andrews was one of those tall, big-bodied young women who look so serene. Because of the way her eyes were set, deep, beneath sensible eyebrows, and because of the calm light in them, it was difficult to think of her as moody or frightened—or as anything, in fact, except warm and wise. She also had a certain comic flair, which made people laugh at her even when she was upset; sometimes she didn't mind when they laughed, but when she was upset she became frantic, because she believed no one would ever understand her, and her eyes would narrow, and she quite determinedly set out to prove just how upset she was. Not on purpose, of course, but driven, you might say, by the thought that no one was taking her suffering seriously.

It was six-thirty on a hot August day that had not gone well for Laura. She was pottering around the kitchen of their duplex garden apartment, glancing occasionally out the back window to keep an eye on her four-year-old daughter, Faith, who was playing in the sandbox. The third time Laura looked out the window, it seemed to her there were insects in the air everywhere, and, clutching a bottle of insect repellent, she ran out and encased Faith in a thick, oily film.

"Mommy, I don't like this stuff," Faith cried.

"It's good for you," Laura said absently, but after that Faith couldn't play in the sand, because the sand stuck to her and made her itch; and she took to following her mother around the kitchen, clutching at her mother's skirt and making whining noises.

This sort of thing had been going on all day.

Laura bore this nobly; she was three months pregnant, and she had told herself she must be careful not to hurt Faith's feelings now that Faith was going to be displaced. Faith was bewildered by this sudden laxity in the air and grew more and more distraught, and finally burst into tears in the middle of the kitchen. Laura despairingly offered her an orange popsicle to eat, even though she knew it would ruin the child's appetite for dinner.

At seven, Martin Andrews came up the front walk, and he knew the minute he entered the house that something was wrong. He was a well-knit, tall young man, with a firm and enterprising face, but suddenly he looked discouraged. Through the kitchen door he saw Laura crouched beside the kitchen table, holding the popsicle out to Faith, whose face was pink and streaked with tears. The vacuum cleaner was lying in the middle of the living-room floor. Cautiously, he put down his briefcase. "Hello, everybody," he said.

"Oh, hello, dear!" Laura cried, and rose to go to him and kiss him, but Martin was opening and closing the front door to see why it stuck sometimes and sometimes opened freely. "These modern houses are put together with chewing gum," he said. "I've had a foul day." He kept his eye on the door, closing it slowly, with great care, watching it alertly. "Aha!" he said. "I see where it sticks."

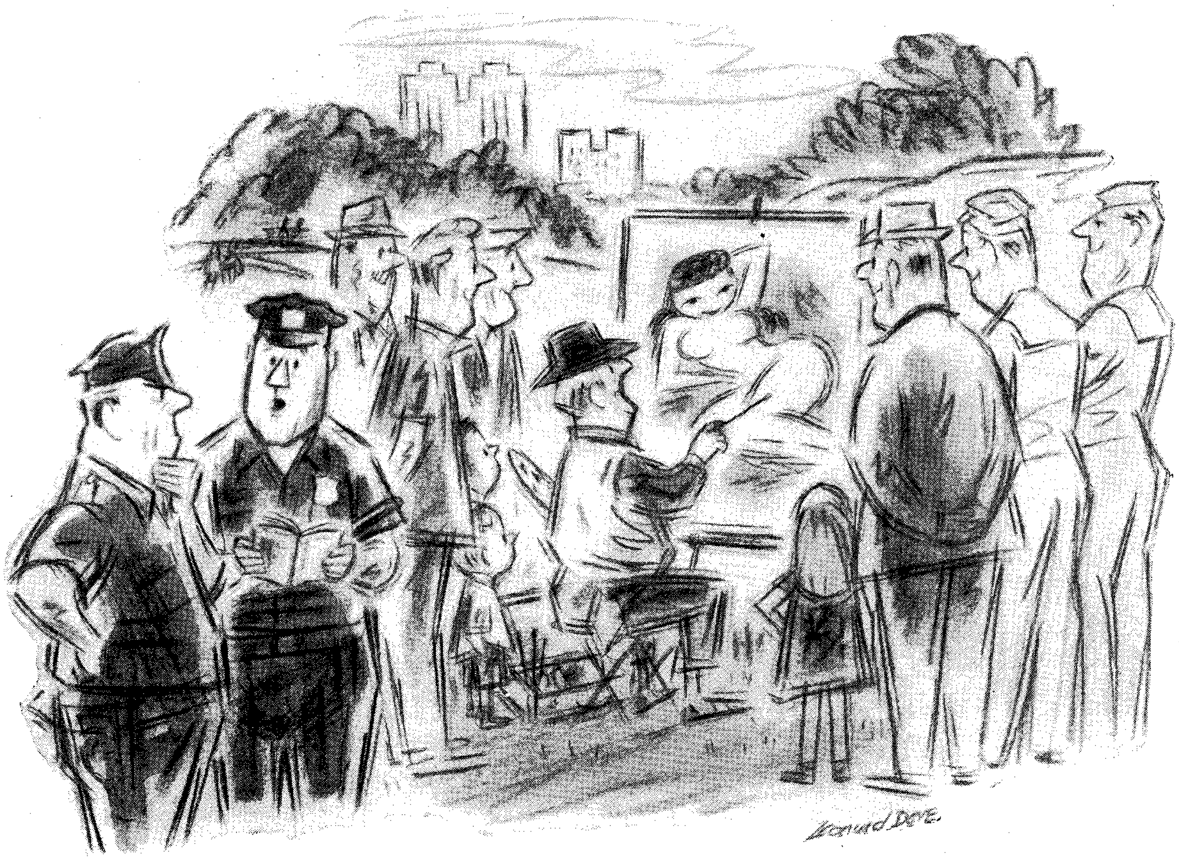
He looked hollow-cheeked and cowardly, bent over by the door.

"God," Laura said. "It's shocking the way men are so full of self-pity."

"I see a perfectly marvellous full-time maid."

After that, Martin refused to tell her what had gone wrong at the office. He went upstairs and changed into bathing trunks, and then he and Faith played with the hose in the back yard, squirting each other and running around on the grass with noisy laughter, while Laura resentfully cooked pork chops for supper. She refused to remember that she always said pork was indigestible when the weather was hot.

Martin put on shorts and a sports shirt, and the family had their dinner almost in silence. Faith told her father she had gone to the store with her mommy. "We had a letter from Aunt Dorothy today," Laura said. Martin raised his eyebrows and said pointedly, "You're in a poisonous mood, and I'm not going to pretend you're not." Pale and haughty, Laura went to work fiercely on her pork chop, hoping that if she cut the pieces small



"I don't see any rule that an artist in the park has to paint the scenery."

enough they wouldn't make her sick.

Immediately after dinner, she took Faith up to bed. Outside Faith's bedroom window was the sunset, all crimson and runny. Laura laid the child in her bed, turned on the air-conditioner, and tiptoed out of the room.

She was wearing a sun dress, and all at once she couldn't bear the sight of her bare arms. She went to her bedroom closet and got down the box that contained her old maternity clothes. They were wrinkled and looked faded—after all, they were four years old—and her waist hadn't enlarged enough for her to wear maternity clothes yet. Besides, she was keeping her pregnancy a secret so that it wouldn't seem so long.

She leafed through the dresses in the box and finally pulled out what had been her favorite—her dress-up outfit, with a high white collar and long sleeves, and pleats. It hung loosely on her now, and it smelled of mothballs, but she didn't care. She descended the stairs, and, in full maternity regalia, sweating, she did the dishes.

Martin was sitting in the back yard in a lawn chair drinking a highball, solitary in the suburban dusk. Laura turned out all the lights in the apartment and went outside. Down the row of apartments, several of the yellow back-door lights were turned on, signifying that the occupants were secreted in their yards, with only that light to guide them if their phones should ring.

The evening was no cooler than the day had been. "It's so hot," she said. "I'm tired of its being so hot."

Martin drank from his highball glass. Laura watched the outline of his Adam's apple in the darkness, and then she clumsily climbed into the hammock and lay there in her maternity dress, dabbing with a Kleenex at her forehead.

"I would love to hear the sound of a human voice," she said at last. "The hoofs of the rescue party, sort of."

Martin stirred in the lawn chair. "I'm sorry. I thought you liked the quiet."

Laura made a disrespectful noise, a snort. "You're angry with me and you know it."

Martin said nothing.

"A penny for your thoughts, you bastard," Laura said after a while.

Martin laughed abruptly, with obvious discomfort. "Why do you want to know? You'll only get mad at me because I wasn't thinking about you."

Laura was stabbed by that remark—by the fact that he hadn't been thinking about her. "No, I won't," she said. "Tell me."

"I was thinking about Ferguson." Ferguson was the head bookkeeper in the office.

"In August? When everyone's on vacation?" Laura said incredulously.

"Yes," Martin said, sighing, and picked up his highball glass and clinked the remnants of the ice cubes. The tinkle floated on the air, and Laura said, "Oh, do that again, Martin, please. It was so pretty."

Martin laughed, and did it again. Then he lifted the glass and sucked the ice cubes into his mouth and crunched them up. The noise was strangely sharp and clear in the darkness. All the leaves were absolutely motionless.

She was still hurt because he had been thinking about his office. "You're a beast," she said, and began tearing off bits of her Kleenex and dropping them on the grass.

"Me?" Martin was startled. He had thought she was coming out of her mood and growing peaceful.

"You torture me," Laura said. "You play with my feelings. God, you must hate me!" She stretched out one arm in the darkness.

"Oh, Laura," Martin said plaintively.

"And the baby, the poor child I carry. I can feel what you're doing to it. It's all knotted up. If you only knew how unhappy it is."

"For God's sake," Martin said. "For God's sake. Laura, do you realize your so-called baby is little more than a fish at this point?"

"Oh, you're inhuman," Laura muttered. "You really are."

"And you're the dark woman of the sonnets," Martin said, plucking a handful of grass. He stood up and, holding his glass in one hand, dropped the grass from his other onto Laura's hair. "Stop picking on me, honey," he said, and went into the house. Laura lay in the hammock; the grass tickled her ear. Suddenly she was terribly frightened, and not at all sure that Martin would come back. He might get dressed and walk out of the house. He might find a woman somewhere. Laura wanted to cry, but the tears wouldn't come.

From the house, Martin called, "Laura! I can't get the ice tray unstuck!"

Laura slid out of the hammock. She walked slowly, drowsily, into the house. Martin was bent over the icebox.

"I must have some disease," he said. "My fingers— Oh!" he said admiringly as Laura did something mysterious that loosened the tray in its bed.

Martin took out the tray and closed the icebox door. "I love the way you do things like that," he said. "It's really lovely to see—that flip of the wrist sort of thing. My."

"You think of me as a clown, don't you?" Laura sounded infinitely long-suffering and gentle. "I ought to wear floppy shoes and turn somersaults, I think. Would you be sorry if I never looked foolish again?"

"No, of course not," Martin said unconvincingly as he ran hot water over the bottom of the ice tray.

Laura folded her hands over her bosom—an absurd, perspiring figure in her balloonlike maternity dress, with the smell of mothballs emanating from her, and on her face a look of such matchless calm thoughtfulness that it was impossible to believe she was serious. "Well, God knows, I try to be intelligent, Martin. You should respect the effort I make, if nothing else, and. . ." But she couldn't think of what to say next.

"Aunt Dorothy have anything to say in her letter?" Martin asked, sighting carefully as he dropped some ice cubes in his glass.

"They're going to be in town next week," Laura said wearily, turning away. "They'd like me to come in and bring Faith."

"Well, do it, then."

How sweet the silence of this hot evening was, Laura thought; it seemed to lie around the house like a great, dark cat.

"Yes, I suppose so," she murmured. "But it's so hot for a child. And she might catch something. Oh, I'm a terrible mother. I want to take her to see Aunt Dorothy, but I wouldn't take her in to see most people. I wouldn't take her in to see Cousin Eleanor, for instance. I use that child for my own purposes."

"You don't like Cousin Eleanor," Martin pointed out. He restored the ice tray to the icebox. "You do like Aunt Dorothy. I don't think that's so awful." He was careful to sound rational and friendly but not too sympathetic, because he was afraid of what emotions sympathy might release.

"Yes, of course," Laura said, laying her hand to her cheek. "I forgot that. Sometimes I get myself all upset over nothing." She felt disappointment washing back and forth in her chest, like waves. "I think I won't take Faith anyhow. All those diseases . . ."

"Then don't take her," Martin said. He added water to the Scotch he had already poured.

"But Aunt Dorothy will be so disappointed." Laura wrung her hands, hoping that now she was on the trail of her real unhappiness, that her quarry wasn't far ahead.

"Laura," Martin said. "Aunt Dorothy can live without Faith. So can practically everyone, except us, which—"

Laura interrupted. "You're jealous of her. Oh!" she added inanely, and went out the back door, across the lawn, toward the wonderful, comfortable hammock, suspended in the darkness. Martin walked behind her, and as Laura started to climb into the hammock, she felt him holding it steady for her. She sank down on the cloth and lay with her eyes closed. When she opened them, she saw Martin looking down at her. "What's wrong, lovebug?" he asked.

"I don't know," Laura said. "That's it. I just don't know. Everything seems so awful, so sad—especially me. I—I've done something awful, I suppose. I suppose it's my subconscious, or something, getting back at me, but I don't know why. I don't know why at all. I don't understand one thing I do."

"But you must have some idea," Martin said. "Please tell me. I promise not to get angry. Please tell me, Laura dearest. Let me help. I can't stand it when you're like this."

"Oh, it's the most dreadful feeling . . . dreadful."

Somebody in the row of garden apartments was playing a radio loudly. Someone else had hung a Japanese lantern in one of the back yards, and it glowed like a frail moon among the dark leaves of the bushes and trees. And in the middle of this whole scene, Martin stood above the hammock, peering helplessly at the strange, distorted figure of his wife wrapped in that absurd maternity outfit.

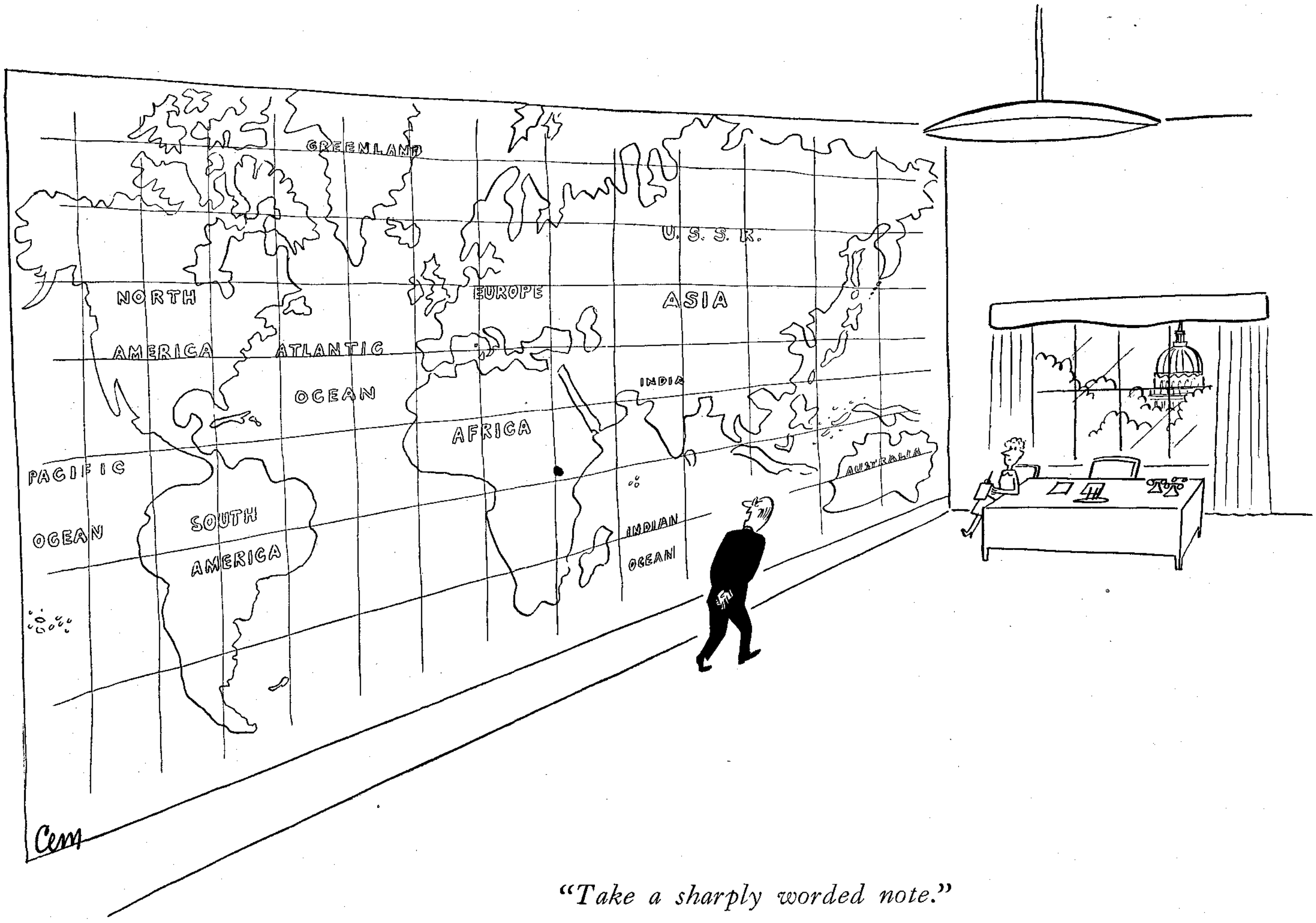
"Martin, I'm no good," Laura said. "I'm a terrible person." She paused but she wasn't getting any nearer to what she felt. "I'm growing older," she whispered, "but I don't act older, and I'm ashamed." But that had nothing to do with anything, and in the darkness Laura sighed and folded her arms over her forehead, hiding her eyes. "Martin, I really don't know what's wrong. Isn't that silly?"

• •

FOREST

The pines, aggressive as erect tails of cats,
bob their tips when the wind freshens.
An alert breath, like purring, stirs below,
where I move timid over humps of hair,
crisp, shadow-brindled, heaving as if
exhilarated muscular backs felt
the wisps of my walking. Looking to sky
glaring, then closing, between the slow
lashes of boughs, I feel observed:
Up high are oblong eyes that know—
as their slits of green light
expand, squeeze shut, expand—
that I stand here. Suddenly, I go,
flick-eyed, hurrying over fur
needles that whisper as if they weren't dead.
My neck hairs rise. The feline forest grins
behind me. Is it about to follow?
Which way out through all these whiskered yawns?

—May Swenson



"Take a sharply worded note."

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Martin was bent over, his arms around the entire hammock, holding Laura to his chest. He looked very uncomfortable bent over like that, and Laura suddenly embraced his head, pressing it tight against her breast.

"You mustn't talk," Martin whispered. "If you say things, Laura, you'll start to believe them. I know you. Just don't say anything. Just lie here and relax. In the morning this feeling will go away, I promise. But I can't stand to hear you talk like this. It kills me, Laura. It really does. I think the heat's just got you down. God, I'm all distraught!" He moved his head out of her embrace and kissed her sticky cheek. "If you knew what it does to me to hear you talk like this, you wouldn't do it."

Laura turned away; the last thing in the world she wanted was to talk about Martin.

"Listen," he said, "I have to go inside a minute. I'll be right back, and I don't want you to be upset while I'm gone."

"All right," Laura said. She smiled at him, but it was a sickly smile, and she was grateful it was dark and he couldn't see her too clearly.

Lying in the hammock, she covered her eyes with her arm and listened to Martin's footsteps moving rapidly toward the house. Then the screen door slammed and the sound died slowly on the night air.

Laura thought, "Oh, why can't I feel better? Why am I unconsoled?"

And quickly her mind poured forth accusations, reminding her of her temper, her foolishnesses, her selfishness. She stifled a groan, and stirred on the hammock. She was low, she was terrible, she would never be able to show Martin she really loved him and wanted to be good, because her wicked nature got in the way. And she was punished for this because when he tried to console her she didn't feel consoled. "I'll never really know how much he loves me," she thought. "There's no way I'll know. I can only suspect it." At that her tears started to flow, and it seemed to her that she had found one of the secret springs of sadness that water the whole world. She wasn't a fool to feel sad at all.

She cried mostly for Martin's sake. "Poor Martin!" she thought. "Poor Faith!" She couldn't cry for herself, because she disapproved of herself so severely. "They're saddled with the most awful woman, and we'll never know how much we love each other, never, never, never." And each time she thought this her tears flowed faster.

Martin came out of the house. He saw that the hammock was swinging gently back and forth, and he smiled. He knew at once that Laura felt better, and he was serious and proud because he had consoled her. Not that he knew what he had done; in fact, as he walked across the grass he felt small and awed by the mysteries of what went on between a husband and wife.

"You all right?" he whispered.

"Yes," Laura whispered tearfully.

"You want to cry on my shoulder or do you want to cry alone?"

"Alone," said Laura. "But don't go too far away." Oh, the world was sad. Oh, the separateness of people. Oh, the clumsiness of being a woman.

Martin sat in the lawn chair and drank his highball. His heart was full. And, smiling peacefully in the darkness, Laura cried.

—Harold Brodkey

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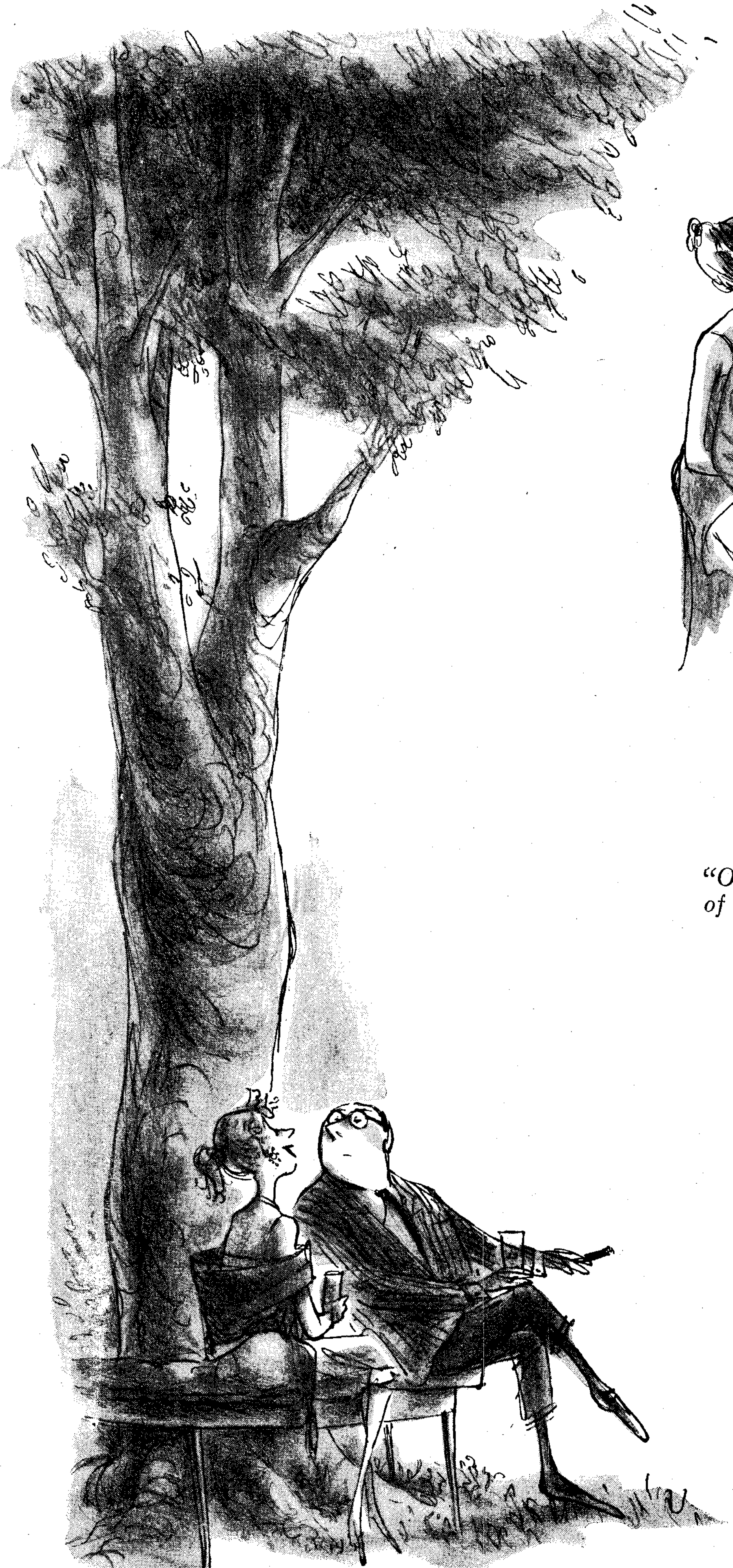
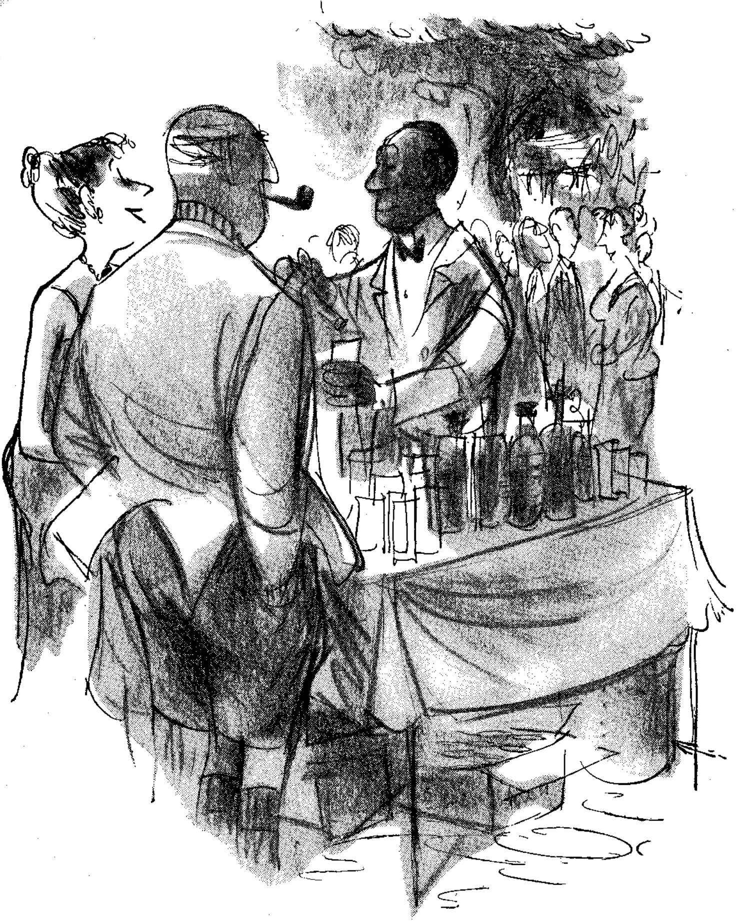
The Windham Marine Company announces they are sponsoring the tides for New London and Old Saybrook daily and hope that they will be helpful to interested persons.—*Willimantic (Conn.) Chronicle.*

About time somebody took hold.

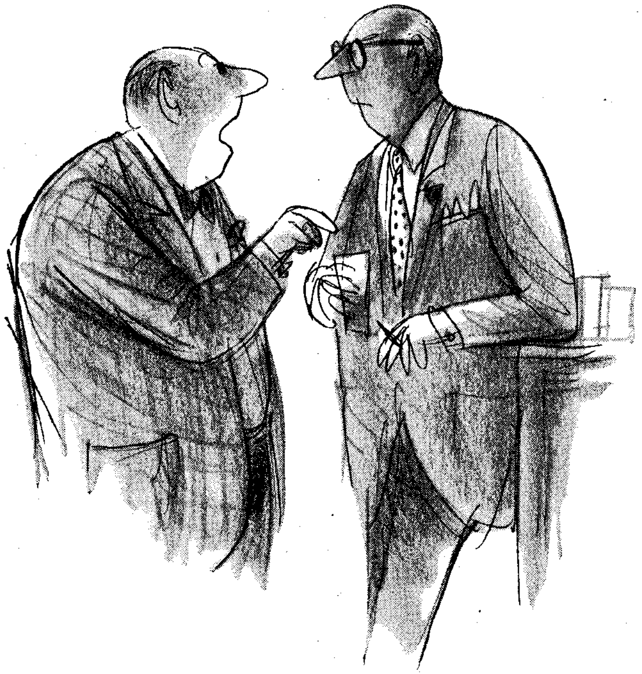
THE COUNTRY LIFE



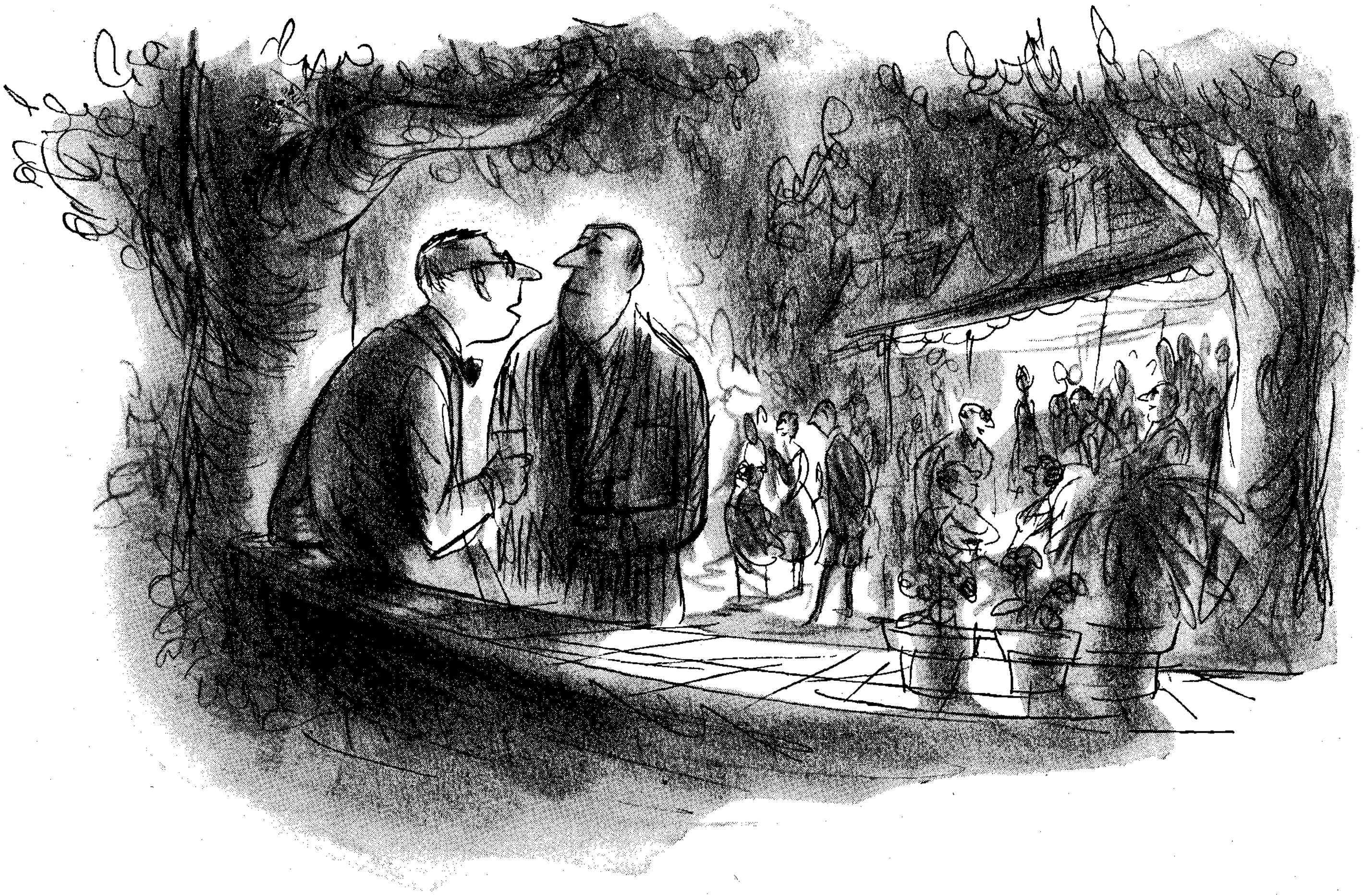
"Then if the stock splits, is my stock automatically worth more?"



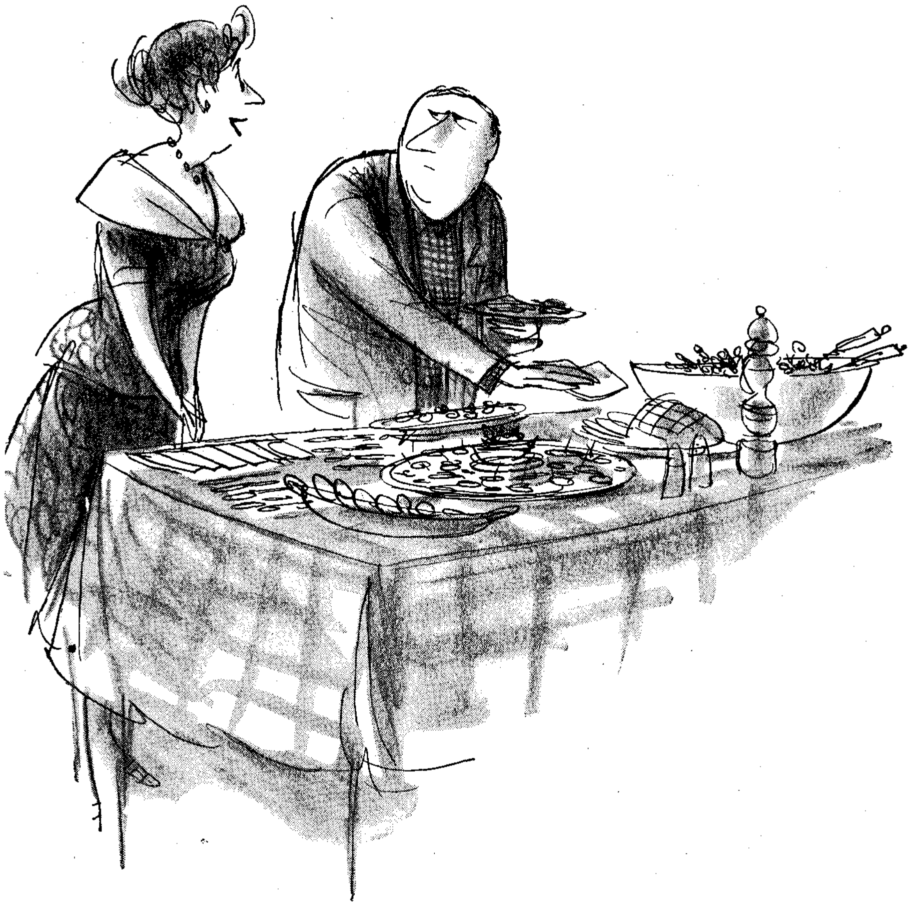
"Oh, I'll just be one of the sheep—vodka-and-tonic."



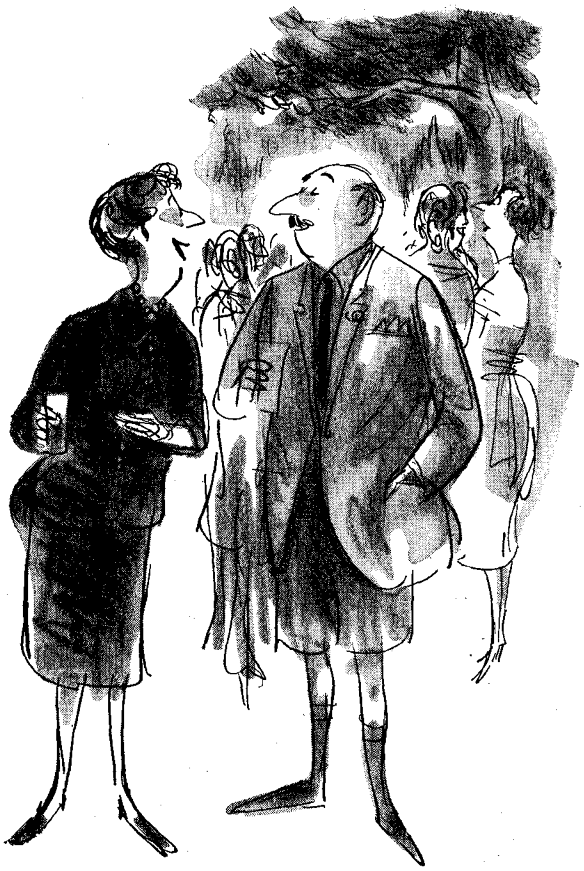
"May I tell you what's wrong with your lawn? You are babying the roots. They're not digging down."



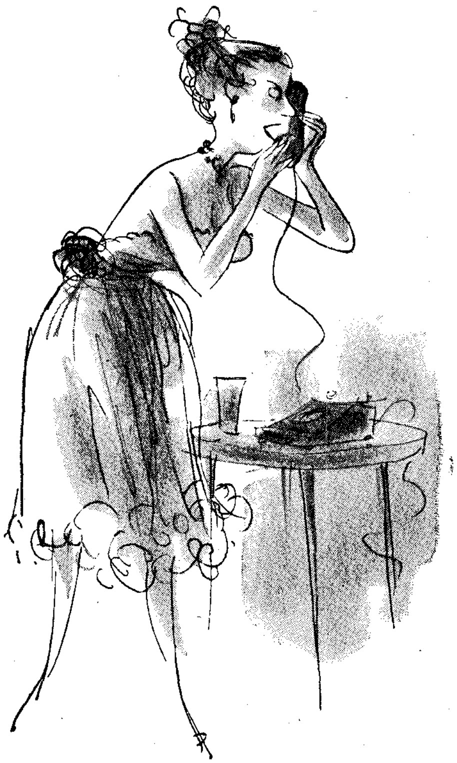
"Do you consider all these people your friends?"



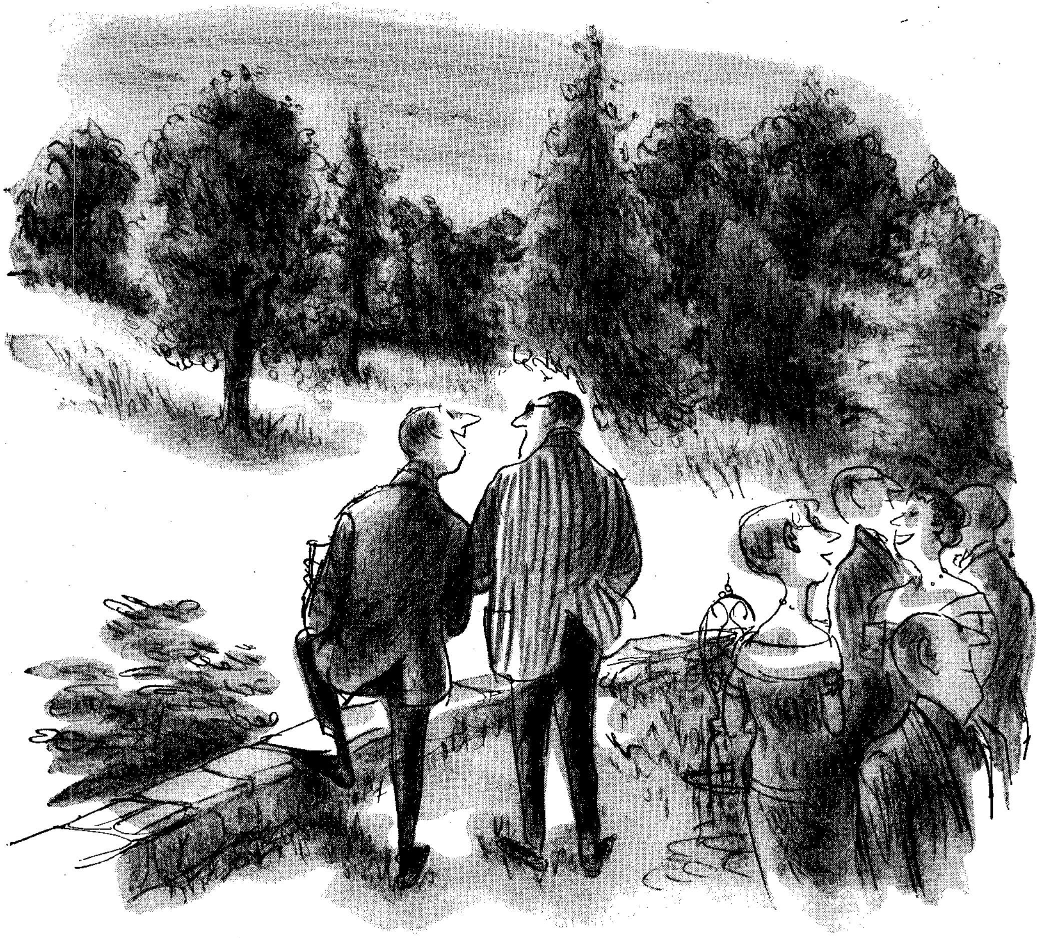
"I'm sure you'll forgive Stewart. He has this nervous way of insulting people."



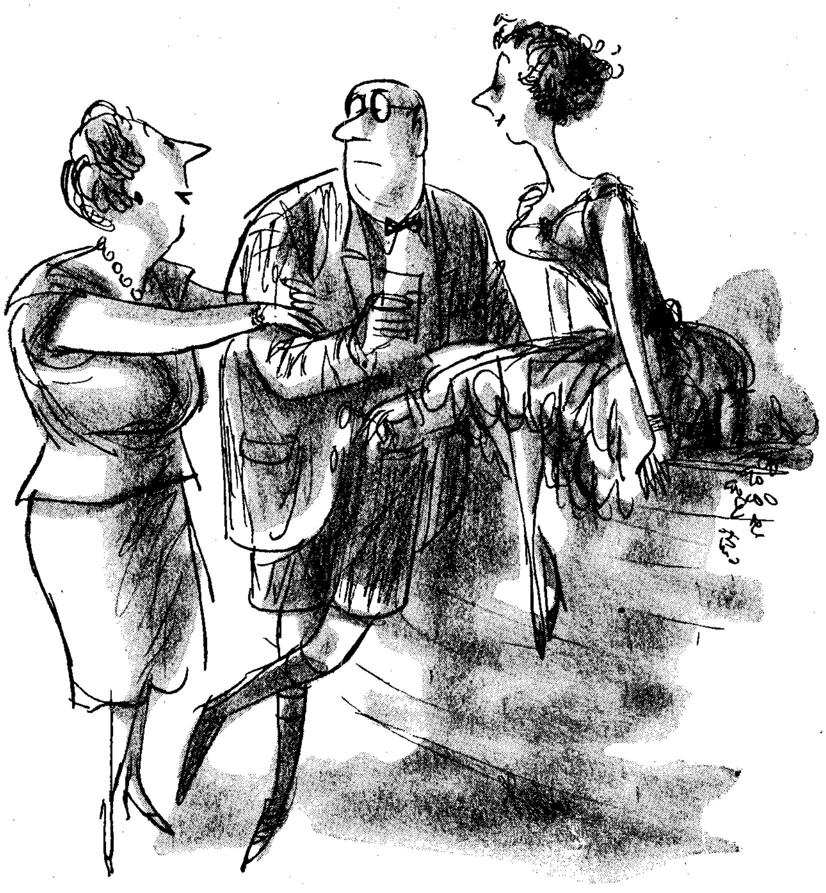
"Mr. Winkett, I think your wife is just darling!"



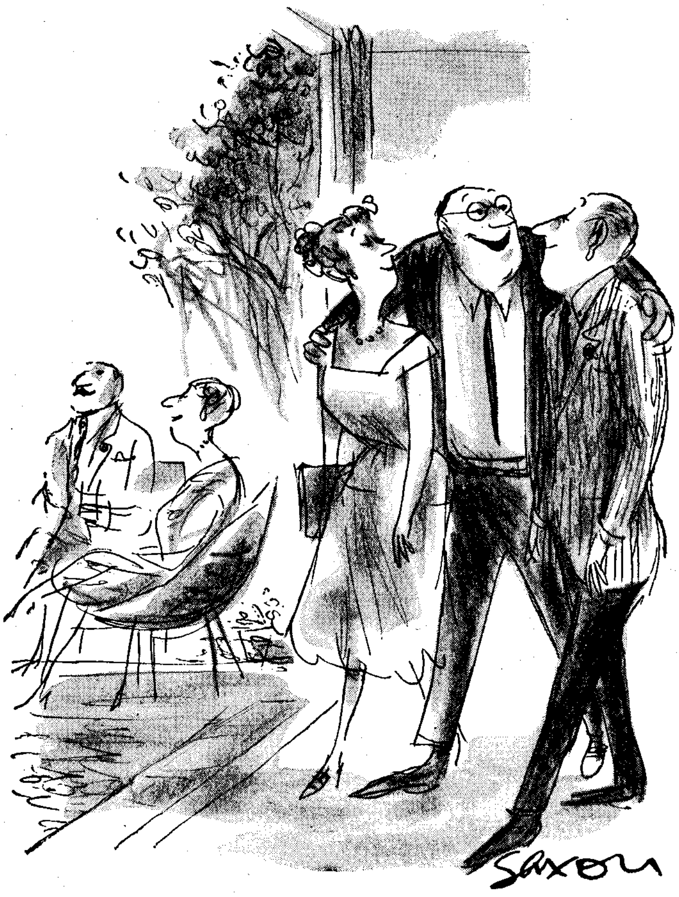
"I told you not to call except for a real emergency. Nobody is boss. You're all baby-sitting each other."



"Boy, what I could do with this field if it were mine!"



"Come on and eat, Frank. You know how silly you get when you drink and don't eat."



"I want you guys to stay later for a nightcap with just us."

SOMETHING HUMAN

LIKE many other Persian landowners of his generation, my father had a superstitious faith in the ways of the West, and particularly in the benefits of a European education. In 1925, when I was eight years old, he took me to Vienna and put me in school, and I remained there for the next eleven years, without ever going home or seeing any member of my family. When I was nineteen, I came to America, on a year's scholarship to an institution of learning in Florida that I shall call Watson College—just such a place as Goethe must have imagined when he wrote "*Kennst Du das Land wo die Zitronen blüh'n?*" By the time my year was over, I felt it had been too much of a good thing. The curriculum offered no challenge, after my Viennese education, and I felt as if I had drunk too many glasses of orange juice, smoked too many American cigarettes, held too many girls' hands, taken too many hot showers, and exchanged too many cheerful hellos. Everybody had been friendly, and nobody had become my particular friend. I looked forward to winding up the year and going home to Persia.

I was waiting for a transfer of money from my father, so I could book passage back, and on the morning of graduation day it still hadn't come. I was beginning to be anxious. Though I hadn't confided my anxiety to anyone, I expected somebody—one of the boys who sat at the same table with me in the commons or next to me in classes, or had been my partners on the tennis and swimming teams—to sense my difficulty and offer, if not help, at least sympathy and concern. No one did sense my difficulty, and the parting words of those who stopped to say goodbye were as casual as their daily greetings had been. They didn't ask me a single question, or seem to care that I wasn't coming back to school in the fall. As the day wore on, I found myself shaking hands with students I barely knew.

I lingered on the campus, in the hope that someone I had overlooked or thought already gone might yet show up and redeem my expectations. Toward evening, I moved my baggage from the college dormitory to a hotel in Watson. I had about fifty dollars, so I wasn't unduly worried. Each morning, I went to the post office, confident that the bank draft would be there. I knew vaguely that there were new international monetary restrictions, owing to the mounting war tension, but I never imagined that Father might not be able to get around them.

When I was down to ten dollars, I moved out of the hotel and took refuge on the small back porch of a building at the far end of the campus. I subsisted on oranges, which were everywhere and free for the picking, and the ten-cent loaf of bread that I bought each day. The daily disappointment at the post office and the daily expenditure of one more dime gradually forced me to realize that something had to be done, and not by my father but by me.

The idea of finding a job didn't occur to me at first. I had been brought up to regard money as a sort of stream that dried up toward the end of each month but flowed again at the beginning of the next, when Father's check arrived. Reduced to my last three dollars, I began, with a mixture of queasiness and fascination, to watch delivery boys, waiters, attendants at filling stations, movie ushers, clerks behind counters—anyone with a job that required no previous experience. By one of those convenient twists of the imagination, I was suddenly able to regard these jobs not as menial and degrading but as so many opportunities to masquerade. Still, I couldn't bring myself to apply for a job as a waiter or delivery boy in Watson, where someone might recognize me. The only solution was to hitchhike to another town. I checked my luggage, except for a small valise, at the depot, and instructed the post office to hold my mail until further notice.

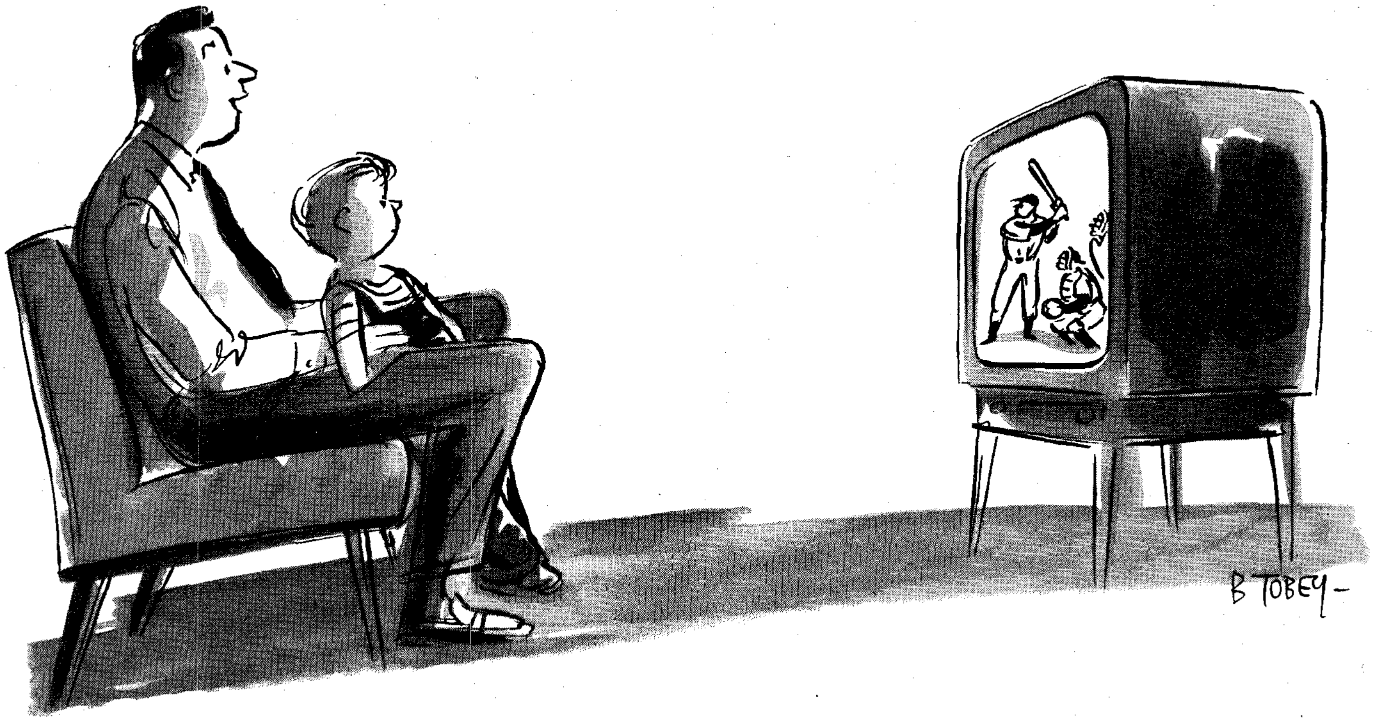
The first time I raised my thumb to get a ride, I felt I had compromised my pride by this pleading gesture. I was comforted when the people who picked me up didn't hold it against me. I experienced for the first time the freedom of anonymity, and, once on the road, I decided to keep going all the way across America and see the Pacific Ocean.

I didn't do too badly on the road, though there were times when I had to go without food or pass the night at a railroad station or bus depot, pretending to be a passenger. But I made only slow headway. It took me two weeks to leave Florida behind, because I was afraid to quit the first job I got. A tile layer picked me up near St. Petersburg, and took me on as a helper. All I did was mix cement and carry it in buckets to wherever he was working. He paid me twenty-five cents an hour. The hard labor made me so hungry that I spent every cent I earned on food.

By the time I crossed the Louisiana border into Texas, I had learned that to hang around any place where loading and unloading were done usually resulted in some work or a ride; that to wash somebody's car was always good for fifty cents or a dollar; and that I must never admit I was a transient when there was a chance for a job. I knew I ought not to hesitate, in a pinch, to walk up to private houses and inquire for odd jobs, but I couldn't bring myself to do this. Instead, I sold, one after another, for a small fraction of their worth, my Leica, my silver cigarette case, and my wristwatch.

I wrote to the post office in Watson a few days before I got to Houston, asking them to forward any mail for me there, care of General Delivery. In Houston, waiting for me, was a letter from my father, saying that he had made an application to the government for the amount of foreign exchange necessary to bring me home, but since it would undoubtedly be some time before the application was approved, he advised me to try to borrow my return fare. I couldn't think of anyone in the whole of the United States from whom I could borrow even a dollar. I sold my last valuable—a pair of gold cuff links that had been a gift from my mother—for fourteen dollars. I knew that I ought to turn back and hitchhike to New York, where I would be more likely to meet a Persian to whom Father's name or standing might be familiar, and who would therefore be willing to risk a loan, but I hated to pass up my one chance of seeing America, so I decided to keep on.

The next day, on the outskirts of a small town, I got into conversation with another hitchhiker as we stood together at the side of the road and signalled to the cars that passed. He told me that his name was Jim, and that he had quit his job as a short-order cook in Philadelphia and was on his way back home to El Paso. He suggested that we stick together. He did not conform in any way to my notion of a cook. He neither smelled of food nor looked greasy; he was shaved, and his blond hair was neatly combed. With his spruce appearance, he might easily have mixed on the Watson campus. And I couldn't help but admire the way he had taken it into his head to quit his job and cross a distance the size of Europe for no better reason than that he "liked it better out West." I had a snobbish prejudice against teaming up with a short-order cook, but,



"Now the man is going to throw the ball, and the other man, the man with the stick, he's going to try to hit the ball with the stick, see . . . now watch . . ."

". . . rookie sensation, batting .360 . . . tripled in the fourth, singled to left in the fifth . . . leading the league in RBIs . . . here's the windup . . ."

• •

on the other hand, I was lonely. After a month on the road, the mere presence of someone alongside me made me strangely content. With a companion, I felt, nothing could happen for the worse—only for the better. And so I fell in with him, a little ashamed of my condescension while grateful for his company.

NO driver stopped for us, and after a time Jim convinced me that hitchhiking was too slow and uncertain, and that we ought to take to the rails. We hid behind an abandoned shed near the freight yard, and ran for the first freight going West, and jumped on. At one of those deserted stops in west Texas where freights take on water, a patrolman caught us. He climbed into our boxcar and said, "If either of you set foot off this car, I'll beat hell out of you."

I was relieved; I had no intention of setting foot off the boxcar. I was further relieved when the officer addressed Jim first. "Where you heading for?"

My mind automatically registered what seemed to me a grammatical error: the man should have said, "Where *are* you heading for?"

"El Paso—my home town," Jim said, as if he were eager to make a good impression.

"You born there?"

Again I registered the omission in a silent aside.

"Yes, sir."

Jim must be joking, I thought; surely he couldn't be trying to ingratiate himself with such a man by addressing him as "sir." The officer had a provincial accent, and his grammar was inexcusable. I was so intent on remembering the exact wording and pronunciation of Jim's answers, in order to be prepared for my own interrogation, that the officer had to repeat his next question before I realized it was addressed to me.

"Where *you* heading for?"

"El Pazzo, also," I said. Something odd about the way I had pronounced El Paso lingered in the air. I cursed the language I had studied for five hours a day over the past nine months. My English would never amount to anything, I decided. I might as well give it up if I couldn't parrot a word right when somebody had just finished saying it.

"You a foreigner?"

The officer's voice had an ominous note. So had his appearance. His dark shirt, cut military style, had the crispness of a garment freshly laundered and freshly pressed. Its vertical creases were knife sharp, one running down each sleeve and two down the front. His breeches, held up by a wide belt, were tucked into shiny boots that laced up to the knees. And when I said "Yes, sir," I couldn't pretend to myself that I was joking or had said "sir" just to imitate Jim.

"Where you born?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I name the city, as Jim had done, or the country? But the officer had probably never heard of my country, much less of my home town, Meshed.

"I think he was born in Turkey, or thereabouts," Jim said.

"Who asked you?" the officer snapped at him. "Let him talk for himself."

I glanced at Jim to let him see I appreciated his help, even though he had backed the wrong country, but he avoided my glance, as if he were anxious to put a distance between us. I at once suppressed the suspicion that Jim hadn't really spoken up for my sake but had volunteered information to save the patrolman the trouble of finding out for himself.

"Persia," I said. "I mean Iran."

"Make up your mind—which?"

"You see, Officer," I began, "my country—"

"Don't give me any of that stuff."

"I am only trying to explain—"

"Shut up. You don't have to explain nothing to me. I asked you a simple question, and I want a simple answer."

Unfortunately, there was no simple answer to his question. In 1935, Persia had changed its name officially to Iran—a change that wasn't really a change, because the Persians have always called themselves Irani and their country Iran. The very words "Persia" and "Persian" don't exist in our language. The whole confusion started a long time ago, when early European travellers transferred the name of the southerly province of Fars, which they called Pars, to the country as a whole. When I told people I was from Iran, they often didn't know what country I meant. But when I said Persia, they knew immediately, because of Persian rugs. Maybe the man in front of me owned a Persian rug. He was only a patrolman, but an American patrolman might be able to afford one, for all I knew. I was suddenly caught up in the wild hope that one of my country's rugs had found its way into this man's home. Perhaps, through a kind of providence, the carpet had by its weave and design ingratiated its place of origin into this man's liking and memory.

"Persia," I said.

"Where's that?"

"You know—where Persian rugs come from."

"What's that got to do with it? Answer my question."

What was I to say? Where is any place? Every place is in a bigger place. "In Asia," I said, afraid of antagonizing him further by silence or hesitation.

"Where did you say?"

"Asia. Continent of Asia."

"Ah, from the continent," he said, as if making sense at last of my words. "How did you come over here?"

"On a scholarship."

"On what ship, did you say?"

"On a scholarship," I repeated, with a halting and tentative smile, wanting to gauge his response before letting the smile expand into a grin or fade off.

"Where did you get your entry permit?" he asked, in a voice strangely casual. Was he trying to distract me, so that I would fall into the trap he was laying for me?

"In Vienna, Austria."

"Thought you just said you come from—"

In my nervousness, I missed the last word. Had he said Persia? Asia? What? I felt my total intelligence insufficient to convey a few personal facts that would allay the man's suspicion and overcome his ignorance.

I looked at Jim, half expecting him to help me out, and then realized that he had grasped as little as the officer where I came from or who I was, though I had talked to him, on and off, since the day before. A peculiar panic rose in me—the panic that is due not to the immediate danger itself but to its assault upon the past. I suddenly suspected that everyone who had asked me about my country and myself—the students at college, the bums on the road, the kind old ladies in Watson who invited foreign students to tea and cookies, the strangers who had given me rides—had remained as ignorant about me as Jim, as uncomprehending as the officer, and as indifferent as both. It didn't really matter whether anyone knew where Persia was or what it was called, but it mattered crucially that I should recall one face to whom I, or my words, had mattered. "Yes, I am from Persia," I resumed dispiritedly, "but I received my visa in Vienna. I studied there. I was graduated from—"

"You say you went to school there?"

"Yes."

"And you mean to tell me you packed your bags to come over here and hop a freight?"

"No. I went to school here in America also," I said.

He narrowed his eyes, as if to warn me not to carry things too far. "Where was that?"

"Florida."

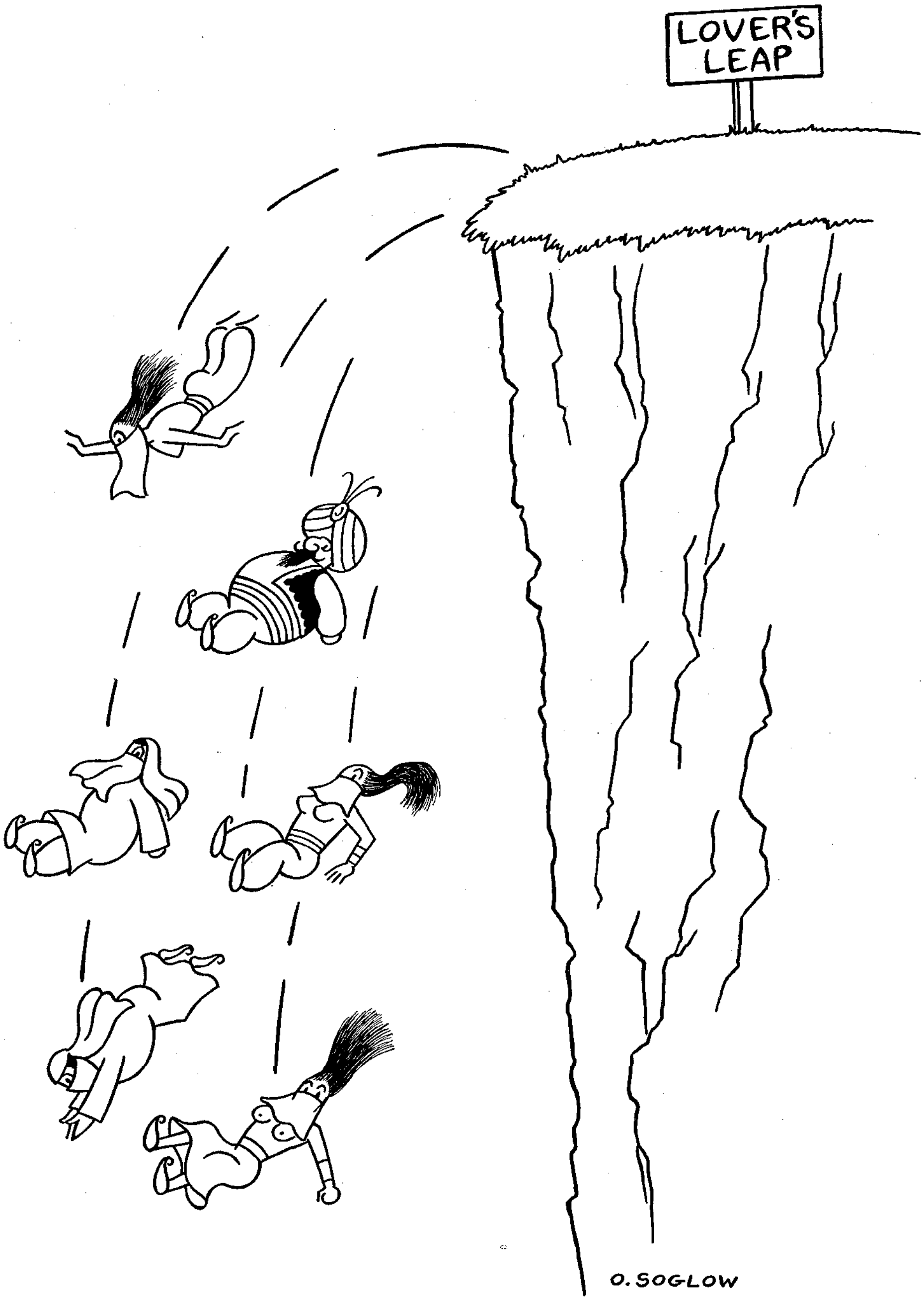
"University of Florida?"

"No. Watson College."

"Never heard of it," he said. "Got anything to prove it?"

"Well, no, not here with me. I didn't bring my diploma along."

"That don't surprise me," he said, and sneered. I was appalled at what I had said, but I had no time to set things



EMOTION RECOLLECTED IN LATE-CENOZOIC TRANQUILLITY

A case in point is the English Lake District made famous by Wordsworth, the landscape poet. Practically all its outstanding scenic features are the product of Pleistocene glacierization, a circumstance of which the poet shows little comprehension and his commentators hardly more.—*From "Geomorphology," by O. D. von Engeln.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
And let me say that I'd appraise
Them as a product of

The Pleistocenic glaciation.
This is proven through:
(1) The parallel striation
On the pebbles; (2)

Erratics of the Ennerdale
Granophyric Sill
At Ullock; (3) the hanging vale;
(4) Morainal till;

And (5) the *roches moutonnées.*
—The maid above
Was one whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Of autobrecciated
Andesite, inside a zone
Of tuff incorporated

Early in the Borrowdale
Series (resupine
Conformably upon the shale
Of Skiddaw anticline),

Extruded in the Ordovician
Period. Tuff is found
At Rydal Water. In addition,
Rhyolites abound.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be,
But she is in her grave, and geo-
Morphologically

In Early Paleozoic strata.
All the very aptest
Fossilized Invertebrata,
Like the *Dichograptus*

Octobrachiatus (Hall),
Keep her company.
It makes a mountain, all in all,
Of difference to me.

—John Sack

• •

right, for he went on, with a knowing air, "Florida . . . Ever been near the Gulf?"

"Which gulf?" I asked. I wasn't sure what he meant, but I could see he had something on his mind.

"Ever been to New Orleans?"

"Oh, yes. I was there several days," I said with pride. My hitchhiking had taken me through that city, and I hoped to gain an advantage by appealing to what seemed to me an American penchant for reminiscing, an urge toward nostalgia, which takes hold of two Americans as soon as they discover they come from the same state or city, or have driven through each other's home town, or have relatives living near one another, or have stayed at the same hotel or eaten in the same restaurant. Perhaps the officer had been to New Orleans, too. If I could only remember a few details about that city, it might give us something in common.

"It rained a lot when I was there," I said.

"I don't give a damn if you had rain or shine. What I want to know is if you're sure you didn't enter the country by way of New Orleans or one of them Gulf ports."

I caught on at last. He suspected me of illegal entry. I said, "What allows you to presume that I would bother to lie to you? I entered at New York. . . . Here, I shall show you my passport to prove it." I turned and stooped over my valise. But before I could unsnap the lock, the officer's boot was resting on top of the bag.

"I better do that," he said.

I straightened up, outraged, and he frisked me the way I had seen it done in the movies. I was taken off guard and had no time to react, except for shame.

When I found my voice, I said, with all the dignity I could muster, "If you are looking for a gun, you may spare yourself the trouble. I am not a gangster."

He didn't look up. He was bending over the valise, feeling through my belongings. Then he straightened up and said, "O.K., let's have your passport."

I took it out of a side compartment and handed it to him. He opened the hard cover and turned to the first page, which contained certain particulars about me—my physical characteristics, and the date and place of my birth—written in Persian and in French.

"It says here 'Iran.'" He pronounced the word "Eye-ran." "Thought you said a different country when I asked you the first time."

"That is correct, Officer. I tried to explain to you when you said—"

"Shut up."

"That is exactly what you said when I tried to explain—"

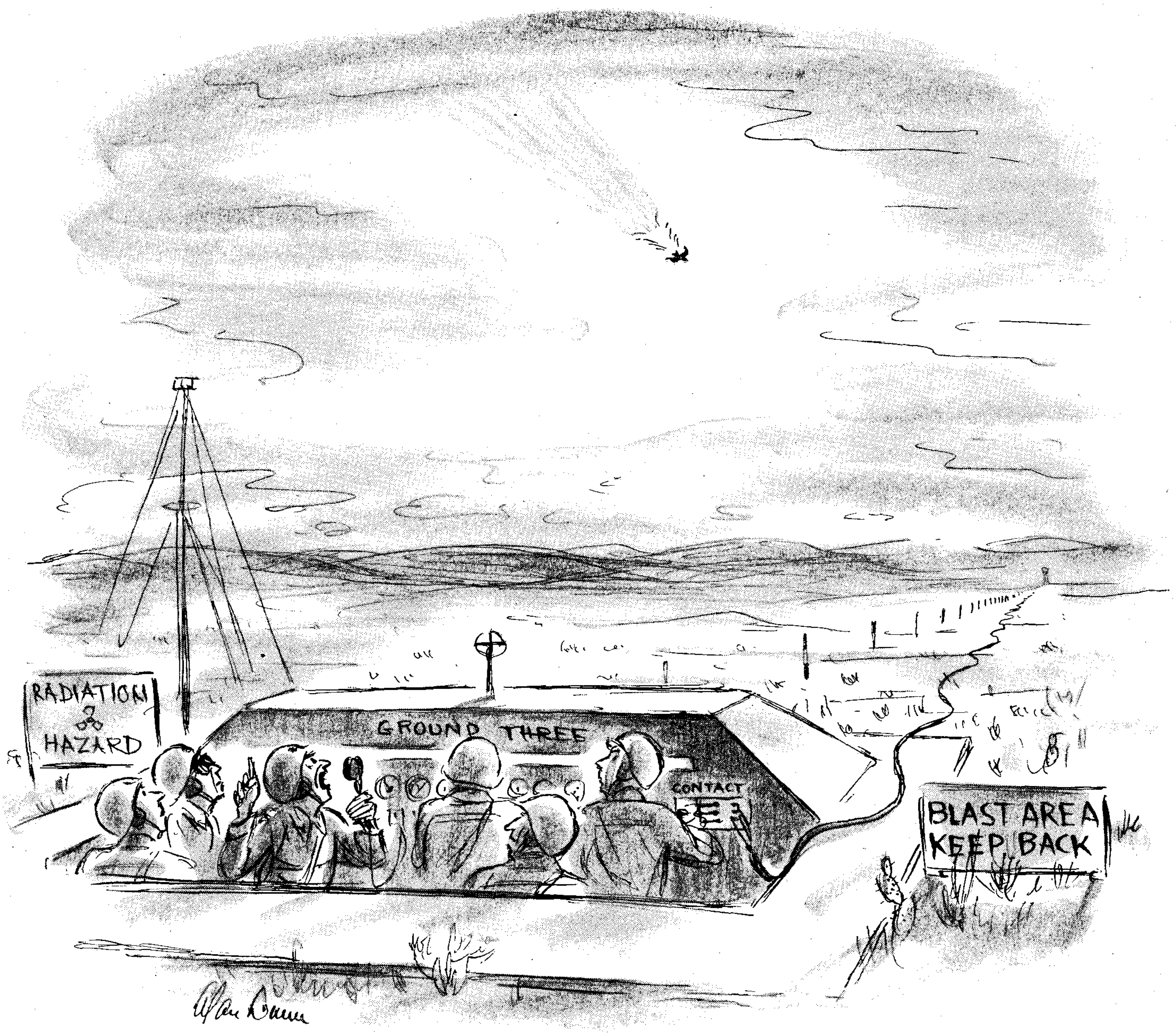
"Shut up." He leafed through the pages slowly, made curious by all the foreign visas, stamps, and notations. His absorbed expression indicated a simulated, incomplete comprehension. His mind, I could see, was functioning by pictorial impression. When he finished and started all over again, I said that my United States entry visa was on one of the last pages. He closed the passport and ordered me to come along with him. I turned to Jim, who looked down at his shoes.

"Better do what he says," Jim said, in a low voice.

"Can't you come with me?"

"That wouldn't help you any and might get me into trouble." There was a note of irritation in his voice—the irritation of someone who can't get rid of a hanger-on or a child.

I felt like shaking him to make him understand his mistake, to make him



“Ten—nine—eight—seven—hold it!”

• •

see that this wasn’t the time for either of us to think of himself alone; sticking together was all that mattered, for then nothing could *really* happen to either of us.

I had meant to ask him how I would ever find him again, if I should manage to get to El Paso, but I changed my mind. As I picked up my valise and walked over to the door of the boxcar, my knees were weak. Suddenly, this miserable boxcar, with its piled-up crates, its heat and dust, seemed the only place on earth that offered me peace and comfort. And I was frightened. It was not the fear of any particular punishment that gripped me but the fear of giving myself over to the officer.

Around us was the prairie, without a tree or a house in sight. I was in the hands of this local policeman, who might abuse the law as he pleased. And if he was so dense as to mistake me for a bum or worse, what might he not do to me to justify his suspicions?

“Look, Officer,” I pleaded before jumping off. “If you would have a little patience and permit me to explain about my country—”

“You can do all your explaining to the boss,” he said. “Get a move on.”

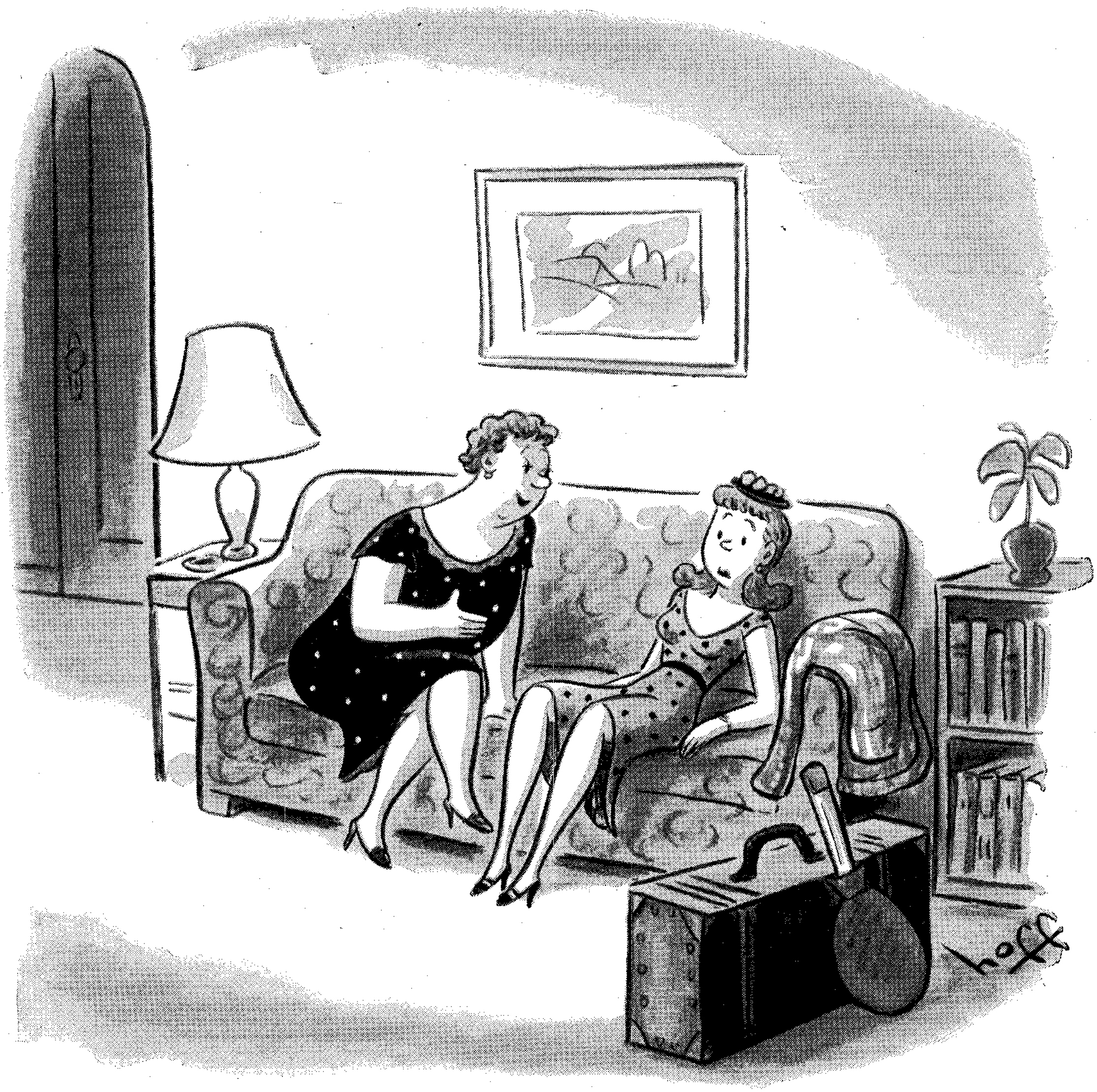
I followed the patrolman along the rails to his car, which was parked behind some huge, vat-shaped water tanks. After my ten-hour ride on the freight, the soft, cushioned car seat was almost enough to make me glad I had been taken off the train. I leaned back, luxuriating in the cool air of the rotating fan, which had begun to hum when the motor started. With such comforts on hand, I thought, civilization and common sense couldn’t be too far off. Caught up in a sudden surge of optimism, I addressed the officer. “How long will the train stop here?”

“Long enough to tank up, I imagine.”

“I mean will it stay long enough for me to return?”

For the first time, he looked at me in a personal way, with what I felt was a good-humored grin. “Like hell it will,” he said, and turned his eyes back to the road.

“But what shall I do if I get back too late?” I was convinced that I would have no trouble explaining myself to “the boss,” who would immediately set me free to continue my ride. It was all a mistake of the patrolman’s, and he might as well make up for it by helping me get back. He didn’t answer. “Could



"Try to look at the bright side. You had excellent food, a good rest, and two weeks of glorious weather."

you at least tell me where you are driving me?" I asked.

"Shut up," he said good-naturedly.

"I think I am at least entitled to know where—"

"Shut up."

I drew myself up to protest, and he said it again.

We rode on in silence. I was still wondering why on earth these Americans had ever built such a magnificent highway through this forsaken territory when, over a slight rise, a few trees and houses came into view, and, a little farther on, a town. I was relieved; if the train was gone by the time I got back, I could hitchhike on from here.

We stopped on the outskirts of town, before a small two-story frame building with wooden stairs leading up to a front porch. I followed the officer up the steps and into a small room. Except for two desks—one, unoccupied, near the door and the other at the far end, where a man sat half hidden by stacked-up volumes—the room was bare. I took it for a waiting room, and looked around, in vain, for a door to an inner office. Straight ahead, two open windows framed the branches of a wide-spreading tree, and between the two windows was a portrait I recognized—the first President of the Republic. In spite of the granite jaw and the broad, aggressive forehead, the familiar features seemed drowsy in the heat and the eyes averted from the slab of sunshine that streaked across the dusty frame. Altogether, I felt, the room was too shabby to represent authority.

I said "Good afternoon," put my valise down, and waited, near the door. My "good afternoon," I decided, had come off rather well—nonchalant, yet with an accent confident and formal enough to indicate my social level and set a standard of etiquette for the other.

The man behind the desk didn't answer. He didn't even look up. My greeting seemed to linger on in the air, affected and pretentious. I felt caught in a pose; the silence was exposing my words for what they were—not a true courtesy but a pathetic shield for my uncertainty. I wondered if it wouldn't have been wiser and more honorable to say nothing.

The patrolman stepped up to the desk. "Sheriff—" he began, propping his palms on the desk. I couldn't have been more astonished if he had said "Your Excellency." The word "sheriff" had for me something of the romantic flavor that "sultan," "pasha," or "sheik" might have for Americans. I didn't know this famous breed of men still existed in the American West, much less that I would ever come face to face with one of them. I tried to get a better look at him, but the volumes stacked up at the edge of the desk limited my view to one round, fleshy shoulder and the top of a bald head.

"Sheriff, here's a guy I picked up that might interest you. A foreigner," the officer added, as if he had bagged special game. His voice, quiet, self-effacing, almost pedantic, was so unlike what I remembered from the boxcar that my attention shifted from the sheriff to him, in surprise. Even his physique, which had loomed frighteningly, now seemed merely of middling proportions.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy, Sheriff."

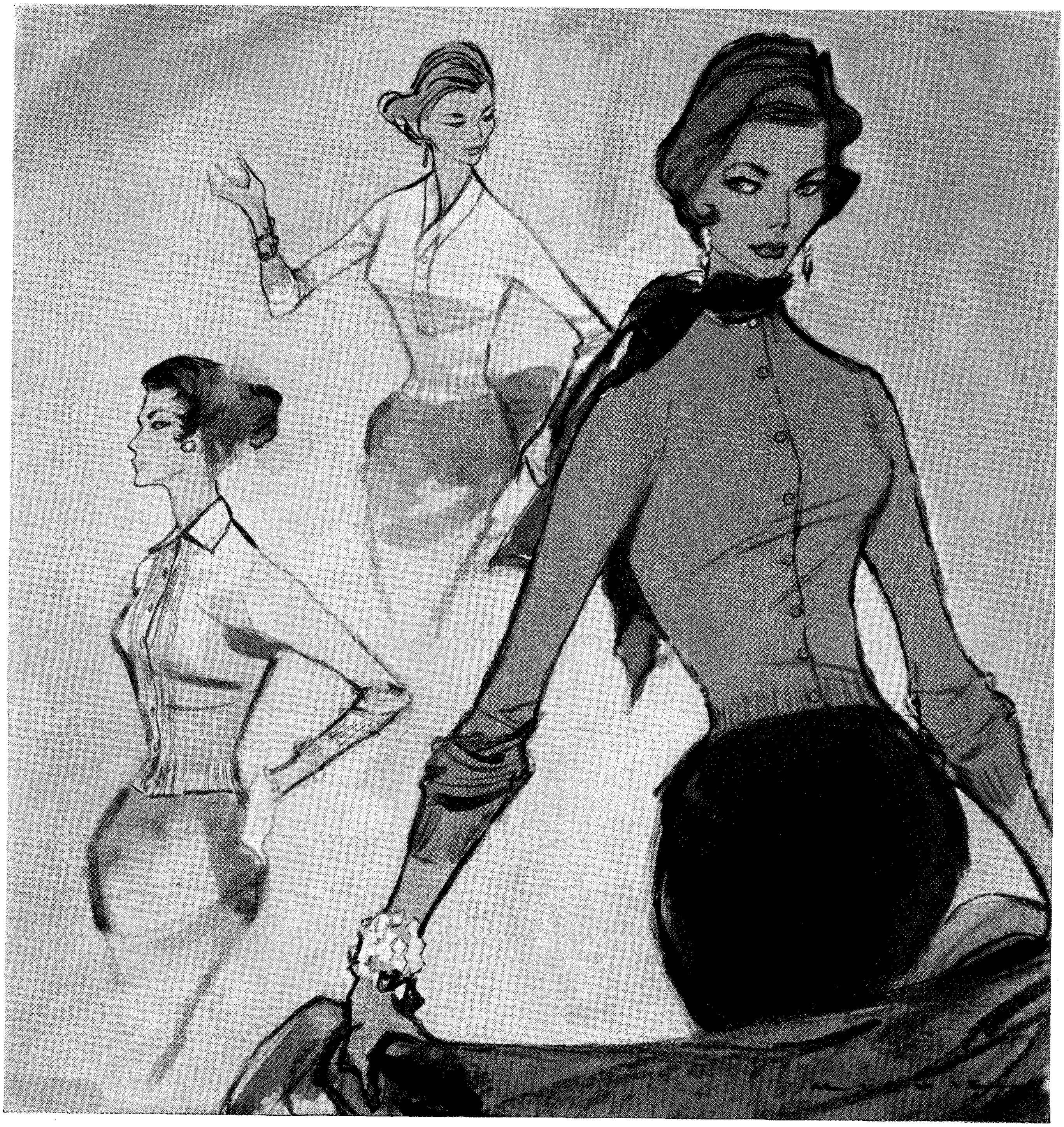
The sheriff's face shifted into view. Dull, drowsy eyes wandered to me with no more interest or animation than they might have wasted upon some spot on the wall.

"That calls for Section 204, don't it?"

"Sure does, Sheriff."

The sheriff turned to me. "Guilty or not guilty?" The "not" was all but inaudible, and the question sounded like "Guilty or guilty?"

I hadn't anticipated a climax so soon. I wanted to avoid committing myself to a direct answer, but my English vocabulary seemed to have seeped away—not just forgotten but lost. This blank-



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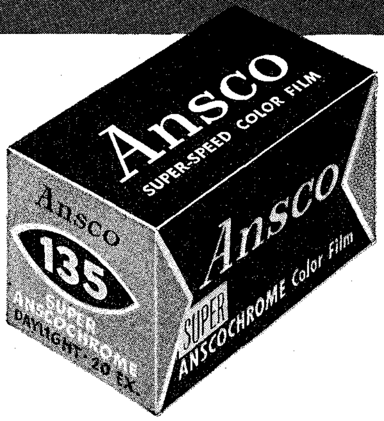

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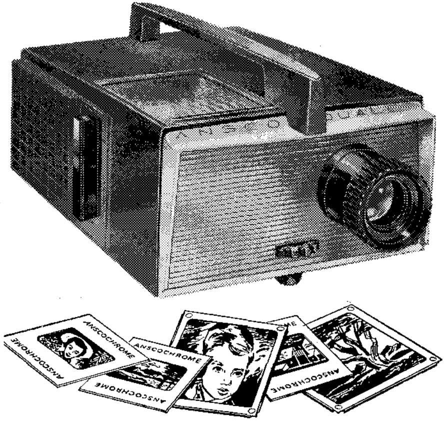

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ness overtook me sometimes when I got overexcited or, occasionally, just after waking up in the morning. At such times, my English was reduced to a few unfamiliar words, remembered by rote and difficult to pronounce.

“Please—guilty to what?” I brought forth at last.

The sheriff pulled down the top volume from the pile on his desk, opened it, and began to read so rapidly and in such an expressionless voice that I caught only isolated words and phrases. “. . . county of . . . state of Texas . . . no place of residence . . . no destination . . . no means of support . . . vagrancy . . . guilty or not guilty.” His last words sounded like part of the text.

“I cannot admit guilty,” I began haltingly, “if the charge is not justified. If you had been kind enough to look at my passport, you could see I have a place of residence, which is, naturally, my own country—to be precise, in the city of Meshed, in the province of Khorasan.” I paused, pleased that I had at last found enough English to address him sensibly. Neither the sheriff nor the patrolman looked at me. I went on. “The officer here must remember. I told him my destination is El Paso. Therefore, I have a place of residence and a destination. Secondly—” The utter lack of response in the sheriff's face confused me. “Secondly, you must grant that no one could possibly mistake me for a vagrant. No one has so far, and I hope no one will. Also, I have over thirteen dollars. I am sure that this is enough to secure me dwelling and food, either until I reach my destination or at least until I am distant from your jurisdiction. If you wish, I shall take from here a passenger train or a bus, and I hope— I hope—”

I felt I ought to go on talking, but the sheriff's face stopped me. No flicker or expression indicated that he had listened to, let alone comprehended, what I said. I stood and waited.

Finally, he said, “What did you say?” but without the intonation of a question. I waited, hoping he might add something, but he didn't.

“I said,” I started again, “that the charge of vagrancy cannot really apply to me.” Carefully, I repeated all my arguments, and ended up not sure whether my second defense had been as good as the first.

“How's that again?” The sheriff lifted a couple of fingers to his ear, which suddenly struck me as enormous. And what did the gesture mean? Was the sheriff hard of hearing? Or outright stupid? And if he couldn't hear, why

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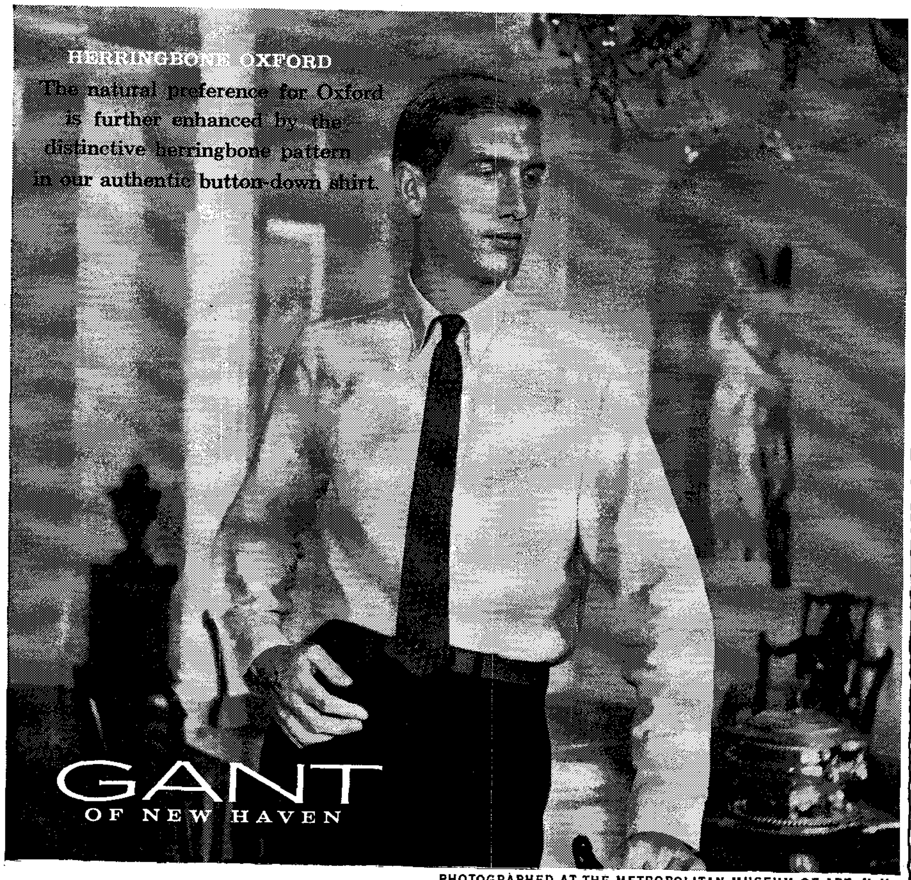
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had he let me talk on for so long without hinting at his infirmity? His face hadn't betrayed the slightest strain indicative of dull hearing—or of a dull mind, for that matter.

In my perplexity, I turned to the patrolman. He glanced toward the sheriff and then back at me. "You ought to raise your voice a little. The sheriff is kind of hard of hearing."

When I started, for the third time, each argument seemed harder to phrase. My loud voice magnified my awkward pronunciation. I found myself rephrasing my arguments in a way that asked for sympathy. But when the sheriff, taking advantage of a pause, cupped a hand to his ear and repeated "How's that again?" I glared at him.

"I told you the sheriff is a little bit hard of hearing," the officer said. "You'll have to raise your voice a little if you want him to get the drift."

"This is a matter beyond hearing," I retorted. "It seems neither my English nor my intelligence is good enough to explain myself, or be understood."

"What was that?" the sheriff said idly, heaving himself forward in his chair.

"Nothing worth while repeating, sir, I'm sure," I said.

"Well?" He looked up at me. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Any way you choose."

The sheriff leaned forward again. His elbow had pushed his pipe over; grains of charred tobacco dotted the surface of the desk. He propped up his pipe, and when he lifted some papers to shake them clear of tobacco, I saw a magazine cover beneath them—a girl, with hair and dress dishevelled, screaming with terror. Had he confiscated the magazine from some youngster, as my teachers had done with such stuff at school? I missed the sheriff's next question and had to ask him to repeat it.

"The law says here," he said sharply, and patted the volume in front of him, "ten days or ten dollars. Well, which?"

"But if I pay you ten dollars, I shall have hardly anything left. I might really be taken for a vagrant."

"Well?"

I stepped forward and, counting out the money, put it on his desk. All I wanted was to get out of there, to be alone.

The sheriff's hand covered the bills. I went to the door and picked up my valise. "I hope I can depart now?" I said, forgetting to raise my voice.

"You get the hell out of here," the sheriff answered. He turned to the

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patrolman. "And make damn sure he stays out."

The sheriff was not deaf, after all. He had resorted to an unfair trick, and I had been taken in by it. It was humiliating, but I was more upset by his total lack of interest in me, after all the talking about myself I had done.

As I was on the stairs outside, I heard him say to the patrolman in a loud voice, "Keep an eye on him till he's over the county line. And if he shows up again, don't bother to bring him in."

CARRYING my valise, I walked on toward the center of town, troubled by a sensation stronger than that of being watched but not quite as oppressive as that of being followed. For the first time, I approached an American town without anticipation. I was aware of the weight of the valise, and of the heat of the late afternoon, and of being dirty. When I reached the main street, I turned and walked up it, as I had done in so many other towns, but this time without staring at people and buildings, and without hurrying from one crossing to the next as if each new side street harbored a strange and unexpected vista (until, at the other end of the town, I would be overcome by a sense of irremediable loss, of having missed something—a regret that diminished in proportion as my imagination was drawn by the promise and adventure of the town ahead). I stopped a passerby and asked the direction of the bus depot. He said the town was too small to have a bus depot, and, trying to be helpful, asked me which bus I meant to take and what my destination was. I thanked him curtly and went on. All I had wanted the depot for was to rent a shower for twenty-five cents, as I had done in other places.

The sign "TRANSIENTS BATHS FIFTY CENTS" above an old building caught my eye. I could afford neither the fifty cents nor the time—it was getting late and I should be on my way—but I was in the habit of having a shower or washing from head to foot once a day, whenever I could, so I went in. After my shower, I cleaned my two-toned shoes and rubbed off the dirt spots from my flannels with the fluid I always carried along. Then I put my dirty linen in the zipper bag, to be washed the next time I had a chance to rent a room for the night. Out on the street again, cool and clean, I felt the luxurious ease that invariably followed a hot and abundant shower in America, and stopped for a leisurely cup of coffee and a cigarette. Then I hurried on.

I reached the highway sooner than I expected. I always overestimated the size of such small towns, misled by the few buildings of more than average height along the main street. The last building at the edge of town was a gas station. It would have been a good spot—as most gas stations were—to wait for a ride, but I walked on for about a mile and posted myself at the next curve, to give drivers a chance for a long look at my silhouette, marked by my upraised thumb. The sun was about to set. I was sure I had a good hour or two of light ahead of me—time enough to catch a ride. But there were very few cars, and none of them slowed down. The first headlights alarmed me, and after they had passed, the atmosphere seemed noticeably darker. I tried to persuade myself that those lights had been switched on prematurely or by mistake, and I drew reassurance from subsequent cars with their lights still off. Each car that passed bequeathed an ominous note of failure to the next, until the increasing darkness shifted my expectations from legitimate hope to mere luck. I knew by experience how little chance there was of being picked up once darkness set in.

Ordinarily, I would have returned to the center of town and found a cheap room for the night, but there was no telling what the patrolman might do if he caught me. I tried to think up alternatives—that I might get a ride yet, that I might spend the night waiting, that I might even return to town without running into the patrolman, or that if he caught me, he might understand that I had at least been trying to get out of town. But all these speculations couldn't cover up the fact that, tired as I was, I was standing there in the dark for one reason only—the sheriff's threat. I decided to wait for one more car and then go back into town.

A car came into view and passed me slowly—much more slowly, I thought, than the other cars had. To check any temptation to temporize—since the car had appeared so soon after my resolve—I picked up my valise and set off toward town. I had barely left the bend of the road when headlights focussed upon me from behind. When I looked back, I saw that the car had turned around and was coming toward me. It drew over to my side of the road and stopped.

I leaned toward the window and said, "Thank you, thank you very much, but I was trying to get a ride in the opposite direction. I am only walking back to town to—"

"That's what you think! You stay right where you are." The voice was

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QANTAS* IN A KORET OF

WHY WALK IN BEAUTY...

Foreword: One day someone had the plausible idea that since Qantas travels here and there with elegant ease, and so do Koret of California fashions, why not put them together in one epic ad? A natural.

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: Now, fellows, here's the photograph—like it?

QANTAS: Ah, extremely pretty girls if a trifle thin. Perhaps were you to send them to camp. Now in Australia...

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: ...our new separates in rich wools and Lawford...

QANTAS: Nice chap, Peter...

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: **LAWFORD** plaids. Tops are brushed velvanyl by Princeton

QANTAS: Ah, Princeton; ah, Clarion Normal...

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: Yes, **PRINCETON** Knitting Mills... really great...

QANTAS: Oh. Where's the plane? We had in mind maybe models on a ramp with a whacking great Qantas painted on it. Waving gay goodbyes as they wing their way, via Qantas to exotic, puls-

CALIFORNIA WORLD...

WHEN THEY CAN FLY? YOU MAY WELL ASK

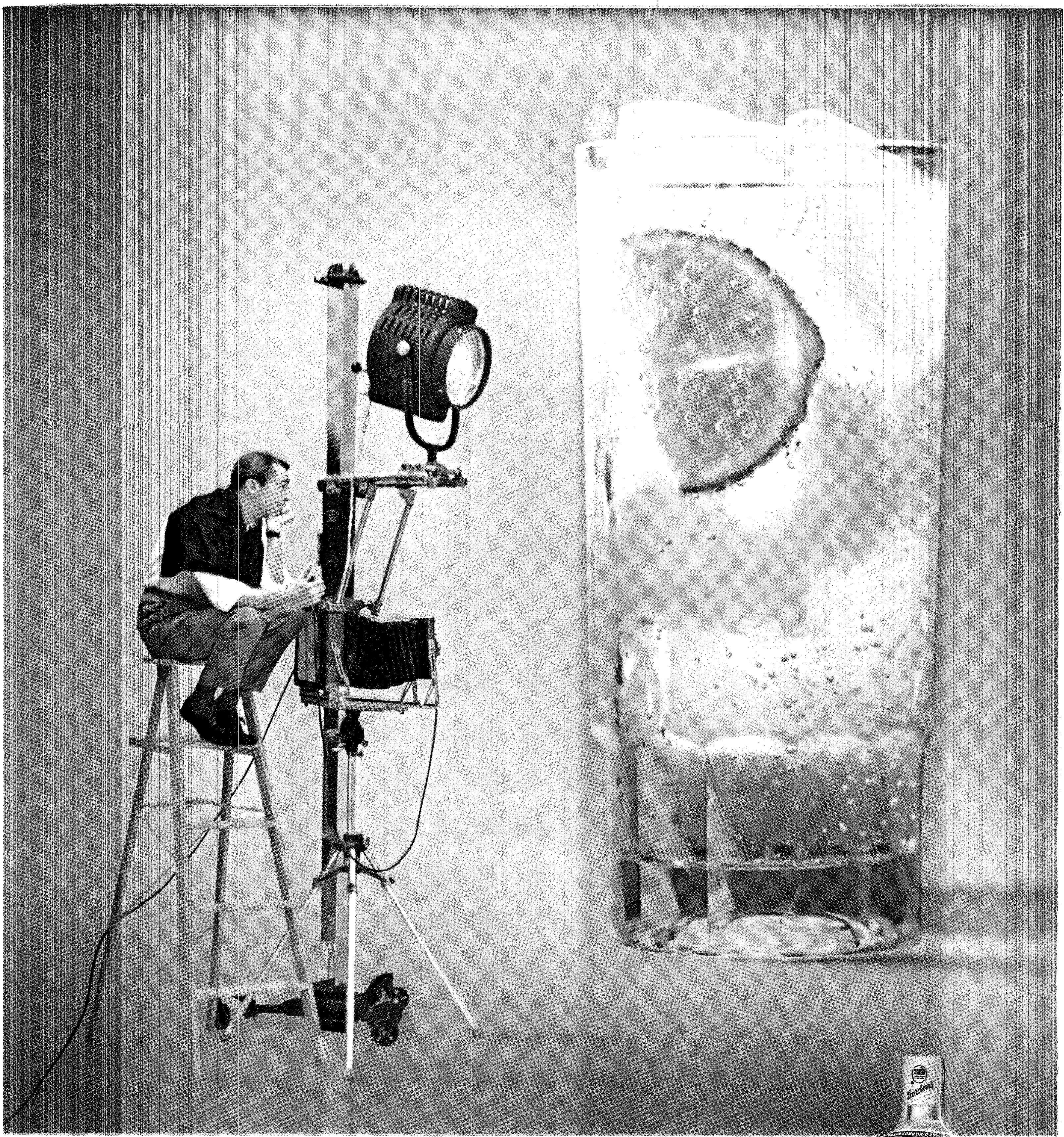
ing Hawaii, Fiji, Tahiti...and via Qantas, on to...

KORET OF CALIFORNIA: And we'll just say Koret of California, because Americans want the best, at fine stores everywhere and thanks to TV's John Bradford for acting the part of the pilot.

QANTAS: Quite. Do you think he looks reliable enough? Our captains...

(Curtain)

* of Australia. And Asia and Africa and Europe and North America. See your travel agent or any Qantas or BOAC office. Or wire Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco. YUkon 2-3670. Don't lallygag. Fashions at: Haggarty's—Los Angeles, Lord & Taylor—New York, Schuneman's Inc.—St. Paul...or call **Western Union Operator 25** for details and whereabouts of all the Koret of California fashions. *(no more room)*



When focusing on a model Gin and Tonic...

GORDON'S
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There's no Gin like **GORDON'S**

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matter-of-fact. It was also familiar. So was the car. And though I could barely make out the face behind the wheel, I recognized the patrolman.

"But that's impossible!" I protested. "Nobody will pick me up any more, and I cannot stay here the whole night."

"That's your business. And you better stay put if you don't want me to beat the living daylights out of you."

He shifted gears, and the car moved on, the sound of the motor rising powerful and indifferent in the stillness of the night. The red tail-lights receded and vanished.

I walked off the highway to the nearest telegraph pole and propped my valise against it. Then I spread my trench coat on the ground and, with the valise as a back rest, made myself as comfortable as I could, resigned to waiting for daylight.

If only I had someone alongside to talk to, I thought, the waiting would take care of itself. I thought of Jim. The other people I had met on the road, for a few minutes or a few hours, had already faded into anonymity. From this distance, college seemed like some pleasant summer resort where everyone is jolly and a collective amiability prevails at the expense of personal relationships. I could think of no one from Watson who would be willing to share my long wait.

And as always when I was alone and wanted to talk to someone, speculations and memories crowded in as substitutes for human companionship: My childhood in Persia, the school in Europe, my stay in America, all mixed in with the recurrent themes of what would become of me if the passage money never arrived and could never be borrowed, and of what my life might have been like if I had never left Persia.

When relatives reproached my father for thinking of banishing a mere child of eight to study in Europe, he said, "The world can take everything away from a man, but not what he has stored up here," tapping his wrinkled forehead with his forefinger. It never occurred to him to wonder whether the knowledge and experience I would gain abroad would ever compensate for the loneliness I would find there. He wouldn't hear of sentiments and never said anything about his feelings. In his world, all feeling was safely embedded in centuries of tradition and family ties, so much at peace within its familiar and unchanging boundaries that nothing—no amount of questioning and doubt—could affect it.

I speculated about my father's fury if he were ever to hear of my hitch-

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STYLE 208
The Taylor-Made SHOE
every man deserves a touch of
IVY SWAGGER
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Ivy League shoe fashions by Taylor have a decided dash of the debonair. The rich leathers are masterfully handled. The well-bred patterns are as welcome to the executive suite as they are on campus. The easy, foot-conforming fit is a veritable pleasure. Style 6143 in shell cordovan about $22. Style 208 about $14.

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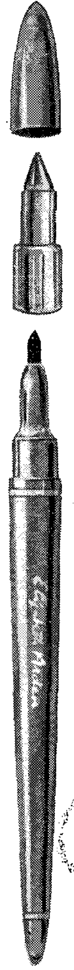

The perfect make-up pencil that maintains a pin-point tip . . . the secret of delicate eyelash underlining . . . brow feathering. Beautiful as a jeweler's piece with its own golden-banded case. Black, dark and light brown, grey, blue, green. 2.50 refills 2 for 1.00
Eye Shado and Mascara 2.00 ea.
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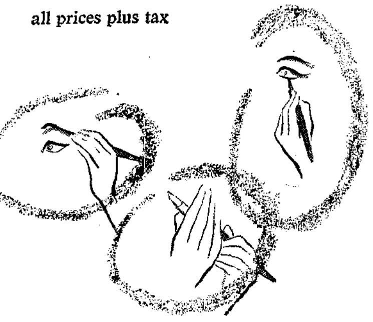


Elizabeth Arden
Salon
691 fifth avenue • plaza 9-2940

hiking, and I had no doubt that someday I would tell my mother about it. Writing her about it wouldn't do; the external details of my daily hitchhiking were not worth telling, and as for the rest, her love, the sea of her emotions, would drown any meaning I might try to convey. At the sight of my letter, tears would well into her eyes, and she would mix murmured endearments with benedictions and prayers that her son might be spared pain and want. She would enfold all my hungers in the same embrace, without distinguishing between them. She could only yearn for something specific—for example, for my return. Everything broad and abstract she entrusted to God. The old world she lived in, though never spared its full share of sorrows and wants, knew nothing of that vague, unnamable hunger that haunted the new, where all hungers seemed so richly fed save those of the heart. And her son knew as yet barely more than she did, though sometimes I became alarmed and puzzled when I caught myself, just for the sake of talking and being talked to, addressing strangers for directions I already knew, or entering a store after catching sight of an idle salesclerk who appeared sympathetic, though I had neither the means nor the intention of buying anything.

I DOZED, off and on, without quite abandoning the thread of these reveries, until finally the eastern horizon seemed to be growing brighter. Soon, I thought, the first cars would be on the road, and those early drivers seldom refused you a ride. All I needed to start off on a perfect day was to slip back into town, wash up, shave, and change my shirt, if it showed too much wear.

I was up on my feet without actually deciding on it, beating the air with my trench coat to shake it free of dust and wrinkles, when I remembered the patrolman. He was probably fast asleep in his bed. Muttering "To hell with him," I made for the highway. For the first time, that American phrase sounded just the way Americans said it.

The sound of my footfalls rose clear and cadenced in the quiet air. There were still a few lights in the town. I watched them for the moment when they would fade off into the dawn, but their dim glow persisted, and the sky seemed no brighter than when I had started out. I began to wonder if I had been wrong about the time.

My palm, gripping the handle of my valise, was sweating, though the bag didn't weigh much and the air was cool. As I switched the bag to my left hand, I stopped, wondering whether it wasn't foolish to go on. But I did go on, doggedly, keeping my eyes on the ground, as if to ward off doubt. When I looked up again, I had almost reached the edge of town. The gas station, white, austere, was immediately ahead. It was closed, and there was a dim light inside. Four shiny pumps flanked the double driveway, like robot sentries, and the rectangular glass of the huge show window caught and magnified my approach in fluid, bluish shadows.

I put my valise on a cement bench and went over to the show window to check the time. The clock on the opposite wall showed precisely midnight. I had that double sensation that sets in when an assumption is proved to be so wide of the mark that the very extent of the error momentarily fortifies the original miscalculation. Pressing my face to the glass, I watched the thin red second hand of the clock as it ticked off a full round.

Suddenly, the huge plate-glass window seemed aflame. I whirled around, caught in the focus of a searchlight. I had the physical sensation of being exposed naked. My eyes strained to pierce the glare, but it was too strong. I closed my eyes, and it seemed to penetrate my eyelids. As the light came nearer and I listened, I heard the sound of tires on asphalt. The car stopped. Then the glare cut itself off like magic. A voice warned, "Don't move."

The car had stopped exactly in front of me. The door on the driver's side opened with a click, and a flashlight played first over me and then over my valise on the bench. Then a figure stepped forth. It was the patrolman.

Once again, the flashlight circled briefly about my immediate vicinity, then shifted back to me.

"It's you," said the patrolman. "I thought so. What you got there?"

"It's my suitcase. I'm sure you recognize it."

"Open it up."

I unsnapped the lock and lifted the top. After the patrolman's flashlight had played over the surface of my belongings, it turned to me once more.

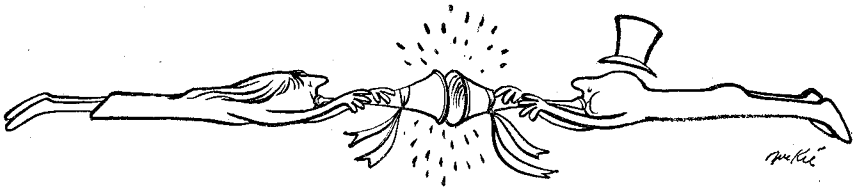
"Remember what I told you out there?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And what did I say I'd do to you if you showed up again in these parts?"

"But—" I hesitated. "We both thought I might get a ride even then, and so I wouldn't need to come back. I waited and waited."

"What did I say I'd do to you?" he persisted, like a pedantic teacher who



Happy NEW New Year!

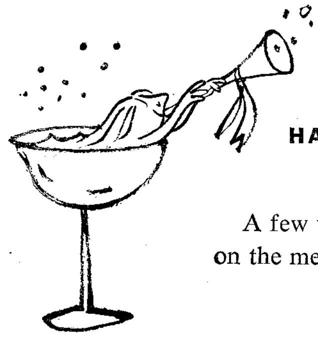
In the past, Holiday Magazine has offered its readers new subjects, new writers, new insights and new outlooks. Now we offer an entirely new New Year!

With all due respect to the fine old Gregorian calendar with its centuries of useful service, most Americans find little significance in January 1 as the beginning of the New Year. The really new departure in our lives occurs on Labor Day, when the languid summer gives way to the bracing days of fall. The busier, faster, fuller life which follows Labor Day is the real beginning of the New Year.

Ted Patrick

EDITOR

In the September issue, Holiday presents these freshly conceived articles on the coming New Year!



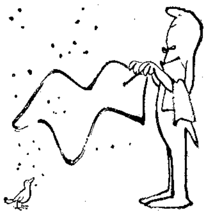
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

by Clifton Fadiman

A few witty and wise observations on the merits of fall and a New Year by one of the outstanding essayists of our time.

NEW YEAR IN TEN CITIES

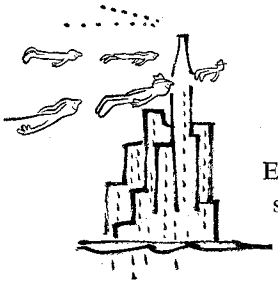
Ten famous columnists tell you the new things that will be coming up all over the nation.



NEW YEAR IN FOOD

by Silas Spitzer

A fresh table is spread, with special treats for brisk autumn days.



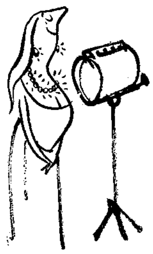
MANHATTAN NEW YEAR

by Jerome Weidman

Excitement-stuffed and celebrity-studded, autumn in New York is the most glorious time of all.

NEW YEAR IN ENTERTAINMENT

by Alfred Bester



Here are the latest trends, treats and tremors you can expect this season in the theater, television, radio and the movies.

NEW YEAR IN FASHIONS

Clothes for the young man starting out in business are carefully laid out in *Young Man Greets the World,* and what the college girl will be wearing is revealed in *Young Girl Greets the Campus.*

We here *at Holiday immodestly believe that fresh, exciting new ideas like this are what have made Holiday the favorite magazine of nearly one million of America's best-heeled, most enthusiastic families—and one of the favorite places for advertisers of a wide variety of products and services that give people more leisure or pleasure.*

HOLIDAY
Your New Year begins on Labor Day

. . . on sale today!

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It's Lamplighter Time...

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wants the answer given in his particular way.

"You said you would beat the— the daylight out of me. The living daylight," I corrected myself.

The combination of words amused me, and I smiled. I thought how lucky I was that it was night. If he insisted on carrying out his threat literally, he would have to wait till daylight, unless there was a phrase in English about beating the nightlight out of . . .

The blow caught me smiling. Instinctively lifting my shoulder and contracting my neck, I had broken its full force. Still, the impact sent me sprawling. A sharp, shooting pain throbbed about my forehead. I lay there on the ground, as shocked by the patrolman's sudden attack as I was by my own indecision. For I didn't bounce back, as I would have expected myself to do. Instead, I lay there, waiting for some impulse, some overdue reaction, to propel my body into action.

Had I been a mere bystander, I would probably have shaken my head at the passiveness of the victim. As a bystander, I might even have intervened. But all that stirred in me was moral outrage at being hit unawares.

"That wasn't fair," I said, finally, and rose to my feet.

The patrolman neither moved nor said anything. I thought the incident was closed and my moral censure undisputed. I was waiting for some sign from him to confirm this. Simultaneously, I felt a mounting regret that nothing more would happen and that I would be left with the ignominy of not having hit back.

"That wasn't fair," I repeated. "If you hit me again, I shall have to retaliate."

"So, you'll hit back, eh?" There was a faint amusement in his voice. His arm shot forward in the dark and grabbed my shirt collar. The other fist was already swinging, hitting my face and head. "I'll teach you what's fair. . . . I'll teach you what's fair . . ."

At first, I made the mistake of being concerned with each blow separately—where it hit and how much it hurt. With my arms around my bent head, waiting for the blows to cease, I realized that I must either bear them as best I could, without doing anything that might provoke the patrolman further, or fight back. I closed in, pushed my stiffened palms against his chest as hard as I could, and tangled one foot between his legs.

He stumbled back with a curse, and then I saw the club in his hand. I was caught in a streak of fear. I threw my-

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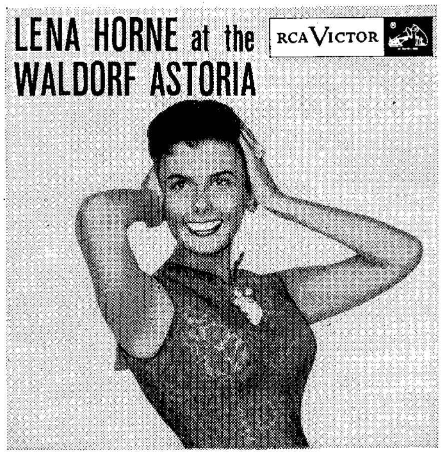
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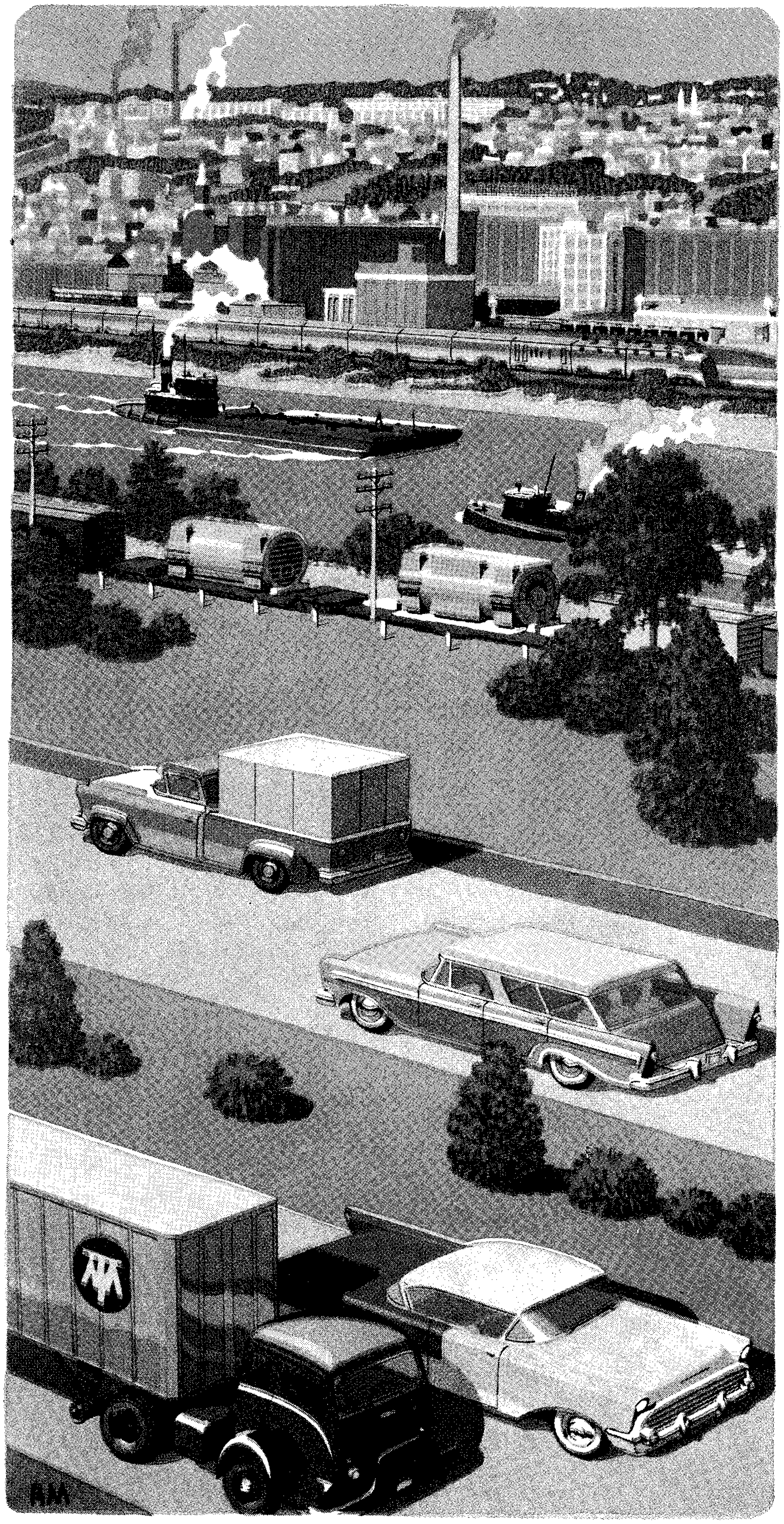

If you're planning expansion, consider Amsterdam. Within six months, six new industries have located in this city. Here is fast, cheap transportation via the N. Y. State Thruway, N. Y. Central Railroad and the Barge Canal. All within overnight shipping distance to half of America's markets and merely hours from New York City.

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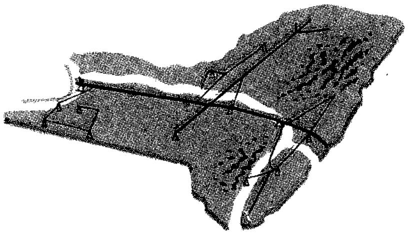
Executives who make expansion decisions are looking into "Upstate, N. Y." Get the *full* story on what this booming area has to offer *you*. Drop a line to Earle J. Machold, President, Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation, Syracuse, N.Y.



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

Who wins your vote for

Choose your favorite from these six charming candidates, vote for her in any Rheingold store or tavern

Be a star-maker! Take a long look at the six charming candidates for Miss Rheingold 1958. They were chosen from hundreds of lovely models, at receptions in New York and Hollywood, by a panel of judges that included Hoagy Carmichael, Bob Cummings, Irene Dunne, Jinx Falkenburg, Van Heflin, Art Linkletter, Ida Lupino, Hal March.

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Your votes decide! Join millions in the fun of electing a new Miss Rheingold. All ballots are checked by an independent research organization which certifies the final tabulation.

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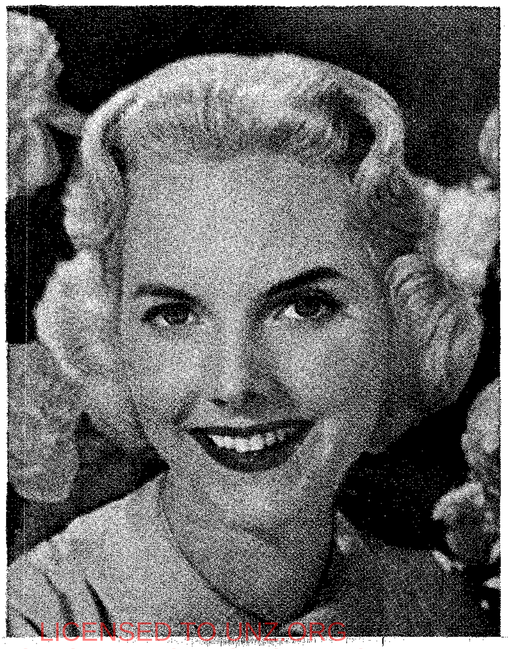
Madelyn Darrow

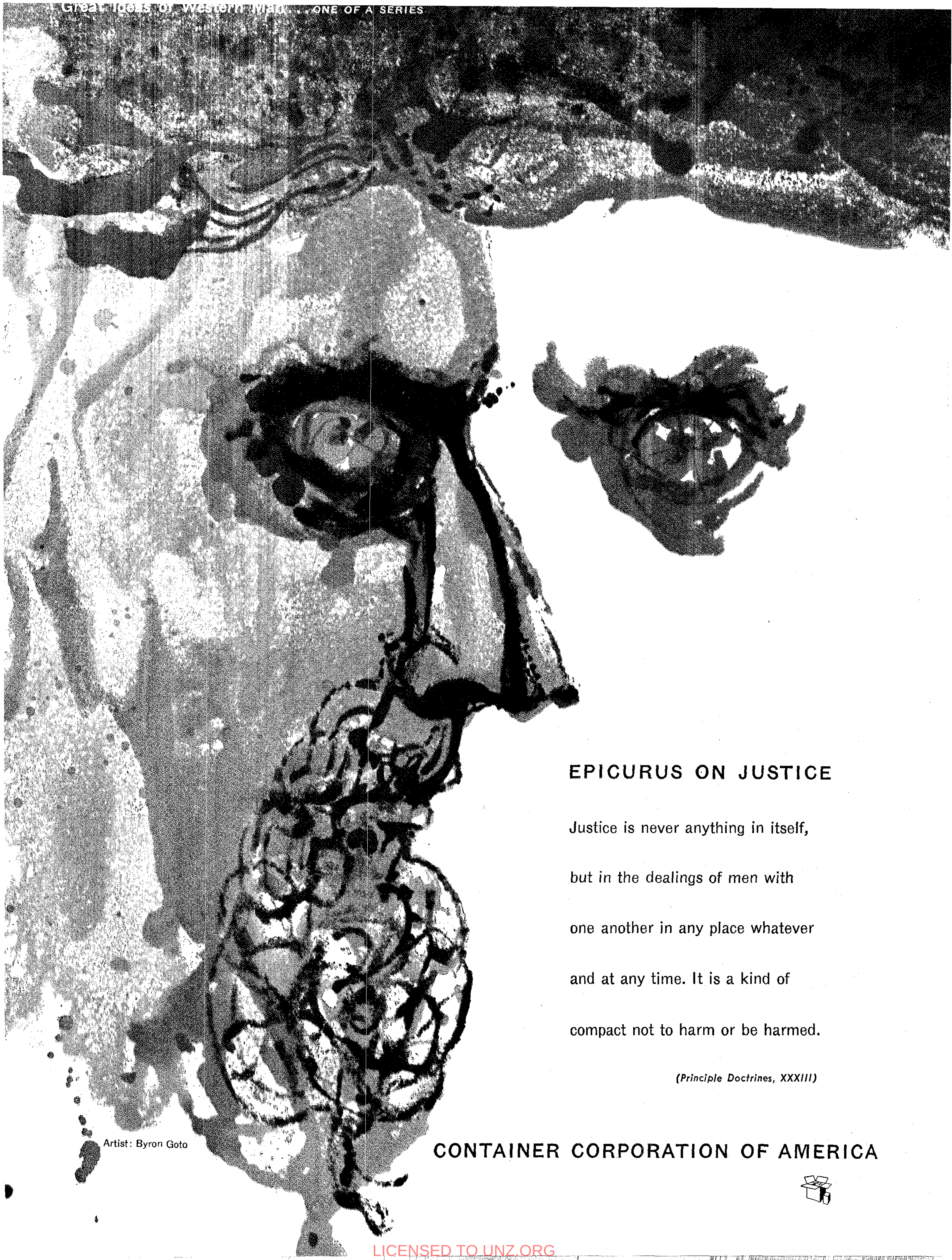
Marylu Miner

Carolyn Stroupe



Miss Rheingold 1958?

Great Ideas of Western Man . . . ONE OF A SERIES



EPICURUS ON JUSTICE

Justice is never anything in itself, but in the dealings of men with one another in any place whatever and at any time. It is a kind of compact not to harm or be harmed.

(Principle Doctrines, XXXIII)

Artist: Byron Goto

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

self against the upraised arm and with both hands clung to it with all my might. The officer's free hand was trying to break my grip, but the instant I felt my hold loosening I made my body limp and dragged him down with me to the ground.

Each pull and curse made me hold on tighter. I was surprised at my own strength and stamina. I no longer thought of the consequences or of the fact that I was actually fighting a policeman. I simply felt like a schoolboy who has got into a fight and must fight it out to the end.

He managed to get on top of me. When the first free blow struck my face, I was relieved that it was with his bare fist. And mingled with the pain of the blows that followed was something akin to pride, as if each blow now testified to my challenge and resistance. I tried to dodge his blows by motions of my head, but something over my right eye was clouding my sight, mistiming my reflexes. I couldn't tell whether it was sweat or blood, but the moisture was thickening. I could barely keep the eyelids apart.

I was still speculating about my eye when a blow, catching me sidewise, knocked a tooth out. It stuck in my throat, and a spasm of choking reared my torso off the ground, in spite of the officer's weight on top of me. Then my body went limp.

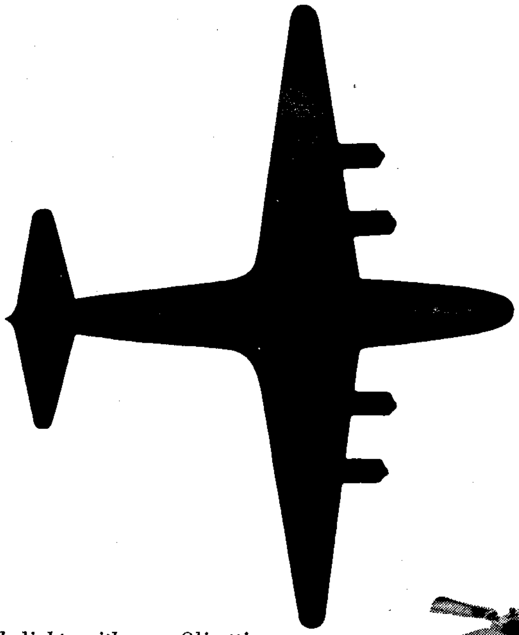
At last, the blows stopped. I felt myself freed of the patrolman's weight, and managed to rise to my feet, mistaking the slowness of my movements for some residue of self-control. Swaying slightly, I watched the patrolman brush himself off. I tried to stand upright, but the ground seemed to be shifting and rolling—under one foot more than the other. I looked down. My left foot was on the patrolman's club, which he had dropped in the shuffle. The distance to the ground loomed immense. With all the concentration I could muster, I slowly bent down. When I straightened up, with the club in my hand, the patrolman was watching me. His hand groped toward his hip. When I saw the revolver, I also heard his voice. "Throw it to me."

I tried to obey, but the stick weighed my arm down.

"Throw it, you son of a bitch!"

My palm was so moist I was afraid the stick would slip out of my hand. My body was drenched with sweat. I tried to raise my arm for the throw, but the effort was too much. The club slipped out of my hand, my knees gave way, and I tumbled to the ground.

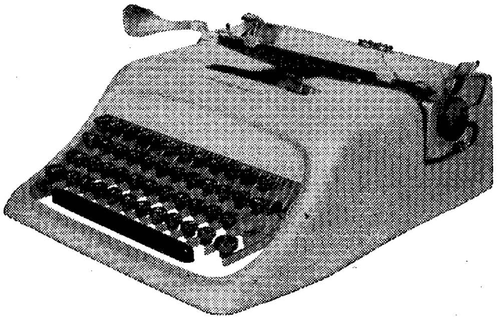
The patrolman, with the revolver in

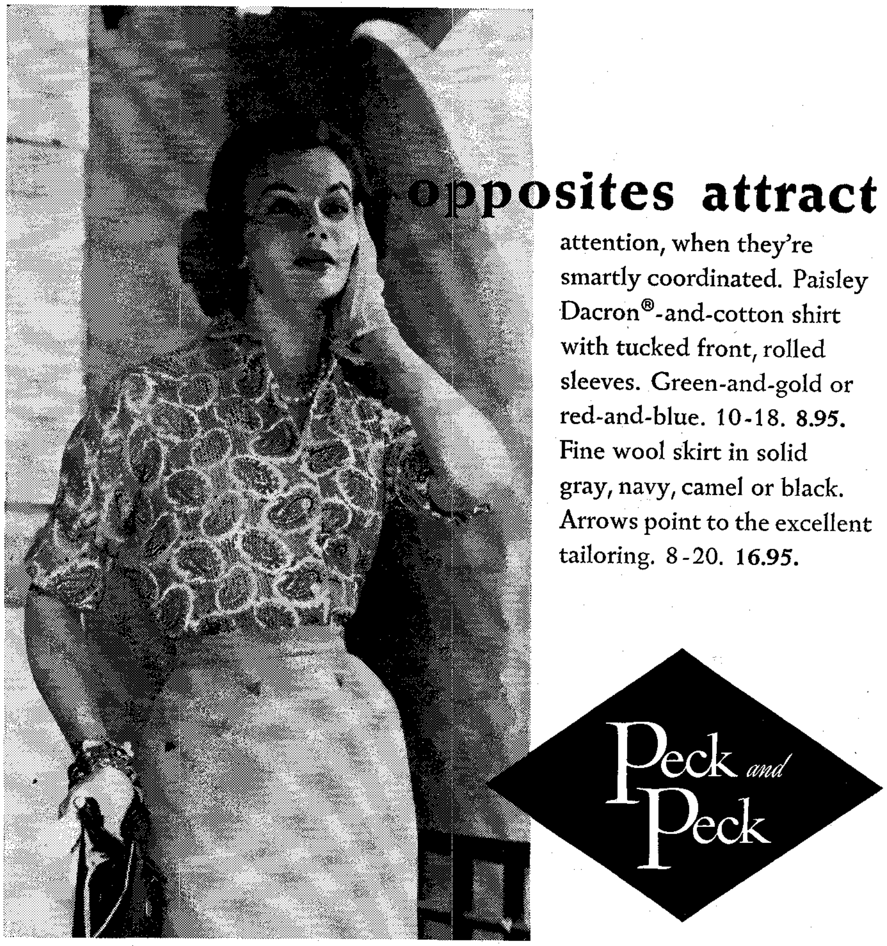


You travel light with an Olivetti Lettera 22, the portable portable. Carry it in its distinctive case; or slip it into a suitcase; it is slim. Discover how beautifully it types (and note that it has all the important big-typewriter features) at your Olivetti dealer. $88 plus tax. Price includes the travel case.

olivetti

The Olivetti Studio 44 is a somewhat larger portable. It has the feel and features of a standard; type on it blindfolded and we think you'll mistake it for one. $115 plus tax, with case. For names of dealers near you, write Olivetti Corporation of America, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.





opposites attract attention, when they're smartly coordinated. Paisley Dacron®-and-cotton shirt with tucked front, rolled sleeves. Green-and-gold or red-and-blue. 10-18. **8.95.** Fine wool skirt in solid gray, navy, camel or black. Arrows point to the excellent tailoring. 8-20. **16.95.**

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"21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y. C., 94.4 PROOF, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

one hand, picked up his club with the other. Standing over me, he said, "I guess you've had enough."

"Yes, but you had a little, too," I said slowly.

I tried to smile, but I felt that my face conveyed no more than a grimace. "I am sure you wouldn't hit anybody so hard if he hadn't hit back a little. So I made it easier for you to beat me up."

"Shut up. Get up and go on back out there where you was."

I tried to get up by shifting into a sitting posture first. If I could get on my feet, I could manage the rest. But I seemed to lack the necessary coördination. After trying it sidewise, by using my hands as props, I shifted into a kneeling posture and then pushed myself up until I was standing.

"O.K. Get going."

I looked at him, puzzled. He didn't seem to realize what he was asking of me. "I can't go so fast," I said, although I hadn't taken a single step.

Something about my voice or my teetering balance must have struck him as queer. He stepped close and, peering at my face, let out a whistle. "You better wash up," he said.

"Yes, I think so." I groped with my fingertips about my eye. It felt swollen and clotty. I wiped the spot with my handkerchief, and saw it was smeared with red.

"That needs washing," the officer said.

"Yes, yes, I shall," I assured him. He supported me the few steps to the water faucet. I let the water run over my face. I didn't mind the shooting pain about my forehead; what worried me was the missing tooth, and whether the gap would show. I cupped my hands and washed out my mouth. With the taste of the water, a spasm of thirst made me drink in big gulps. Suddenly, I was retching. Supporting myself with both hands on the rim of the bowl, I waited for the nausea to pass.

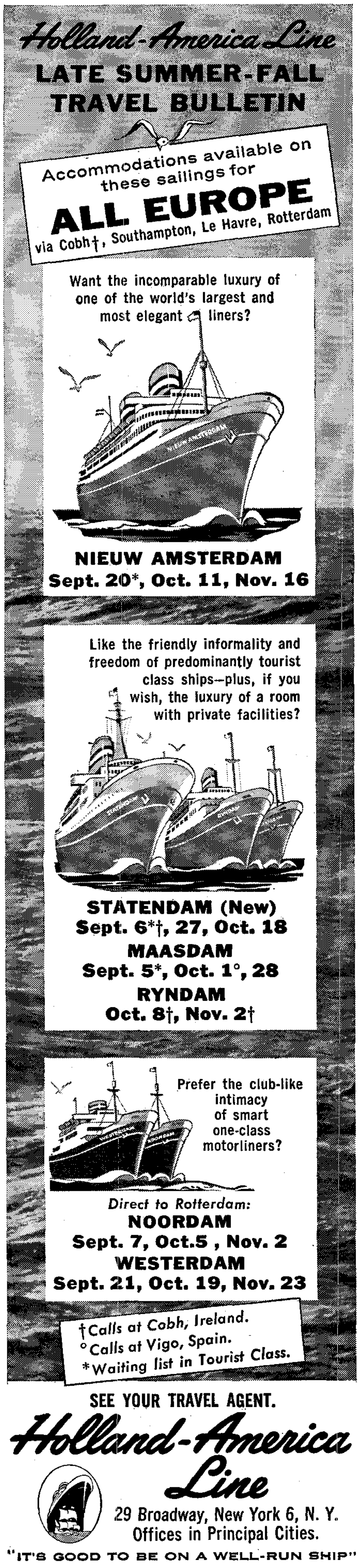
I heard the patrolman say, "Here, let me have a look." His flashlight played over my face. "Better sit down," he said.

He led me to the bench, and then got a first-aid kit from his car. I watched him take out a small bottle and a roll of cotton. Putting one knee against the edge of the bench, to steady himself, he held up my chin. I could feel his hand pushing my face a little sidewise, the pressure of his thumb on one cheek and of his four fingers on the other. Even the wild stinging of the fluid he applied could not detract from my particular awareness of him—of those fingers that rested upon my skin, gently pressing my

HARD WORK MEETS A SMILE

. . . from the Arkansan. Like Jack Griggs, 33, crane operator at Jones Mills, Reynolds' mammoth aluminum reduction plant—to him hard work is no stranger. They've been on good terms all his life. And that's true of the thousands of Arkansans seeking jobs in industry like Jack's—12 miles from home and one mile to a catfish. The Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock.

THIS IS ARKANSAS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face this way and that to apply the moist cotton.

I closed my eyes, yielding myself to this sudden bounty of compassion and care, longing for it to last, or at least not to cease too soon. The hand was moving upon my brow. Carefully, the fingers lifted loose strands of hair that clung to my forehead. And with each strand they seemed to lift off so much that I couldn't name.

I was on the verge of crying. Something in me that had been thirsting so long—a thirst I had never quite confessed to myself—took deep draughts of ease from the communion of this human touch. Then I felt his guiding pressure on my shoulders, and knew I was to lie down.

A moment after I was resting full length on the bench, I missed the contact of those hands. I wanted to call them back, to have them linger on for one more moment. And into my sleep I carried the elation of that fulfillment which, though always sought for by oneself alone, is never found except when granted by another.

EARLY in the morning, a car drew up to the gas station, and the driver mistook me for the attendant, who hadn't shown up yet. I held my face sidewise, to keep him from seeing the wound in my forehead, and asked him for a ride. He abruptly refused me. We got to talking, and he asked me where I was from and how I'd come to America. Then he said, "How'd you get that forehead?" I would have liked to tell him the truth, but it seemed simpler to say that I had been in a car accident the day before. Half an hour later, when the gas station did open, he tanked up and told me to get in the car, and this ride took me all the way to Los Angeles.

—MOHAMED MEHDEVI

•

Cook's Forest, Pa., provided our answer. In a log cabin with a fireplace we shared porch and bread with a family of chipmunks.

A supervised swimming pool was too civilized to merit more than passing attention as most of our time was spent following trains through virgin forests.

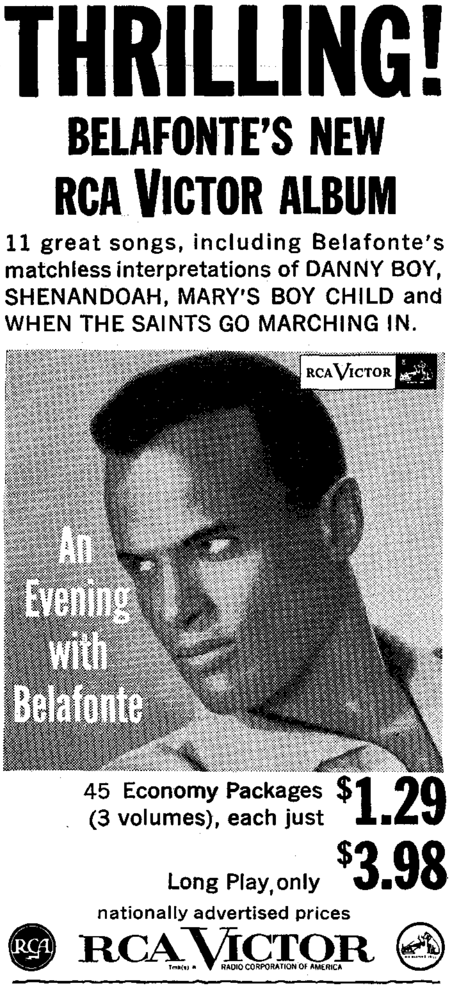
—*Letter in the Cleveland Press.*

On the double, of course.

•

It will be "parley vous Francaise," and "ouvrey la fenetre," this fall as 1650 Pittsburgh and Allegheny County youngsters start learning French under a new program.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

The old programs are the best.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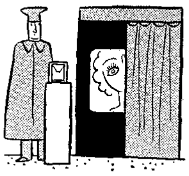
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lon Cagney



THE boys at Universal have come along with a biography of Lon Chaney, called "Man of a Thousand Faces," and someone on the lot had the wit to put James Cagney in the leading role. This, in three words, saves the picture. On the surface, Cagney is just about the most unlikely actor in Hollywood, or anywhere else, to portray the late (1883-1930) Lon Chaney, the master of makeup, and the man who scared, and perhaps even scarred, an entire generation now settling into middle age. Chaney was an actor of commanding talents. He was dark and forbidding, a monument to a troubled youth and a troubled life. In the past, Cagney, whatever his background, has usually managed to present himself on the screen as a person of charm, bravado, and devil-may-care. In "Man of a Thousand Faces," Cagney pulls off a minor miracle, projecting himself into the turmoiled life of Chaney and making it believable.

Chaney was the son of deaf-mutes. This sad fact, according to the script, gave him a special sympathy for the sorrowful and handicapped ones of this planet, and led him eventually to portray, with a certain gruesome tenderness, such exquisitely deformed parties as the Hunchback of Notre Dame and that old Parisian devil, the Phantom of the Opera. Then, too, Chaney's first marriage would seem to have been a staggering fiasco. As presented here, the lady in question, who bears him a son (fearing throughout the pregnancy that the tiny one will turn out to be a mute, like his paternal grandparents), is a lady of slipshod morals and possessed of an advanced distaste for the care and feeding of children. This leaves Chaney holding the bottles and the diapers and brings forth the warmth and understanding of a young lady who works in the chorus of the variety show in which he is performing a set of soft-shoe dances and clown routines. Of course, he marries the fine young woman, she takes over the child, and he progresses to Hollywood and worldwide fame. Although for the most part the dialogue could have been dreamed up during a coffee break at Jones & Laughlin, Cagney somehow manages to pull things together and to present Chaney as a man of considerable depth.

Cagney is everywhere and everything in this film. He delights in showing us the young Chaney as a vaudevillian, and he exults in the makeup of the hunchback. He is beside himself with a perverse joy as the mad organist in the Paris Opéra, and he outdoes himself as the cripple in "The Miracle Man," who responds to the miracle man's special brand of healing by rising to his feet and walking again. A part like this is just about paradise for an actor of Cagney's skill. He is not too well supported. Dorothy Malone, as Chaney's first wife, droops across the celluloid as though she had been stricken with Asiatic flu, or even Spanish flu, and Jane Greer, as the perfect second wife, is pretty enough but about as appetizing as a cake of soap. Celia Lovsky, as Chaney's deaf-mute mother, brings a tremendous dignity and warmth to her role, and although her communications are conducted entirely with rapid motions of her fingers, she got through to me, all right. I might add that Chaney died of cancer of the throat, and that the prudent may prefer to leave the theatre before the death scene at the end of the picture.

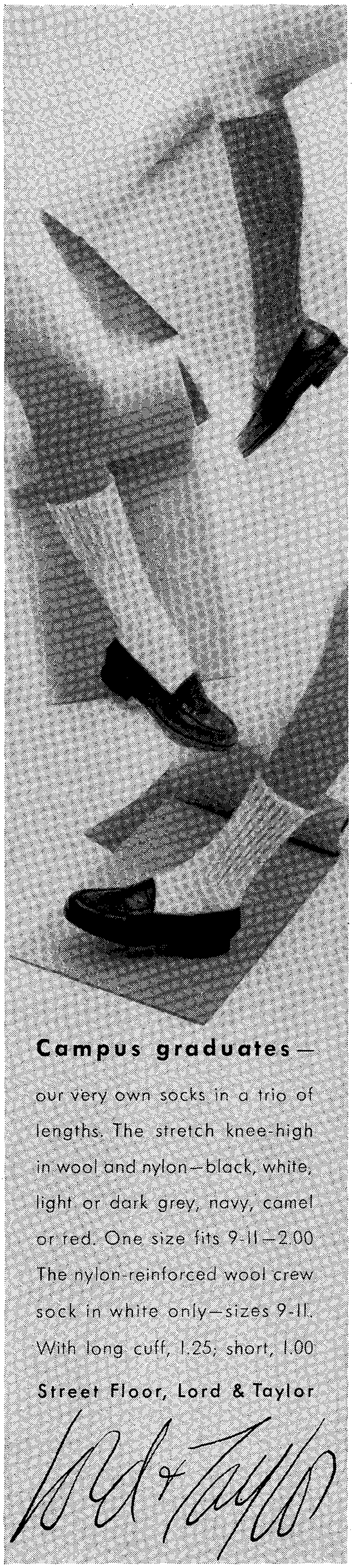
"IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK" is a sheer delight. The picture consists of five episodes, each brief, dealing with the twists and turns of love during the course of a day, and on into the night, in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. Each episode is stirring—and has a surprise ending that it would be unfair to disclose—and at least three of them have a high emotional and literary quality. During the course of this picture, we see student love, sudden love, the end of love, love that belongs to ladies of the night, roué love, and several other varieties. All sorts of fine actors parade through the leafy walks of the Villa Borghese, notably Giulia Rubino, Franca Valeri, Anna Maria Ferrero, François Périer, Vittorio De Sica, Micheline Presle, Gérard Philipe, and Eduardo De Filippo. All hands speak French—a curious language for the Borghese Gardens—and there are English subtitles.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

"Experts in London and Washington feel that the situation brings to a head the long Anglo-American wrangle over Buraimi and calls for Frank speaking on both sides," the Mail said.—*Vancouver* (*B.C.*) *Province*.

Playing both against the middle again, eh, Frank?



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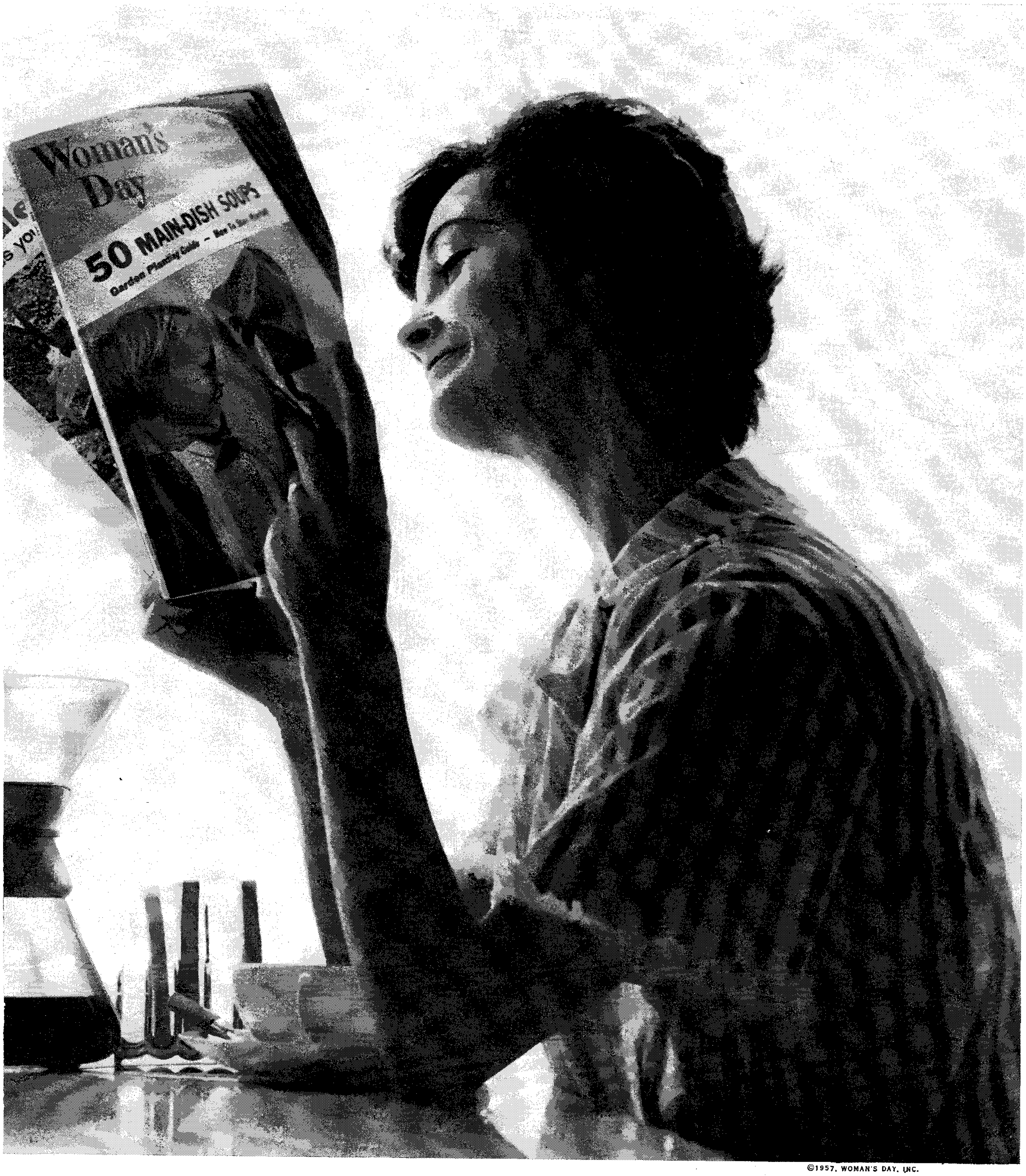
we've made a new woman out of Woman's Day

The tables are turned. Now, *he* boils while *she* reads. Ironically enough, the article in the September WOMAN'S DAY that's captured this gal's attention is "How to Stay Married," by Dean James A. Pike. (Ignoring one's spouse at breakfast is definitely *not* one of Dean Pike's recommendations.) From the moment she wakes up, this woman's day is filled with WOMAN'S DAY. After toast and coffee, she'll be planning a wonderful new kind of lawn that needs no cutting . . . a lawn she learned about in this issue's "Fall Planting Guide." Later, she'll



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and they can't put the book down!

discover a short-cut to home-improvement in "How to Paint a House the Easy Way." In the evening, she'll explore Charleston, S. C. through the descriptions in "Treasure Town-VI." And while she's *there*, she'll pick up a few pointers on southern cooking. It's no wonder so many modern home-makers have turned to the new WOMAN'S DAY. Expert advice, useful information or absorbing entertainment on every page. Why don't you turn there, too! Get the September issue at your A&P now. **Woman's Day,** the A&P magazine

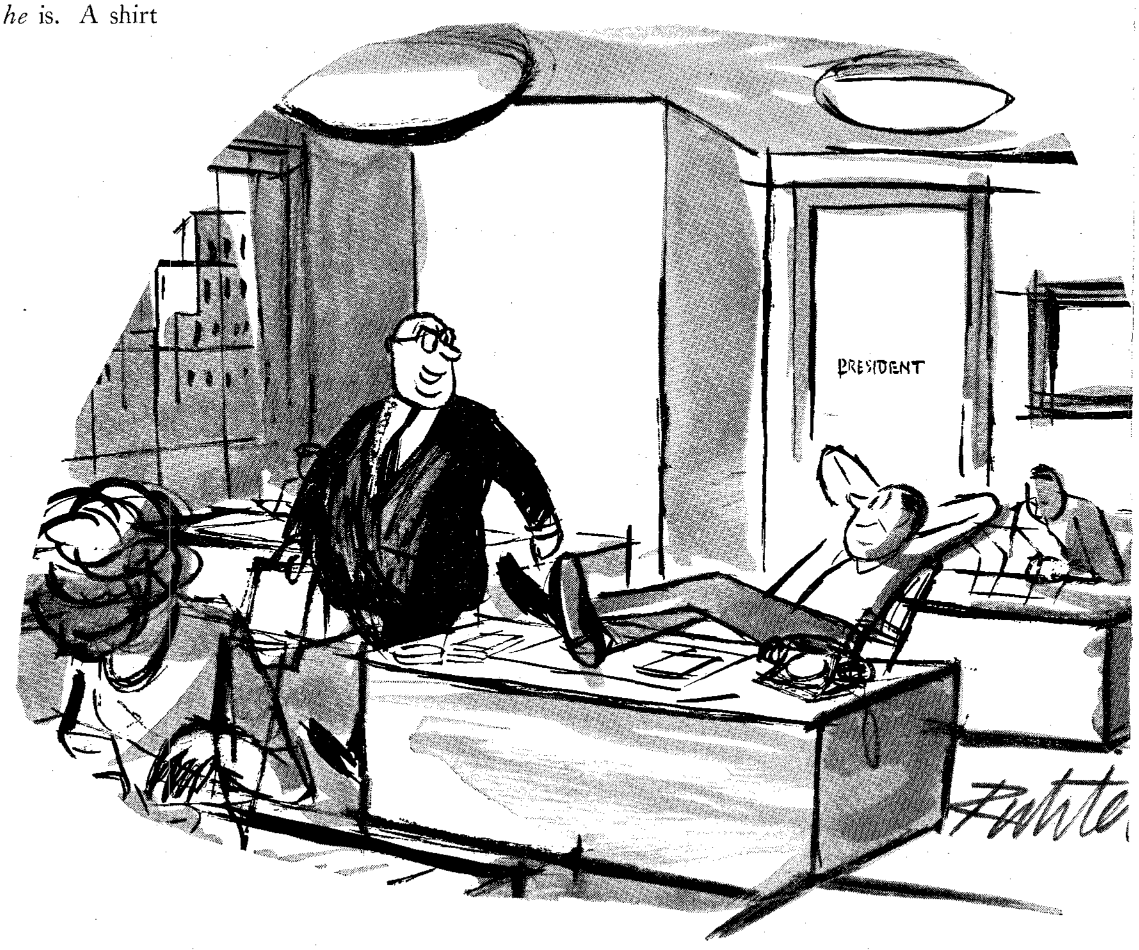
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

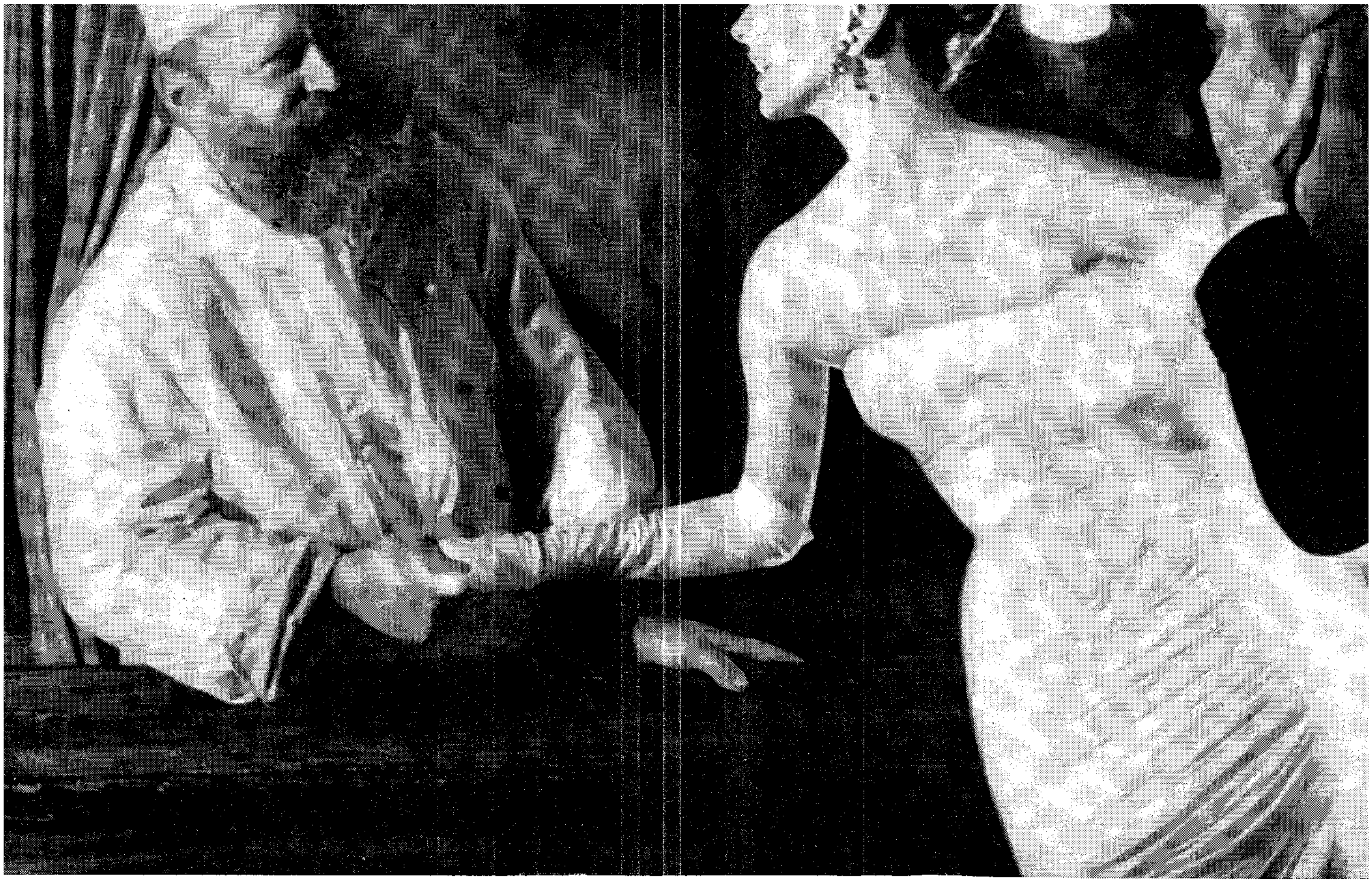
WITHIN the next twenty minutes, the first of our student princesses will start turning their backs on their summer courses in tennis playing, mountain climbing, bird walking, hand holding, and straw-hat-theatre ushering to get ready for the winter circuit, the main course of which is college. Getting ready for this involves a perusal of the town's emporiums, and I wouldn't be surprised if the return to town of all these shoppers will make Fifth Avenue, which has had a bad attack of shorts and toreador pants since early in June, look like its serene old well-dressed self again. College clothes for college girls grow in things called College Shops, or variations on this theme, and the variation owned by Altman is called the Varsity. (Well, you can't fight evolution.) The Varsity is seeing red. Exhibit A, for my money (or $69.95 of it), is a sweater dress of red wool jersey. It's named the Rex Harrison, whoever *he* is. A shirt of off-white rayon fills in the cardigan neck, and giant cuff links of ruby glass fasten the shirtsleeves, which are a lot longer than the bracelet-length sleeves of the dress. Wool in the Beatrice Dress tartan (there's red in this, too) bands the throat and the fly front of cardigans made of gray Shetland wool, and the box-pleated skirts that go with them are made entirely of this tartan. You may need a roommate to get you into a two-piece dress of red corduroy, because the overblouse and the slender skirt, which is attached to a bodice of red rayon crêpe, fasten down the back with eighteen bone buttons—red, of course. A three-piece ensemble—camisole, waist-length fitted jacket, and ankle-length skirt—for proms and other major weekends is of corduroy, also red. The jacket has a shawl collar of raccoon, the favorite fur of the Varsity, since it's used, as well, for barrel muffs, clutch purses, pouch bags, slippers (even the soles), and rakish berets a foot wide.

BLOOMINGDALE'S College and Career Shop believes in sapphire blue and in separates. Plaid wool in which this blue is predominant is used for Bermuda shorts, tapered slacks, and both slim and full skirts. Then there are orlon pullovers and cardigan sweaters in the plaid, orlon pullovers in the blue that have wool kerchief collars in the plaid, and plunging-neckline shirts of silk in the blue. None of this is expensive.

PECK & PECK'S separates were gathered with bicycling, an important means of campus locomotion, in mind. There are Bermuda shorts in mixtures of bright-blue, powder-blue, and moss-green tweed, Bermuda shorts of charcoal brown pin-striped in gray or of oxford-gray flannel pin-striped in charcoal brown, slacks in a variety of wool tartans, cardigans (these from Braemar of Scotland) of gray cashmere with three-quarter sleeves and bound with off-white silk knit, and long-sleeved Braemar cashmere pullovers that wind up in standaway stovepipe necks. Other pullovers and cardigans (Hadley's, this time, and the downy wool comes from Iceland) are solid white, red, beige, or gray, and so are the flaring skirts of herringbone wool that go with them. The skirts have two pleats down the front and two more down the back. And coats, lest we forget—narrow ones of camel-colored wool lined with fuzzy beige orlon, boxy topcoats of brilliant plaid tweeds lined with the orlon, polo coats of a combination of navy orlon and darlan fastened with a double file of saucer-size white pearl buttons, and reversible hooded raincoats of cotton poplin (red on one side, black on the other) with white braid edging. The coats run up to as much as a hundred dollars, some of the cardigans

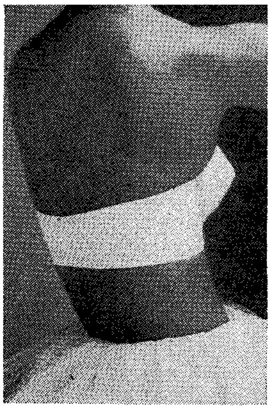


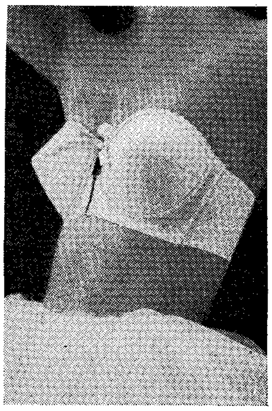
"Thinking big again, eh, Cavanaugh?"



Setting: Paris Gown: Grès Photograph: Avedon

Darling, you're sure to stay up all night in *"Good News"* by Warner's





You're not the type for early retirement from the scene of fun! But, till now, you've had problems, because your strapless bra never really behaved properly.

But you'll never again have that sense of strapless insecurity. For here's Good News™ by Warner's — at last, the strapless bra that *always* stays up, can't twist, slip, or turn, can't ever be anything but beautifully comfortable.

The secret's in the one-piece lined latex back that hugs you always! To wear all day, and under all fashions; all year round, too!

#P1031 Deep plunge, front hook-and-eye closure. #P1041 (not shown) Scalloped cups, front zipper closing. Either in embroidered white cotton, lightly foam-lined cups . . . . . . $6.50.

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And It Was Recorded In Irish History

From the Book of Kells (Seventh Century)

SO RICH AND RARE was the glass drinking cup of the Druid Broichan in the time of Saint Columba that when it fell to the ground and was shattered in ten thousand pieces, the scribes recorded it in the pages of Irish history. In Ireland, there have always been fine things to drink from—and wonderful things to drink from them.

Take Irish Whiskey . . . For centuries the world has been enjoying this pleasure—this treasure—from Ireland. The distillers still hold true to the oldest traditions of their craft; they use the finest grains, the purest, most limpid waters; and they crown it all with patient aging.

Small wonder Irish Whiskey is a tribute to those who make it as well as to the excellent judgment of those who drink it. With your very first sip, 'Irish' makes friends with your taste—it's a very fine whiskey indeed!

It's only natural that so many men who know ALL whiskeys drink 'IRISH.'

IRISH
WHISKEY

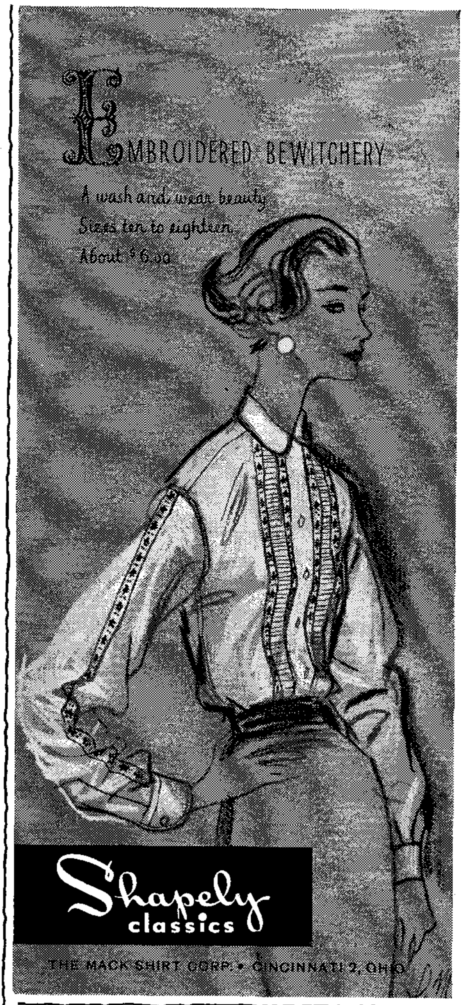
IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, IRELAND
Dunphy's Original Irish, Gilbey's Crock o' Gold, John Jameson, John Locke, John Power, Old Bushmills, Paddy, Tullamore Dew

are $45, and everything else costs quite a bit less.

DE PINNA has thought about raincoats, too—specifically, about a coverall raincoat of maroon cotton poplin, to be worn over shorts or slacks. The price, $25.95, and a representative one, includes a detachable hood and belt. For indoor activity, there are pullovers of gold velveteen, with straight-across necks and pushup sleeves (of gold wool jersey, for a mild contrast), and slacks of black-and-white plush cotton ponyskin. High-waisted trousers of black wool jersey with button-down pockets accompany bloused tops of broadly striped black-and-white jersey. All these things are in the Sports Department.

SOME of Best's college shopping is to be done in the Sportswear Department, where Greta Plattry's separates are conspicuous by their presence. On one team are cardigans of oatmeal Shetland wool, Paisley surah shirts in parrot colors, and pleated skirts, soft as cashmere, of oatmeal wool; $25, or thereabouts, a throw. On another team are Bermuda shorts, tapered slacks, and knife-pleat skirts, all of green-and-white worsted in a hound's-tooth check, to which are added oatmeal Shetland pullovers with small middy collars and low patch pockets. Some boleros of taupe-dyed Norwegian hair seal, which looks like river otter, could go over anything at all, but Best would like them to go over slim skirts and slacks of checked mohair-and-wool (a small plaid tweed is the pattern) or over a party ensemble of crêpe bateau-neck blouse, pleated satin skirt, and long chiffon sash, all toast in hue.

THE Sloppy Joe sweater, roomy and hip-length, has acquired a fairly good hold on the town, and Macy's College Shop is a contributing factor. Macy's versions are probably Sloppy Giuseppis, though, since most of them come from Italy—pullovers of sheer French hand-knit wool in ice blue and white or beige and white, and ornamented with wide stripes of cable stitch; slip-ons of fluffy mohair (ice blue, beige, or white), with high, ribbed collars that zip up the back so they'll hug the throat; and wool cardigans in a plaid with an arrowhead stitch. From Switzerland comes skiing material—turtleneck pullovers of white wool embroidered in a blue, gold, and black Fair Isle pattern. From Austria come pullovers of black-and-white wool with



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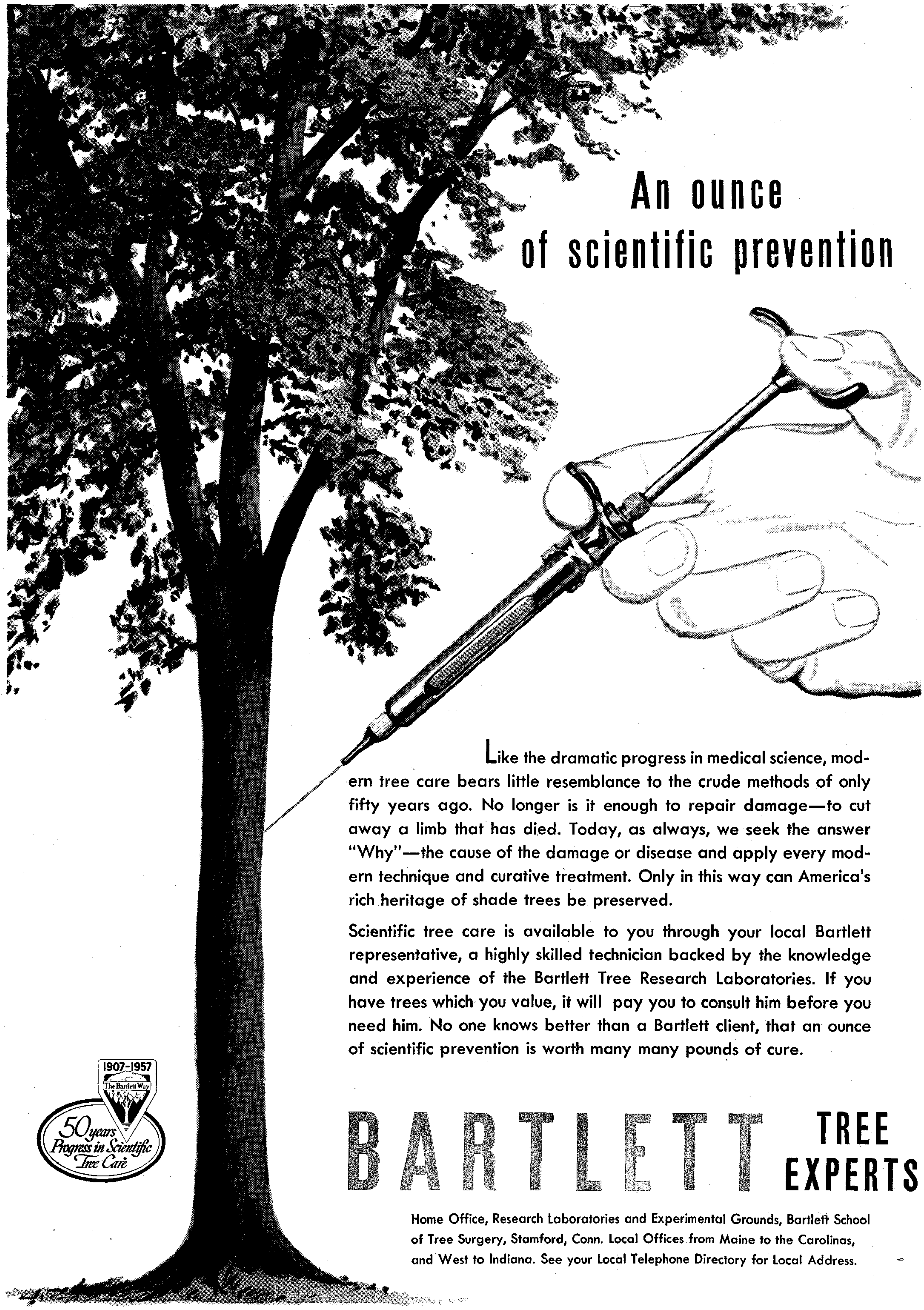

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Scientific tree care is available to you through your local Bartlett representative, a highly skilled technician backed by the knowledge and experience of the Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories. If you have trees which you value, it will pay you to consult him before you need him. No one knows better than a Bartlett client, that an ounce of scientific prevention is worth many many pounds of cure.

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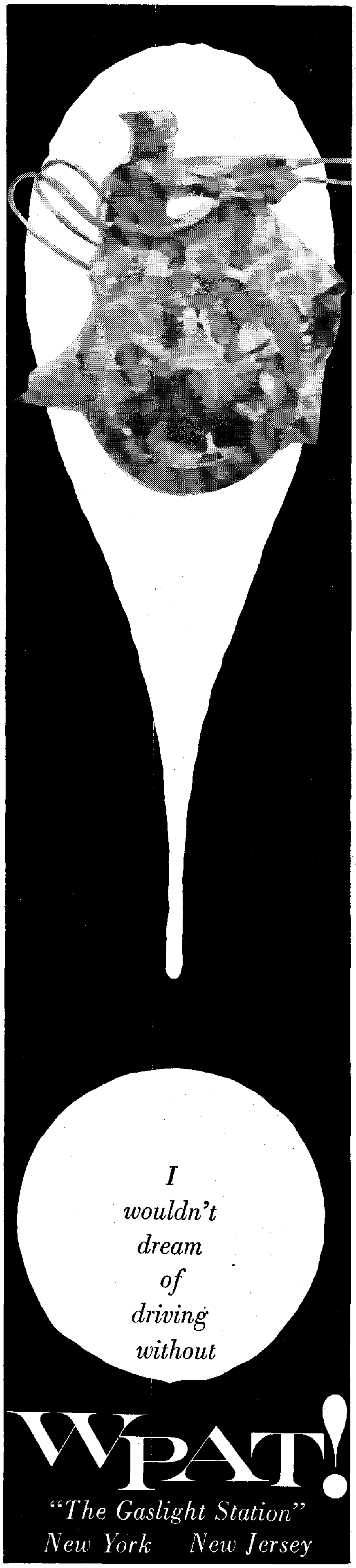
I wouldn't dream of driving without

WPAT!

"The Gaslight Station"

New York New Jersey

black hand crochet along the hem. You start at around $6 and go to $45 without much trouble. From the United States come wool-knit helmets ending in pointed shoulder capes, inevitable reminders of *King Arthur* armor. They're in alma-mater stripes, for rabids, and solid white, for who-cares. The coats rate an admiring glance. A hooded greatcoat, black kid on the outside and leopard plush on the inside, is $159. A burglarproof purse (it's attached to the lining) is standard equipment, and it's black kid, too. If you're not afraid of pickpockets, rip off the maker's label and wear the coat leopard side and purse side showing. A jacket of café-au-lait kid is $439; the shawl collar and the lining are of guanaco (that's a fur) dyed to suggest red fox. These prices cover the federal tax, incidentally. Three-quarter coats can double between stadium and a night out, for they're white capeskin on one side and red-and-black blanket wool on the other. If, by the way, you get lost in this welter of Macy supplies, there are college-girl guides to tow you to the dock you're looking for.

LORD & TAYLOR's idea of heaven is bone-button overshirts (with small standing collars) over pullover sweaters of Shetland wool. The shirts are of water-repellent beige cotton or gray-and-white striped seersucker; the sweaters are in a dozen solid colors. But that's not all. There are alpaca pullovers decorated with five-inch squares of red, white, and black; Bermuda shorts, slacks, and cut-on-the-bias circular skirts of plaid wool in madras color schemes; fly-front slacks and gored skirts (the skirts have pockets as deep as wells) of red or black cotton twill; and off-the-shoulder ponchos, fastening across the chest, of wool in a black, red, and tobacco check. In a far higher price range—$150—are cardigan sweater jackets of black-and-white ponyskin lined with bulky black wool knit. Pure foolery: raccoon coats dating back to Clara Bow (real ones, not reproductions), in a variety of shapes, sizes, states of repair or disrepair, and histories, are $27.50, including the luxury tax.

AND there's Bonwit Teller's College Shop, redolent of Lanz clothes, from shorts to things for the dance floor. The shorts, red cotton with a green-and-white Tyrolian print (what would you expect of Lanz, after all?), are to be worn with shirts of white pima cotton elaborated by touches of white rickrack. The dance floor, or at least an informal one, is to be graced with a

OUR BACK-TO-CAMPUS BUTTON-DOWNS

New Madder-Oxfords, uniting the deep-toned colorings of ancient madder with the virtues of fine oxford cloth. Foulard-type prints on rich olive, red or black. **$8.95.**

Muted Shadow Stripes of black on oyster, blue on grey, red on lt. blue, **$5.95.**

Classic Oxford Solids and Stripes of choice *combed* cotton. White, **$5.** Blue, maize, olive/tan, casaba or scarlet, **$5.50.** Stripes: blue, grey or red, **$5.50.**

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How to eat and enjoy it ...without getting fat

Is there such a thing as a "fattening" or a "reducing" food?

Should you give up any favorite food?

Why do the newer diets purposely include sugar?

Read these facts—and how sugar helps you control weight naturally.

Q. Have ideas about "fattening" foods changed?

A. Yes. It is now an accepted fact that no one food is "fattening" in itself, when eaten in sensible amounts. By the same token, there is no such thing as a "reducing" food. You needn't give up any food or beverage you enjoy.

Q. What makes people fat?

A. People get fat simply because they eat more of everything than they actually need. Individual needs vary, but all healthy persons need a balanced diet which comes from a variety of foods. That's why it's unwise to *cut out* any one food to reduce.

Q. Is there a safe diet for weight-conscious people?

A. The country's leading nutritionists say this: Eat the same foods you are accustomed to, in good variety. Simply go *light* on portions. You needn't give up any food or beverage you enjoy. This plan *purposely includes sugar,* both for its energy value, and as an aid in cutting down.

Q. How can sugar help you eat less?

A. You may remember when you were small, your mother wouldn't let you have a cookie or a piece of candy before a meal because you wouldn't eat all your dinner. Mother may not have known the scientific reason, but it is a fact that *no other food stems the appetite faster than sugar.* If you are trying to cut down on portions, a nibble of something sweet shortly before a meal may keep you from eating, at mealtime, far more calories than you need.

Q. What happens if you cut down too far?

A. You must remember that carbohydrate foods, such as sugar, are used primarily for energy—the kind of energy your body needs for every action, every heartbeat, every breath. When these foods are trimmed too drastically, nature sends out warning signals to slow down. You have a feeling of tiredness, of brain fag, even irritability.

Q. What if you have to keep going anyway?

A. Nutritionists have found that an Energy Break helps in mid-morning or afternoon—a piece of candy, or a cookie or a beverage with sugar in it. This is what is meant by the "Scientific Nibble." Sugar is the quickest source of energy there is. *Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy so fast, with so few calories.*

Q. Would an artificial sweetener supply energy as fast?

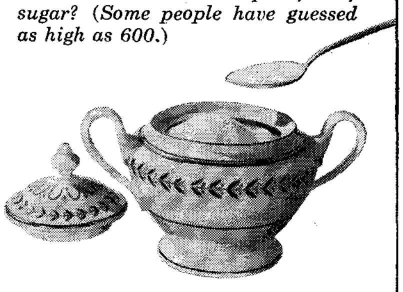
A. No. Artificial sweeteners have no energy value whatsoever. What's more, they have little or no effect in weight reduction. In a 3-year study of overweight people by one of the nation's leading universities, it was found that *people who gave up sugar and used artificial sweeteners lost no more weight than those who used sugar.*

Q. How can I keep my weight down after I reduce?

A. If you start to gain, eat a little less. Again, nutritionists say, *don't cut out* any one food. You'll find sugar helpful not only for supplying energy, but as an appetite appeaser, too. You can live all your life with smaller portions if you feel satisfied and well, and enjoy the foods that make meals a pleasure.

18 CALORIES!

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people have guessed as high as 600.)



No other food stems your appetite so fast with so few calories

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All statements in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

THE DAY GRANDFATHER SAID "NO" TO THE PRINCE

As a famous brewmaster, in a royal castle on the Danube, grandfather Miller and his beer were known to many noble guests, from Bismarck to the future Czar of Russia. But grandfather was an adventurous man who decided to chuck all this grandeur . . . for a chance to brew his wonderful beer in America, where everyone, not just nobility, could enjoy his talent and art. So, one day, grandpa took his leave . . . despite the prince's coaxing, and traveled many thousands of miles to a city called Milwaukee, where his family has been brewing beer ever since!

Strict, exacting, and proud, grandfather had to say "NO" a good many times in his adopted country. Time and again he refused to compromise on quality during wars and shortages . . . and kept right on making the very finest beer he knew how. He used to say to his sons, "This country is growing . . . and when you make the best . . there'll always be plenty of people who will ask for it!" A tradition and faith we still believe is true.

THE POINT IS THIS:

There's only one way to brew a finer beer; put more into it . . . and stick by the kind of principles grandfather so proudly displayed!

If you're the kind who says NO to anything less than the best . . . then we feel you'll enjoy Miller High Life. After all, it's been brewed just for you . . . for over 102 years!

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Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

high-neck, full-skirt dress of black-and-brown wool jersey; the rickrack in this case is black. Take away the white cotton shirts, dotted with small black hearts, from the Lanz jumper dresses of oxford-gray or black flannel and you have further dance equipment. More expensive are a stunning sheath of two-tone red velveteen in a hazy feather pattern and a dashing dress of black wool-and-silk, whose demure round neck in front is counterbalanced by a dip almost to the waist in back; these are $49.95 apiece.

THEN there is the College Shop at Saks Fifth Avenue, and what do you know? *It* has tweeds and plaids and dresses and skirts and blouses, the staffs of life for young women intent on improving their minds and their marks. Autumnal is the spirit—orange, amber, and rust—of a skirt and stole of plaid tweed, and of the companion blouse, which is maize wool jersey. Perky is the spirit of a wool shirtwaist dress with a wing collar and short, rolled sleeves, for it's all navy-and-wine blazer stripes. Coins fasten the blouses of currant cotton on which necktie designs appear in gray, and coins decorate the loops along the waistline of black tweed skirts that are held in place by belts combining cotton print and black leather. Travelling ensembles, also good for matinées in town, involve sort of Chanel jackets (with pockets midway between bosom and hips), straight skirts, and blouses (with floppy bows). The jackets and skirts are tomato wool; the blouses are oyster rayon surah. A color scheme for only the very young is a dress of black wool jersey mottled with small purple posies. It has a low, round neck, long, slender sleeves, and a cummerbund, which is purple wool jersey. One of the best overcoats here, of natural camel's hair, has a shawl collar and a lining, both of beige alpaca pile, and a back belt.

BENDEL'S clothes for incipient scholars are in the Young-Timers' division, which is enjoying a partygoing state of mind. This is no more than one should expect of clothes that are mostly in the hundred-dollar-and-up classification and that are mostly long and elaborate. Truly ingénue is a long and elaborate dress of white lace of the Valenciennes type in a rose pattern. The skirt, three tiers deep, drifts over a cornerstone of mauve-pink nylon net, and a sash of crushed taffeta in the same color spurts out in two wings at the back of the waist. Worldly is the word for a bell-skirted dress that depends (or looks it) from a single shoulder strap. The dress is of black rayon velvet, and the sloping décolletage is trimmed with folds of white silk-faced rayon satin. Stately girls are the candidates for a red velveteen dress with a skirt of undulating pleats and a deep V neck, which can be made more modest with a floor-length stole of strawberry rayon satin. Strawberry, too, is the peau de soie of a zooming-hemline dress, mid-calf in front but down to the floor elsewhere. The pouf into which it is draped on the left hip looks like a full-blown rose. Ice blue is the taffeta of a shoulderless dress with twelve self bows along the puffed and petalled hem. —M. M.

• •

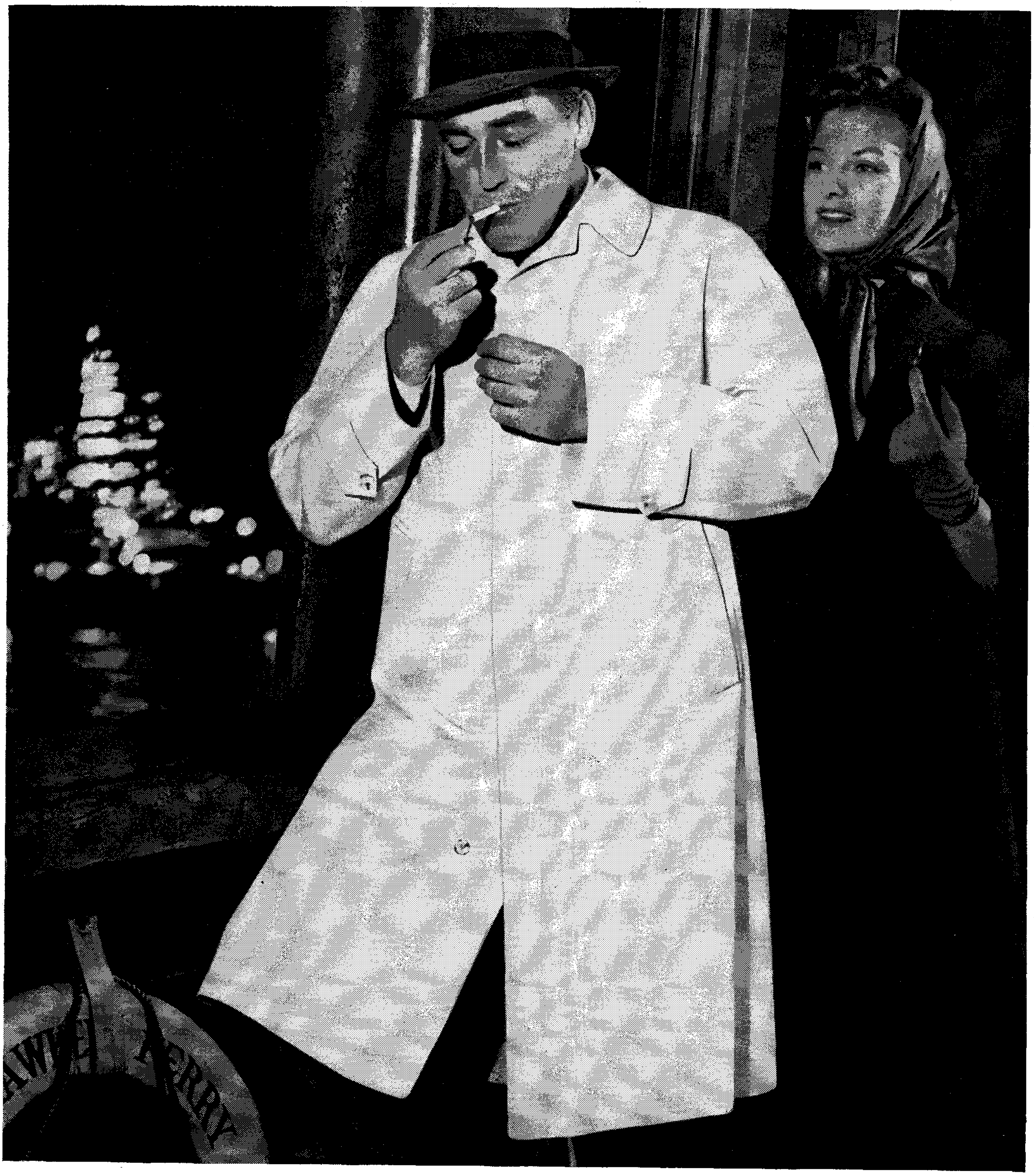
BRIDGE PARK

This is the place where summer comes to sleep:
the men barenecked, the women dressed for bed,
their hair in snarls, their children half in tears,
to stand, or sit, or lie at the river's edge
and catch the breezes, fanned by burning steel.
The bridge is there—opening to other lands,
its lights upon the waters spilling moons—
but few regard the bridge, or watch its lines.
Most strain their eyes on spider strings of lights
that look like shore but move, unlike the shore,
upstream, or down, and on, and out of sight
where still the horns give substance to the past.

I think of Avalon and Arthur's barge,
of how the horns bring loneliness to bear,
of how the lights might fit on Christmas trees,
though white and far from shore, of going somewhere—
and wipe my sweating head. They watch the ships—
their lights, names, motion—and feel the heat
leave their clammy skins, and go inside.

—PAUL PETRIE

GLENEAGLES tailors this raincoat of 65% "Dacron" and 35% cotton. About $29.95 at Broadstreet's, New York; Jacob Reed's Sons, Philadelphia; Raleigh Haberdasher, Washington, D. C.; The Union Company, Columbus; Harry Suffrin, Detroit; Dayton's, Minneapolis; and other fine stores.



This raincoat of "Dacron" and cotton has extraordinary neatness!

Travel in it. Get it soaked. Then treat it as casually as you have to—this raincoat of *65% "Dacron"* polyester fiber and 35% cotton* insists upon maintaining its well-pressed appearance. When it comes to washing, its neatness will astound you anew. For this raincoat not only drip-dries neat, but it can also be tossed in a modern automatic drier and, when specific care instructions are followed, will emerge ready for wearing! Your favorite clothier will tell you all about this remarkable *"automatic wash and wear"* raincoat. See him soon.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or raincoat shown here.

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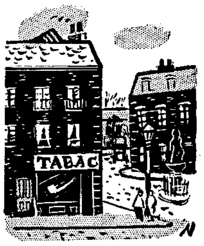
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 17

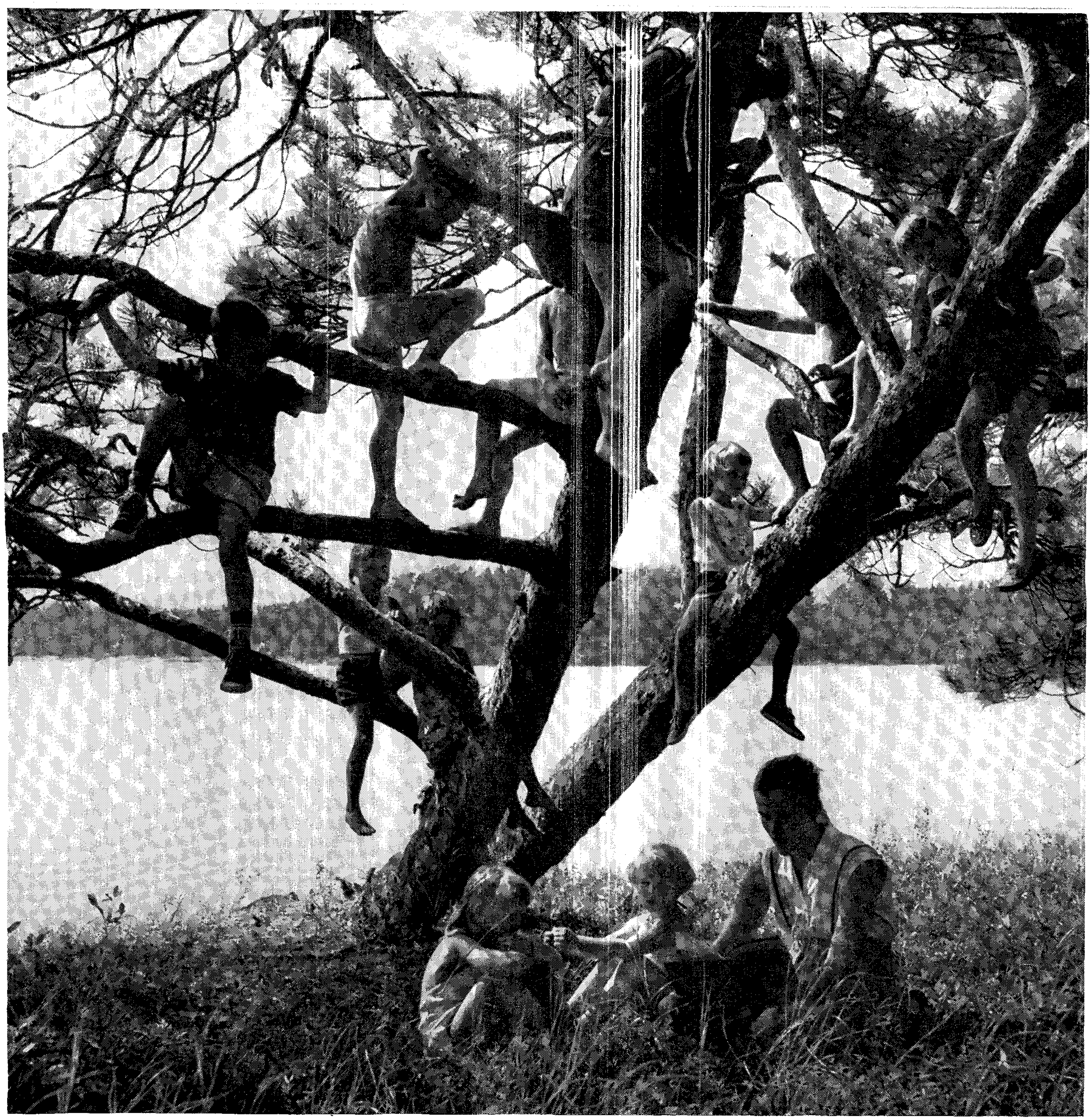


IT looks as if the French had finally got what they desperately need and cannot possibly enjoy—a highly intelligent and adamant young money expert as Finance Minister, with an austerity program as his first painful step toward putting France's pocketbook in order. When Félix Gaillard took office in the new Bourgès-Maunoury government, all that the French knew about him was his age, thirty-seven, and that he was the youngest *Ministre des Finances* since the thirty-six-year-old wizard Joseph Caillaux, back in 1899. People here and the economic circles of the Western world in general have found out considerably more about Gaillard this last fortnight, which is that he has a mature will of iron, moves with an expert's speed, does not prevaricate, and does not mince words in telling the French how dangerous their financial situation is—something between runaway inflation and fiscal bankruptcy, as a result of the biggest boom in business and good living that France has known since the war. It has been a treadmill situation—paying more to import primary materials than France was earning by exporting them as finished goods, so the busier the nation was, turning the wheels, the more money it lost. "In order to live better, we have liquidated our capital," Gaillard declared on the radio last week, when nearly two million Parisians were absent and living well on their paid vacations, and doubtless not listening. The French, he said, would have to cut down on consumption, adding that "Everyone must let this idea sink in—that if he does not sacrifice himself so we can export more, our whole national economy will be threatened with asphyxiation and our business menaced by unemployment."

What he just did to the franc, *Le Monde* said, "caused acute surprise in other countries as in France." "The operation, prepared in greatest secrecy, was carried out with speed"—over the weekend, when the banks were closed—"and in this regard did honor to the Finance Minister's sense of decision," *Le Monde* further stated solemnly in its Monday edition, beneath a headline that opaquely announced, "PROFOUND REFORM IN THE REGIME OF EXTERIOR PAYMENTS." This obscurantism meant that Gaillard had suddenly devaluated the franc. Of all the consequential Paris papers, only the *Herald Tribune* announced the important news in so many clear words—that the franc had been devaluated (at least for foreigners who come here to spend money and Frenchmen who go abroad to spend it) by twenty per cent, from its official three hundred and fifty to the dollar to an official four hundred and twenty, which is still somewhat less than recent American tourists here got from their New York banks or could even pick up on the Paris black market. The word "devaluation" was naturally taboo in the French press, as a psychological depressant. Headline writers were driven to such elaborate euphemisms as "NEW MEASURES TO OBTAIN EQUILIBRIUM OF OUR COMMERCIAL BALANCE" or "A TWENTY-PER-CENT OPERATION." Meanwhile, French travellers on international planes and trains were paying twenty per cent more than they did last week.

The best way to give an idea of the extent of Gaillard's austerity program is to list some of the big items France expected to have and to pay for, now lopped off by his six-hundred-billion-franc cut in the budget. For instance, regardless of the Algerian war, France will, by the year's end, have under arms a hundred and thirty thousand fewer soldiers, who can thus go to work—workers being badly needed. The building of the tunnel beneath Mont Blanc, the new French transatlantic luxury liner (to be called France), and the Paris Maison de la Radio, which was at last to put all the city's broadcasting facilities under one roof, as well as projects for giving running water to rural communities and for more roads, are all gravely affected. Army veterans who feel they can afford it have been asked, as a civic and patriotic sacrifice, to stop drawing their pensions. Suppressed, also, are the subsidies to meet the operational deficits of the Paris Métro and autobuses (on which the public will now pay more for its tickets), and so is the gas subsidy. Paris gas rates will now rise by twenty-five per cent. These are elements of real austerity for millions of Parisians and suburbanites.

Part of the more personal section of Gaillard's economy plan deals with what the French, as austere gourmets, will eat. "To eat veal is a crime" is the new economic slogan. So that the calf can grow up into beef, veal is to be taxed forty-five per cent, and its sale



JOHN L. STAGE, LOOK, JUNE 12, 1956

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at butcher shops is prohibited on certain days of the week. Beef-eating, in turn, will be discouraged by a price rise of ten to fifteen per cent, because the French, in their prosperity, have been eating up all the herds. This is to encourage peasants to build up breeding herds again. Since chickens and pigs mature quickest, right now what the French are facing is the fact that they must eat more fowl, whose price will be temptingly reduced but which they don't regard as meat, and more pork, which they don't even like much but which will be "popularized by a propaganda campaign." For farmers, the most eagerly awaited announcement of the year—on the government-fixed price for wheat, which is of course subsidized—was made Tuesday, rousing displeasure in the provinces. At 3,350 francs the quintal, it is a fraction less than the price last year, because of this year's fine heavy harvest. It was feared that the government would suppress the subsidies that help the flour millers and the bakers, and that bread would rise in price. However, it is going up only in quality; it will be purer and whiter.

This is considered the gravest financial crisis France has known since Poincaré's time. It seems worth while to add a brief explanation of the intransigent young man who is trying to solve it with ideas. Gaillard belongs to a small group of patriotic, highly educated upper-class young politicos who have been regarded as the postwar white hopes of France, among them Premier Bourgès-Maunoury, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, and Jean Forgeot, who was President Auriol's right-hand man at the Elysée. All fought in the Resistance. Gaillard is tall, slender, nice-looking, aloof, no joker, was lately married to the youthful widow of the wealthy politician Raymond Patenôtre, is the father of an infant son, lives in a rich part of town, on the Avenue Foch, and plays golf at the smart club in Mortefontaine, near Senlis. He was graduated from the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, where diplomats and statesmen have been formed, is a Doctor of Law, and—most impressive—is an *Inspecteur des Finances*. The competitive state examinations for this rank are so extremely difficult that they are passed only by a brilliant élite who become a caste, a small group of civilian functionary brains that traditionally has an important if behind-the-scenes role in the nation's service. Gaillard's first practical training after the Liberation was as aide to Jean Monnet, a clever theoretician, the creator of the European Coal and

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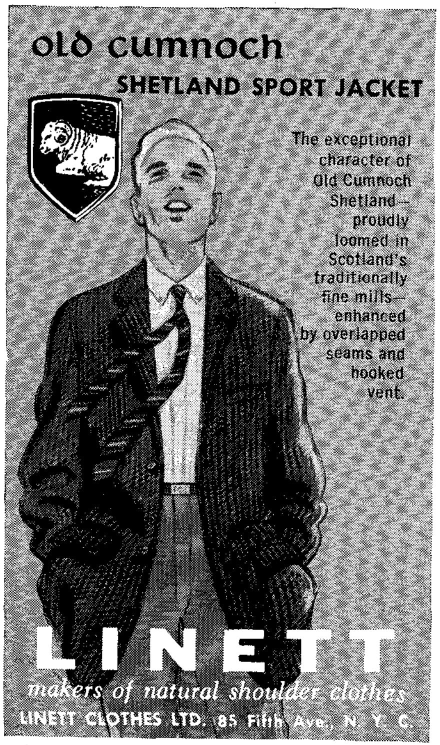

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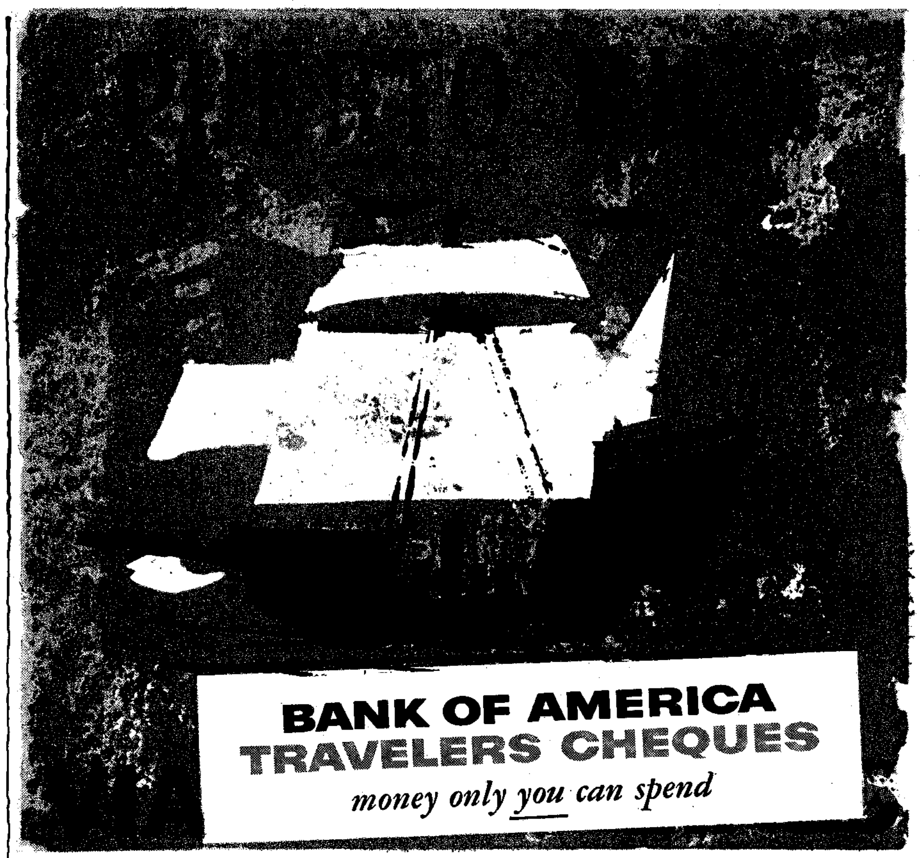
Steel Community, and a prime advocate of a United Europe. In 1946, Gaillard was elected deputy from his home Département de la Charente. He became under-secretary of state for economic affairs in the Robert Schuman government, and held Cabinet posts in the successive governments of Pleven, Pinay, Mayer, and Edgar Faure, for whom, as a liberal member of the Radical Party, Gaillard deserted his first party chief, Mendès-France. He had also done earlier stints in Washington, on missions with Monnet. His spoken English is only so-so, but he understands it well.

When he went into politics, his colleague inspectors of finance felt he had lost caste, since they regard the National Assembly as a circus where economic ideas are publicly juggled merely for show, like tinfoil gold and silver balls. Some of these colleagues are now rallied to his adventure. They think he is the only highly trained postwar Finance Minister technically bright enough in economics to have foreseen the present financial danger and who now has the courage and, at least till the Bourgès-Maunoury government falls, the chance to plan a possibly tenable immediate future for France out of the debris. He is an expert, not a leader or a politician, as he shows by his notion of popularizing pork chops on the French dinner plate.

His plan to try to keep food prices down, now that they are rising, is to clap ceilings on them and threaten fines and even arrest for unscrupulous storekeepers, which is not particularly new here. As for the inevitable demand for higher wages that will start in the autumn, he hopes to control it by appealing to the public's logic and even self-interest in helping La Patrie to recover, for what else can he do? He is the strong, brilliant, and honorable type of young new broom in public life that the French periodically clamor for. How they use him remains to be seen.

A MOST interesting and fairly recent Russian novel, judging by its lack of the personality cult or of ideological struggles or of heroes and heroines, has lately appeared in French under the title "La Ville Natale." The author is Victor Nekrassov, unknown here but already regarded as far superior in talent to the much-touted Dudintsev, who wrote "Not by Bread Alone." Nekrassov is not on the list of the important so-called freedom writers who are already in trouble at home again, such as Dudintsev himself, along with Granin, Yashin, and Kirsanov, who were condemned "for serious ideo-



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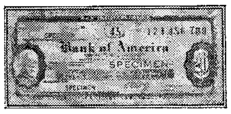

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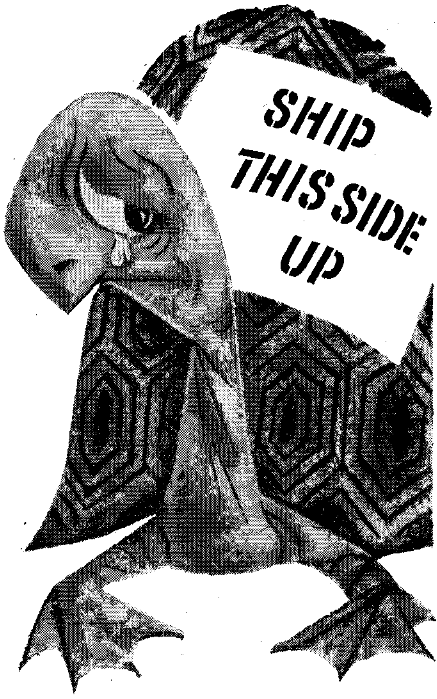

The Vice of the Turtle

(A PILFERPROOF FABLE)

Once upon a time, a 273-year-old turtle named Elliot tried the old shell game with the zookeeper's liquor. He squeezed into the empty office, tortuously undid a bottle of Jim Beam, and tilted. But the bottle had an Alcoa® Pilferproof Closure which exposed the theft. Next day the boss wrote out Elliot's ticket to the soup works and spectacle factory.

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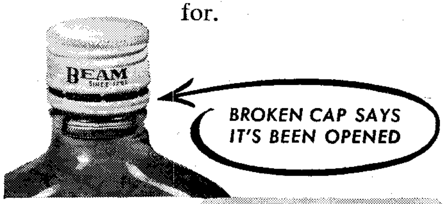

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logical errors and one-sided representations of reality" at the May plenary session of the Presidium of the Union of Soviet Writers in Moscow, though "La Ville Natale" might easily award Nekrassov that troublesome honor. Nekrassov never identifies his home town, merely making it come alive as a big city in the South, once assaulted and occupied by the Germans, now gone, though the war is still on as the story opens, with Captain Nicolas Mitiassov, an arm crippled in the battle of Lubin, returning home from the front to hunt up his wife, Choura. He hears she is living with a younger and more badly wounded soldier. In a bar, he meets another wounded soldier, Serge Nikotitch, a tough hero aviator and drinker who lost a leg in the battle of Kursk. Then Nicolas meets a more intellectual bohemian crowd through Anna Panteloïmonovna, a librarian, and her pretty daughter Valia, who had also fought at the front. The three young veterans—especially the two maimed men, now unfit for service—long only for the front again, their wonderland of courage, amid this calm, battered life of civilians for whom war, by partly destroying them and their homes, has "given to some things a terrible simplicity." "It shouldn't be like that," even young Valia notes, with female wisdom. One simplicity that this book brings out is the emotional adjustment to new domestic partners, with permanence in mind but with no talk of marriage, an aim obviously simplified in a partly demolished city by the crowding of a dozen humans into one flat, yet dominated by what seems an important natural feeling by these individuals that love should be freely chosen. This accepted and practiced liberty of choice as a start for a new life, and the difficulties of earning the new life for the crippled heroes, are the two main themes of the novel and are what make it informing and even entertaining, since the characters of the two men are exceptionally well developed. With the typical slow, tentative ripening of affections that marked the milder passages in Russian novels of the last century, the principal couples eventually reassort themselves, Serge with Choura and Nicolas with Valia, advancing through a continuation of simple, believable incidents to which Nekrassov gives the typical Slav handling, so that a whole slice of life surrounds the lovers—their feelings, their work, the neighborhood goings on, the hospital scenes with wounded soldiers, the teamaking, the meals of sausages, the differences in

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male and female characters, and, finally, the reviving personality of the city as the war ends.

On another plane, especially interesting to us foreigners, since Soviet propaganda keeps us uninformed, is the struggle by the two crippled men to find decent work. Serge tries to settle in something more elevating than being a black marketeer of women's sandals. He at last gets a job as an instructor at a flying school. Better educated, Nicolas plugs through a builders' institute to become some kind of engineer. The only incident that specifically reflects the Soviet regime they live under and that one might think would make the book *non grata* in Moscow is the dramatic finale. Nicolas, though threatened with the loss of his Party card, stages a winning fight before the institute's faculty to retain an old intellectual professor whom an upstart ambitious Party wardheeler among the teachers is trying to oust in disgrace because he wants the post. His denunciation of Nicolas as anti-Party, deviationist, and subversive is the real echo of Moscow, the sound of any Soviet Party purge charges, whether under Stalin or under the present Mr. K. If you read French—or if you can read it in the original Russian—"La Ville Natale" is an exceptionally absorbing freedom novel from the Soviet part of the world.

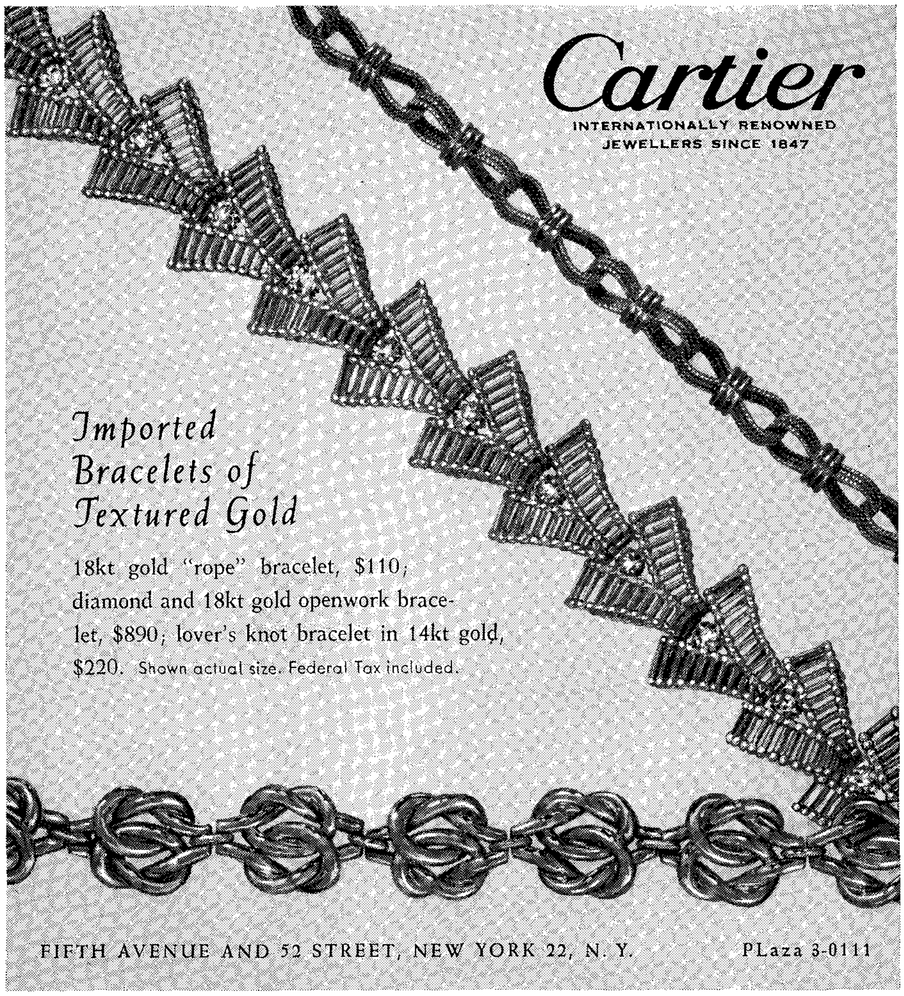
AMERICAN tourists are giving Paris the go-by because of high prices, and those two million Parisians are off on paid holiday, so the city is delightfully empty—ideal for a resident on vacation. Owing to the crisis in the falling franc that preceded its devaluation and the fact that paper pulp for newspapers is imported, the Secrétariat d'Etat à l'Information limited the number of Paris newspaper pages to eight during the rest of August, so we are also isolated from all except the most signal news. One such item that just received full space in all the dailies is that five neighborhoods of the city are suffering an invasion of termites—in Passy, around the Gare d'Austerlitz, around the Sorbonne, in Ternes, and in Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Apparently, this is the worst invasion since the time of François I (1494-1547)—a pretty clean record.

—GENÊT

•

"Streetcar Named Desire," Honolulu Community Theatre play, is in its first of a three-week run at Ruger. Described as Tennessee Ernie's best, curtain time for Friday and Saturday performances is 8:30 P. M.—*Waikiki Beach Press.*

It isn't his worst, by any means.



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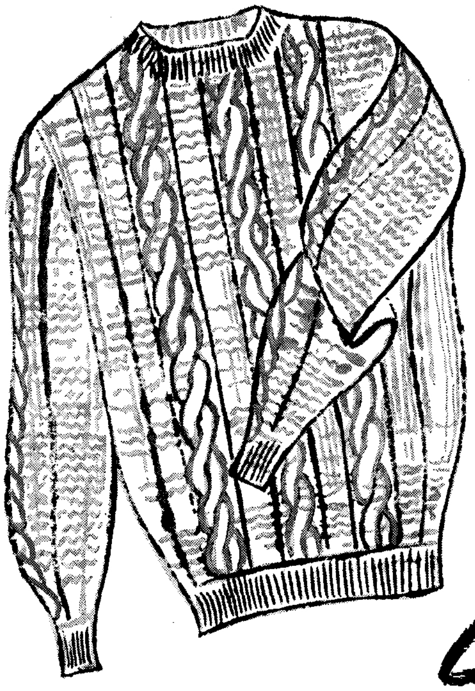

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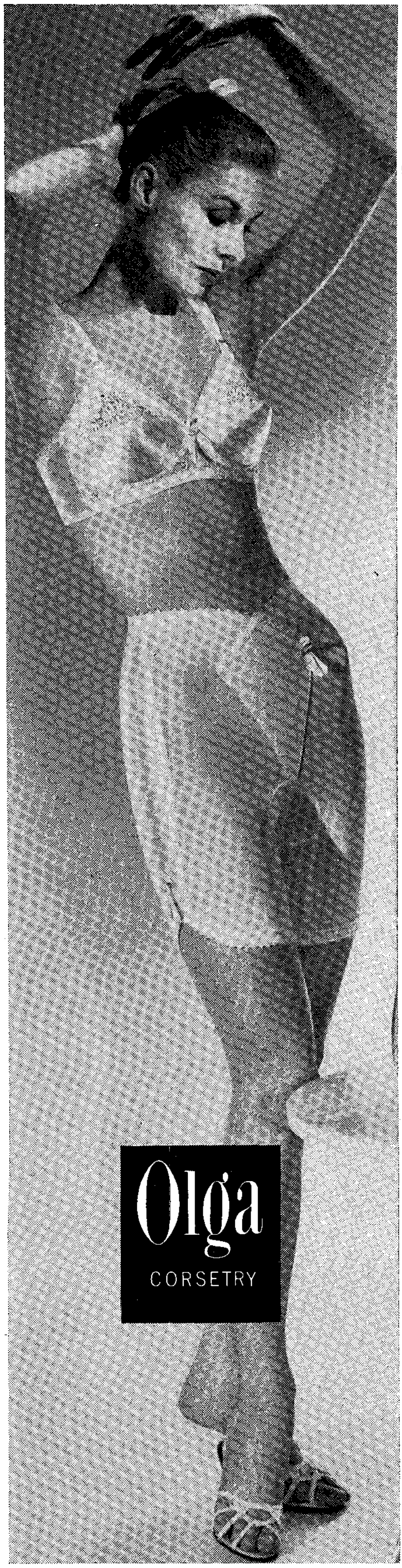

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HOME IS THE SAILOR

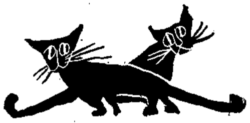
WHEN David Cameron got home from his office, he examined the mail on the hall table, tore up the obvious advertisements, and put the rest in his pocket. There was a carbon copy of a three-page letter lying on the table, and Cameron looked at the familiar heading—"Dear Folks"—and read no farther. In the living room, Louise, his wife, said, "Is that you, dear?"

"Uh-huh," said Cameron.

"There's a letter from Tod there on the table," Louise said.

"I see it," Cameron said resignedly, and picked up the carbon copy and took it into the living room with him.

Tod was his wife's younger brother, who was currently serving his tour of duty as an ensign in the Navy, and every member of the family was expected to read his weekly letters with great care. The originals were sent to his parents, who kept them with the declared intention of submitting them to a publisher when Tod's hitch was over; the first carbons went to an older brother in Milwaukee; and the second carbons went to David and Louise Cameron. Louise was younger than the brother in Milwaukee, and therefore lower on the list. One of the worst *gaffes* Cameron had ever made was admitting, in the presence of Louise's parents, that he hadn't had time to read one of Tod's letters. Emily Fenwick, Louise's mother, had sniffed in disbelief, and George, her father, had said, "You can't afford not to read those letters, David. They give you a picture of what's going on in the world today. Could be damned important someday."



So Cameron felt it wise at least to go through the motions of reading the letters. He kissed his wife, and then sat down and skimmed over the blurry, clotted type of this latest one. "By God, I wish you'd been born the eldest in the family," he muttered to her. "Then we might possibly have got a legible copy."

"Oh, don't be silly," she said. "It's perfectly clear." She came and looked over his shoulder. "What part don't you understand?"

"There's *nothing* I don't understand," Cameron replied. "It's just a chore to get through it, that's all."

Louise walked away, and Cameron went on, half reading. Words and phrases once all too familiar to him, such as Cominch, Gitmo, dogwatch, G.Q., scuttlebutt, C.I.C., OpNav, brightwork, and sacktime, rose to the muddy surface of the page, and he didn't have to read carefully to get the general sense of the letter. But he felt some resentment that Tod should use these words in a letter to civilians, as though he were an old salt who knew no other language when, in point of fact, he was just an N.R.O.T.C. graduate who was going to return to law school as soon as his two years were up. In the Navy, talk like the Navy, Cameron thought, but if you're talking to outsiders, speak English. His eyes darted across the last page of the letter; then he folded it and put it down. "Very interesting," he said before he realized that he was alone. He got up and went over to the bar, and mixed a drink for himself.

Louise came into the room carrying a vase of cut flowers, which she set carefully in the center of the coffee table. "I can't wait to see him," she said. "Every trip he makes, he gets better-looking."

Cameron sipped his highball in silence, and Louise went on, "I guess I'd better call the Fieldings right now, so they can get replacements for us for Thursday."

"Why?" Cameron asked. "What's happened?"

Louise straightened up and looked at him. "What's happened?" she repeated. "Didn't you read the letter?"

"Of course I read it," Cameron said. "You saw me read it."

"Well, then, you know very well we can't go to the Fieldings' on Thursday, because that's the day Tod gets in," she said. "We'll be at Mother and Daddy's for dinner on Thursday."

"Oh, my God," Cameron said wearily. "I guess I missed that part of the letter."

"That's what the whole last paragraph is about," Louise said tartly. "Perhaps you'd better read the letter again."

"No, no," said Cameron. "I'll take your word for it."

"And one more thing," said Louise. "You'll do me a great favor if you'll stop all this elaborate martyrdom act."

"It's no act, believe me," Cameron replied. "I'd rather be flailed with wire whips than go through another one of those evenings. They drive me straight out of my mind."

"Why?" Louise asked, with rising anger. "Why do you feel yourself so great that you can't spend a few hours

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with someone who's been out at sea—someone who's given up his career while he serves his country?"

"Oh, come off it," Cameron said. "A hell of a lot of people are doing the same thing Tod's doing—in fact, they *have* to do it. Tod wouldn't have given up anything if he hadn't had to, and you know that as well as I do."

"What have you got against Tod?" Louise snapped. "Why do you dislike him so?"

"Let's not go into that," Cameron replied. "What drives me crazy is this wild-eyed adulation of someone who is doing no more than is required of him. And to listen to him talk you'd think he'd been in the Navy all his life. My God, he doesn't talk about *anything* except the Navy, and all in that salty jargon."

"I seem to remember *you* did a lot of talking about the Navy when *you* were in it. I don't think you're in any position to criticize anyone."

"Well, at least I didn't have a captive audience," Cameron said. "People were free to walk out of the room if they wanted to. But here we've got to sit through dinner listening to all his sea stories, and then we've got to sit through a couple of hours of looking at his pictures—the same goddam pictures every time. Why can't he take some new pictures, for a change? And then we get a few more sea stories, and then he tells us he'll probably be spending the weekend with us and bringing a couple of his buddies from the ship. All this as though he were doing us a favor, or something. You asked me what I didn't like about him, and there it is. Are there any more questions?"

"There most certainly are not," Louise replied, biting each word. "I think you've said quite enough. And I also think you're probably jealous."

"Jealous?" Cameron said, his voice rising to a shout. "*Jealous*? What in the name of God have I got to be *jealous* about?"

"I'm afraid you're a little too arrogant to understand," Louise replied, and she whirled around and left the room.

THURSDAY night, Cameron and Louise arrived at her parents' house promptly at seven o'clock. As they waited for the maid to answer the doorbell, Cameron cleared his throat, squared his shoulders, and took a deep breath. Louise looked at him coldly. "You behave yourself, now," she said.

"Uh-huh," he replied.

She started to say something else, but the door opened and the maid stood aside to let them in. They went into the

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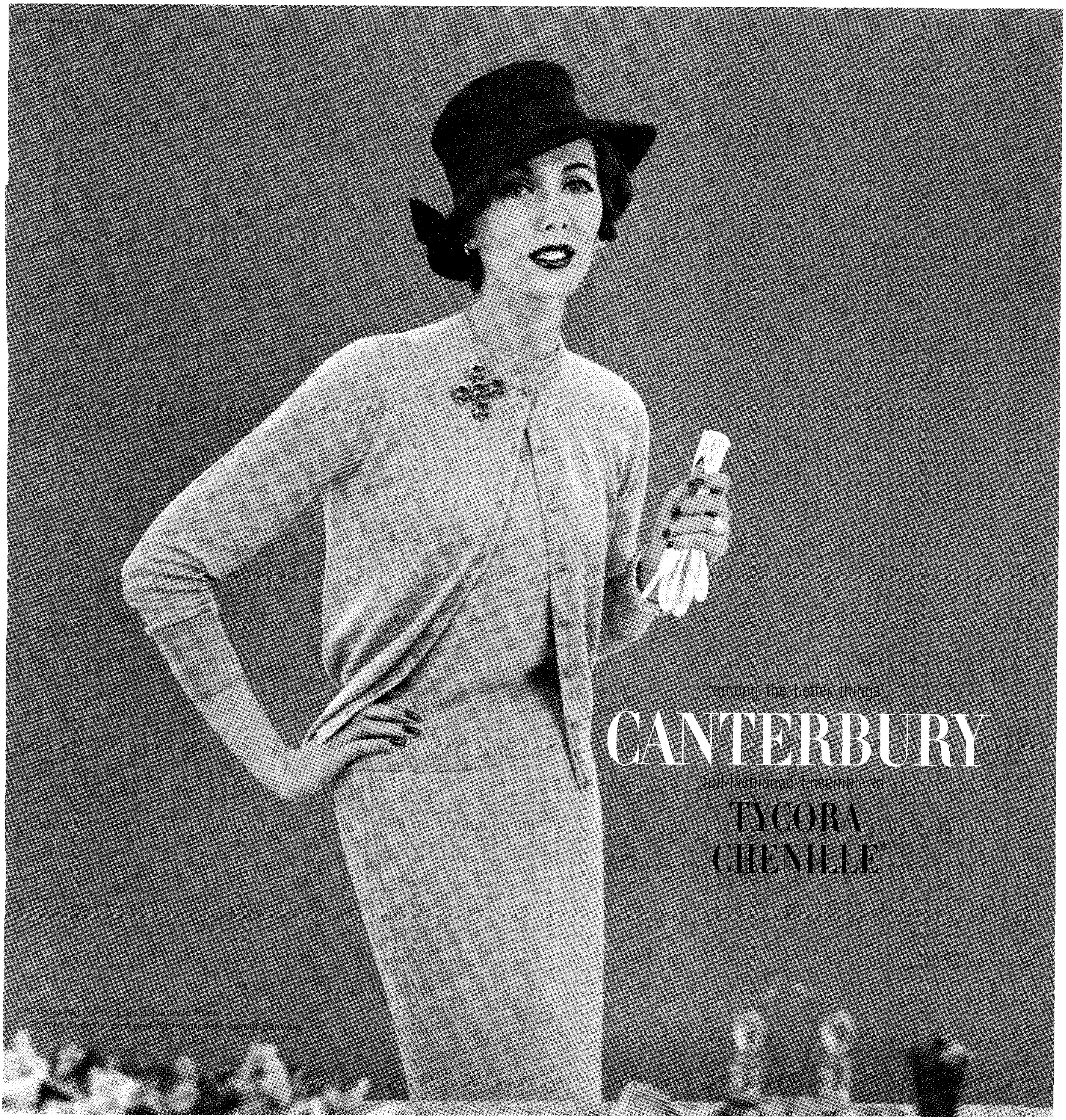
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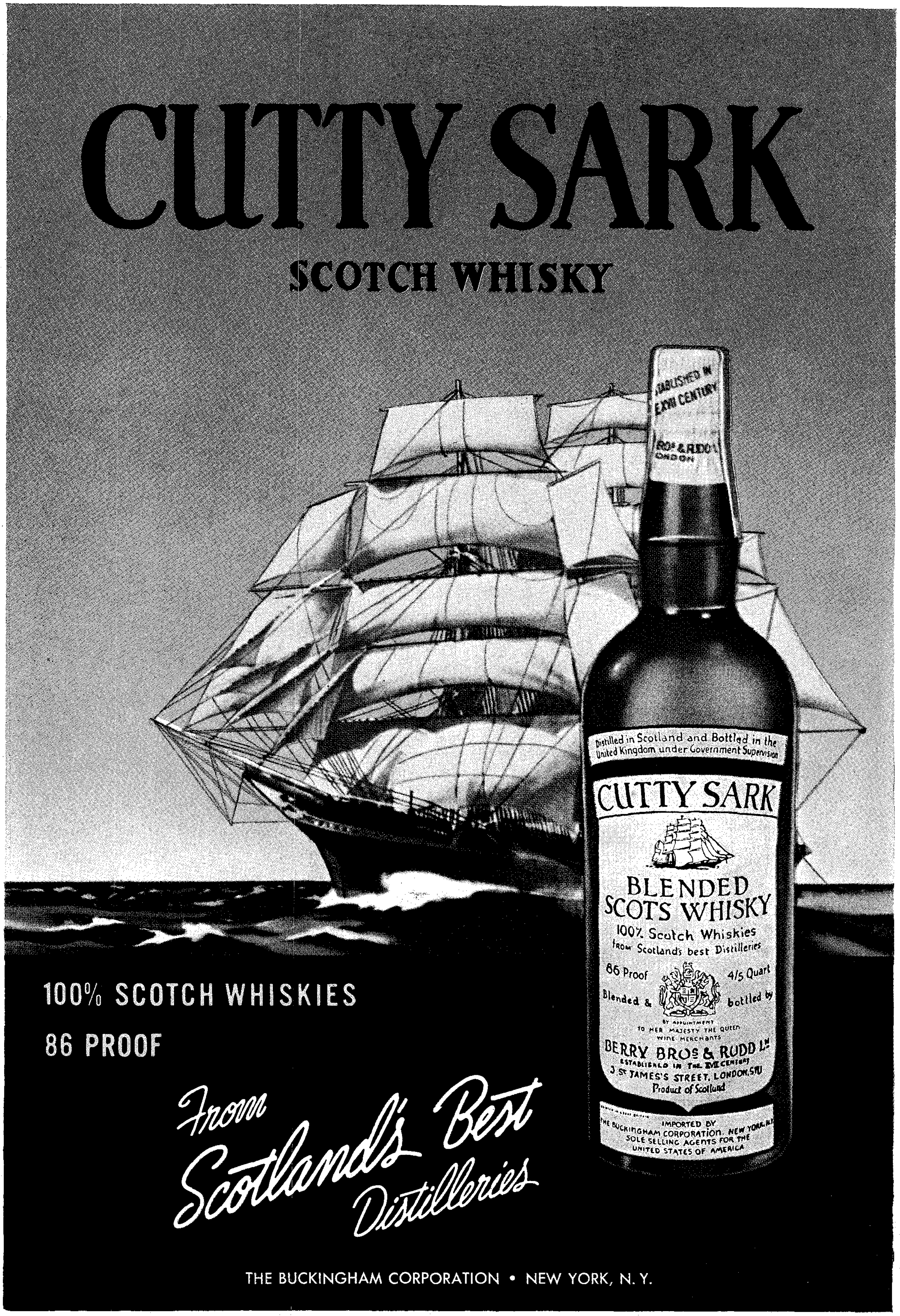

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living room, where George and Emily Fenwick were sitting on an ornate brocade sofa, listening to Tod, who stood by the fireplace with a drink in one hand and a pipe in the other. He was wearing his summer whites, and Louise gave a gasp when she saw him, and then ran up and embraced him. "Oh, you look beautiful!" she exclaimed.

Beautiful isn't quite the word I'd use, Cameron thought as he shook hands with Tod and muttered that he was glad to see him. Tod was deeply tanned, and this made an effective contrast with his high-collared white uniform, but there was a softness about his face, a determined boyishness that kept him from being—in Cameron's eyes, at least—anything more than vaguely pleasant-looking. His front teeth were large, and when he smiled or talked, his gums showed with an almost obscene pinkness. To Cameron, he always looked as though he should be barefoot, wearing overalls and a tattered, farmer-boy straw hat, and carrying a homemade pole.

"Go ahead with your story, Son," George Fenwick said, and to Louise and Cameron he said, "I'll get you a drink in a minute, just as soon as Tod finishes his story."

"Well, you really ought to hear the whole thing," Tod said as they sat down.

"Start it again at the beginning, darling," Emily Fenwick said. "I'd love to hear it all again."

Tod cleared his throat. "Well, this happened as we were approaching Japan," he said. "I'd had the midwatch, and—"

"Oh, you're forgetting the first thing!" Emily Fenwick cried. "Louise, your little brother is now a qualified watchman! Isn't that wonderful?"

"Watch *stander*," Tod corrected her. He glanced at Cameron. "J.O.O.D., of course," he said.

"Of course," Cameron said.

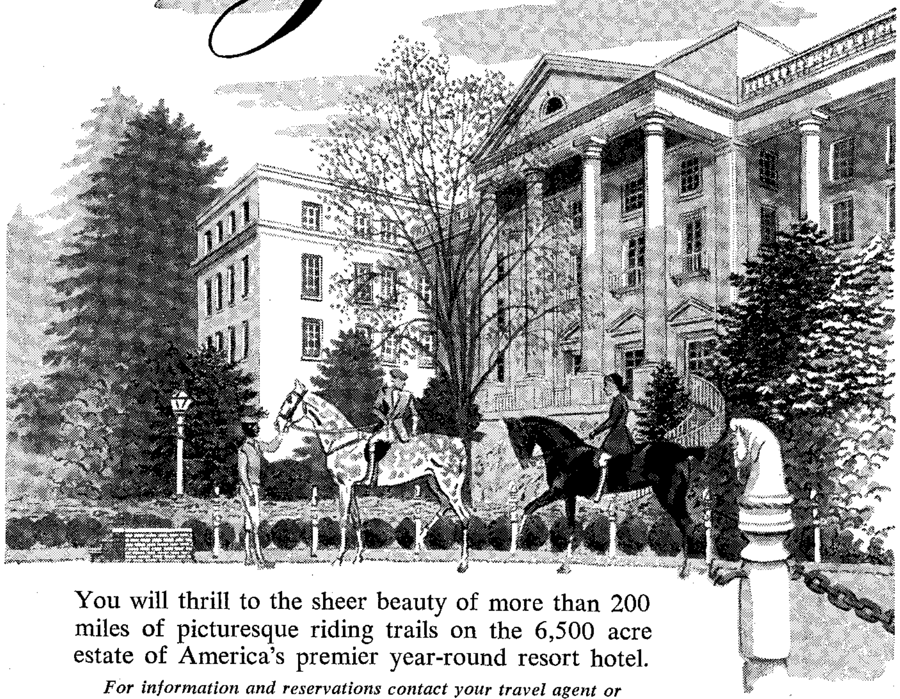
"I think that's fast work," George Fenwick put in. "Only eight months the boy's been aboard the ship, and he's qualified to stand a deck watch." He looked at Cameron. "How long was it before they let you stand a watch?" he asked.

"I don't remember," Cameron answered mildly.

"Eight months is pretty good, though, wouldn't you say?" Fenwick persisted.

"Yes," Cameron said, lying. "Quite good."

"At any rate," Tod said, raising his voice slightly. "At any rate, our D.R. course put us right off Bungo Suido, so



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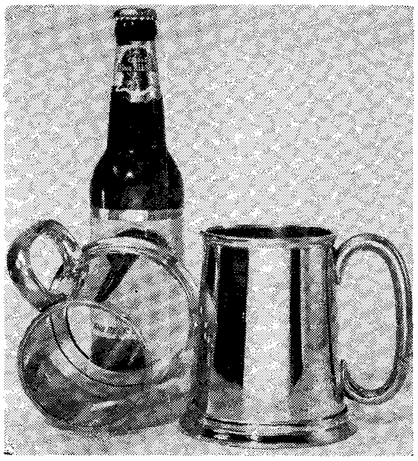

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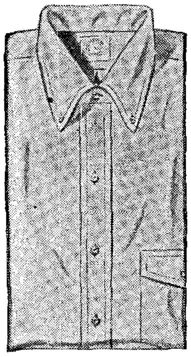

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The Fenwicks, Louise included, laughed heartily, and Cameron did his best to make his attempt at laughter look sincere. I heard that one twelve years ago, he thought. Twelve years ago this coming October. And I heard it about fifteen times, from different sources, after that. I guess it must be one of the perennials. He looked at Louise, and their eyes met briefly and without expression.

Still laughing, George Fenwick got up from the sofa. "All right, you two," he said. "What can I get you to drink?"

Cameron and Louise gave him their orders, and after he had left the room Emily Fenwick said, "Louise, dear, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Of course," said Louise. "What is it?"

"I'd like you to let Tod stay with Daddy and me this weekend. I know it's your turn to have him, but it's just so terribly long since we've seen him that we want to make every minute count."

"Of course," said Louise again. "Whatever you say."

"And besides, you're better equipped to put up his friends than we are."

"Friends?" said Louise. "What friends?"

"You know them," Tod said to her. "Miller and Gorgan. You met them last time we were Stateside. I told them I was sure you'd bunk them for the weekend."

"Why, certainly," Louise said, with a trace of hesitation in her voice. "We'd be glad to." She glanced at Cameron, but he was studying the portrait of her grandfather over the mantelpiece.

"Oh, and another thing," Tod said. "Could we have your car Saturday night? There's a dance out at the Yacht Club."

"Well, all right," Louise said tentatively.

Cameron looked at her. "How do we get to the Gouldings'?" he asked, in a quiet voice.

She thought for a second. "Bunny and Midge can pick us up," she said.

"Ah, yes," said Cameron. "I'd forgotten about them." He took the drink that George Fenwick offered him, and

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as he raised the glass to his lips he noticed that his hand was shaking. He took a large swallow and set the glass down.

"By God, I wish you'd get a new car, though," Tod said to Cameron jocularly. "You ought to give that old heap the deep six."

"There's a little matter of a new car costing money," Cameron said. "More money, in fact, than I happen to have on me at the moment."

"Hell, borrow it. The banks will lend it to you," Tod replied.

Cameron took a deep breath and clasped his hands together until his knuckles cracked, but before he could say anything, Emily Fenwick spoke up. "Oh, David, do let's stop talking about money! Tod, dear, tell us about the Japanese—do they still miss General MacArthur very much?"

CAMERON found that he was able to get through dinner by pretending to himself that he didn't understand English. Just suppose I were a Siamese, he thought. I wouldn't know a word of what this person is saying, I wouldn't be asked to speak any more than I am now. And, everything considered, the food is quite good. Just so long as I don't spoil my digestion by listening to what Saint Tod is saying. Why, this may be the answer I've been looking for all these years. It could possibly be the basis of a whole new social structure. Then he realized that George Fenwick was speaking to him, and he said, "I beg your pardon?"

"I was saying, don't you think they ought to give medals for peacetime service, just the way they did during the war?" Fenwick said.

Cameron blinked. "Why— I suppose so," he said. "I guess I hadn't thought much about it."

The after-dinner coffee was served in the living room while Tod set up the projector for his pictures. "Oh, by the way, Commander," he said to Cameron, "how's chances of borrowing your camera for this next cruise? Mine's been drydocked for repairs, and it won't be ready before we shove off."

"Well . . ." Cameron said, looking at Louise. "We're taking our vacation next month, and I'd kind of like to have it."

"Of course, these civilian types who get vacations!" Tod said, with mock scorn. "You'd think a man who could afford to go on a vacation could afford to *rent* a camera, if he needed one."

"All right," Cameron snapped. "You can take it. I'll buy myself another."

A knot of pain was forming in his

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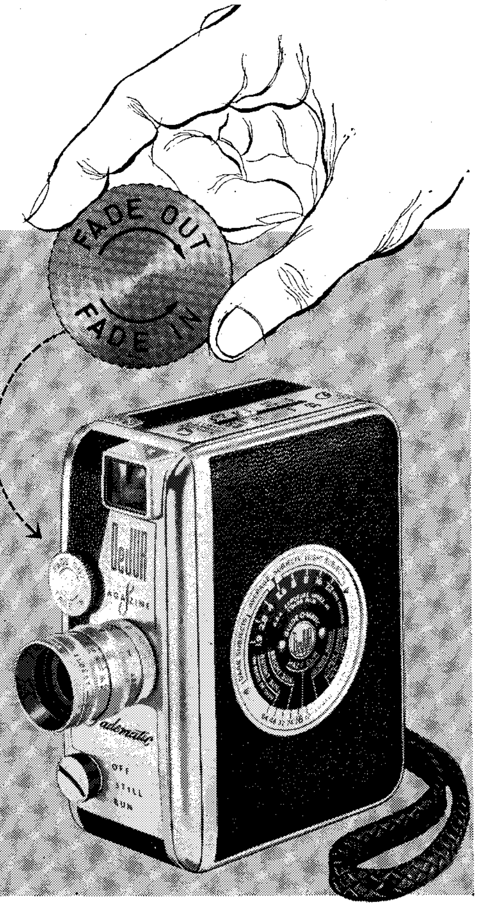

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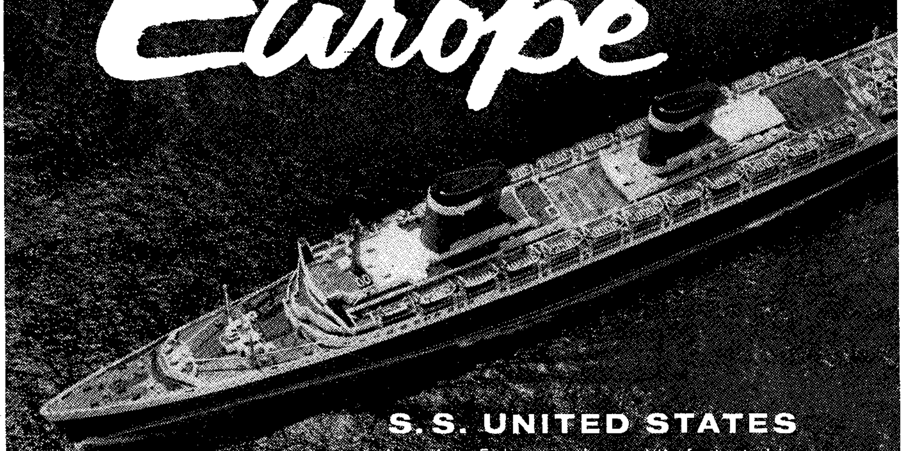

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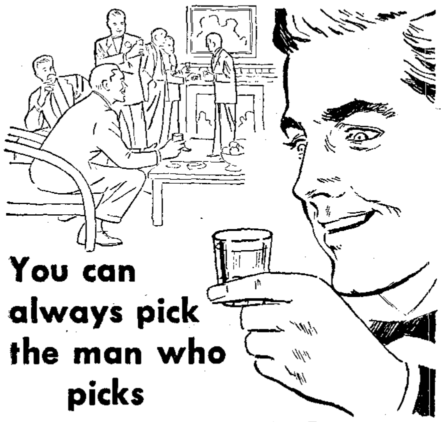
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stomach, and he looked around at George Fenwick, who was passing a box of cigars to Tod. "Sir, may I have a brandy?" Cameron asked.

"Oh—yes, of course!" Fenwick said. He looked at the others. "Anybody else want anything before the pictures start?" he asked. "Let's get all the orders now, so we won't have to interrupt the pictures."

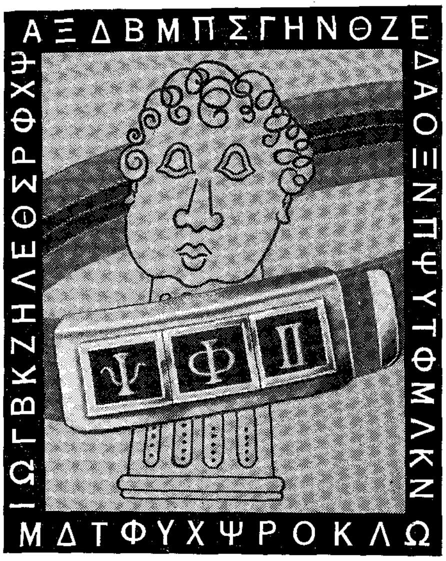
Louise asked for a crème de menthe, and Emily Fenwick wanted a strega, and by the time the cordials had been poured and passed, Tod had the projector all set up and loaded, and was waiting impatiently beside it. The cigar in his mouth looked completely absurd with the white uniform, as if he were an ice-cream vender wearing a silk hat, but Cameron knew he was the only person in the room who was aware of it.

The showing of the pictures took an hour and forty minutes. There were shots of waves breaking over the bow of the ship, of sunsets at sea, of white-clad officers laughing in front of a Japanese shrine, of Okinawan farmers staring balefully at the camera, of the womblike Okinawan tombs, and of Japanese women giggling in a crowded street. Then there were more shots of the sea, and shots of smiling officers standing against rails. Each picture brought gasps of admiration from the Fenwicks, then questions about its hows and whens and whys, and then a long explanation from Tod, laced with the names of unfamiliar people and with nautical jargon. To Cameron, the whole scene took on an air of unreality, like an underwater ballet in which Tod was the King of All the Fishes, and the lesser fishes swam and swirled and bowed around him, offering little bits of coral as tokens of their worship. There was an unhealthy quality somewhere, too, like the taste of milk about to curdle, but he couldn't quite define it.

Finally, the lights went on again, and there were general expressions of stunned contentment. Cameron looked at Louise, but he could tell nothing from her face; she looked as she did every morning before she had her coffee—blank, and faintly irritable. Then he heard Emily Fenwick saying, "I'd like to see them all over again right now."

And George Fenwick said, "Those pictures'll be worth a lot someday, you mark my words."

Tod, who was repacking the projector, looked up at Cameron and said, "Commander, how would you like to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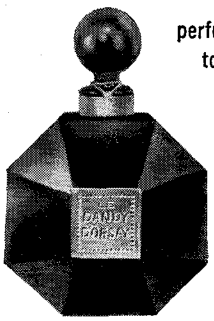

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get up and make me a drink? I think I've earned it."

Without a word, Cameron rose from his chair, went and mixed a drink for Tod, and gave it to him. "Here," he said, and turned away.

"Thanks," Tod replied. He lifted the glass, and said, "Well, down the hatch." He took a drink, then put the glass down and began to coil the projector cable. "You know, it's a funny thing," he said. "You might think it was exciting, going all these places and seeing all these things, but I'll be honest with you and say that most of the time it's just dull—deadly dull. When I think of all the things I might be doing with my time, it occurs to me that the whole thing is pretty much of a waste."

"Not in the least," George Fenwick said stoutly. "It's an experience you'll never regret."

"Maybe not regret," said Tod. "But I can tell you these two years look as though they'd shape up into the longest of my life."

"Well, I had four of them," Cameron said quietly. "I managed to survive."

"Yes, but you were lucky," said Tod. "You had a war."

"What did you say?" Cameron asked, in disbelief.

"I said you were lucky," Tod said. "Hell, if you've got a war, then the whole thing makes some sense, but we poor guys who have to sweat it out and not do any fighting—*we're* the ones who have a tough time of it. You should try it sometime."

Cameron took two steps that brought him face to face with Tod, and he swung back his right hand and stood frozen for a moment, staring into Tod's incredulous eyes. Emily Fenwick gave a shriek like a rabbit, and Cameron dropped his hand, turned, and headed for the door. "Come on, let's get out of here," he said, looking straight at Louise as he went.

She was pale and her eyes were wide, and she rose from her chair and followed him out the front door and into the night. —NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

Have you ever heard a baseball club owner, while complaining about the drop in attendance, admit that, whereas he has to give visiting clubs 26 cents on every admission, he doesn't have to cut up the TV dough with the visiting club although what it amounts to is more than the equivalent of the money that fans who stayed away from the game would have paid if there were no TV?—*Dan Parker in the Mirror.*

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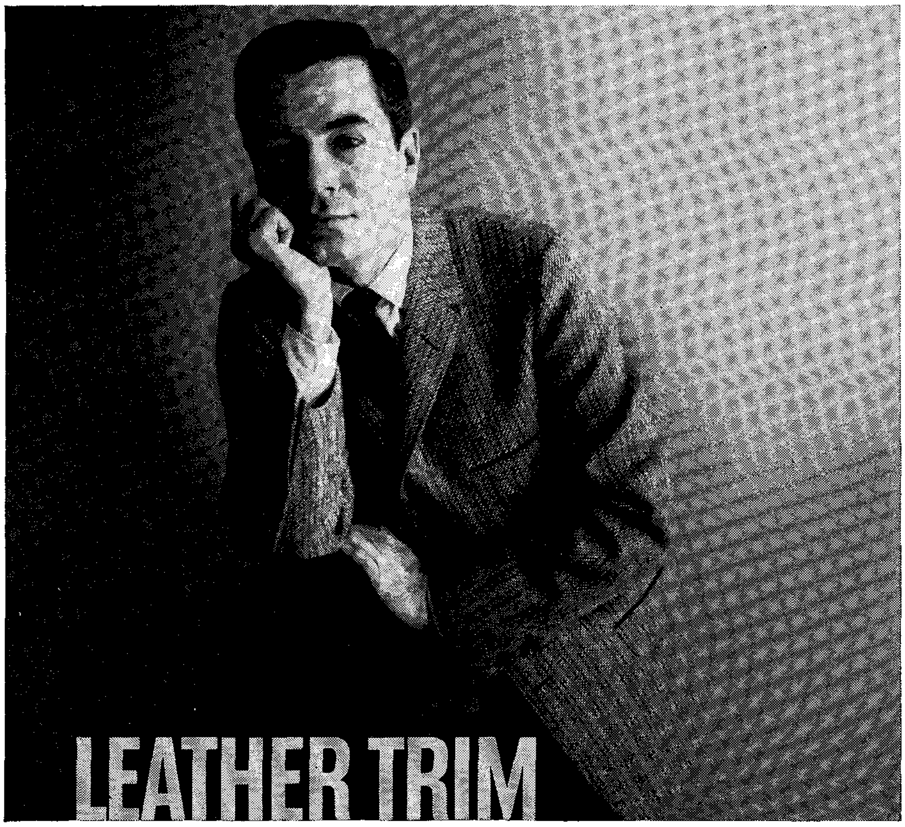

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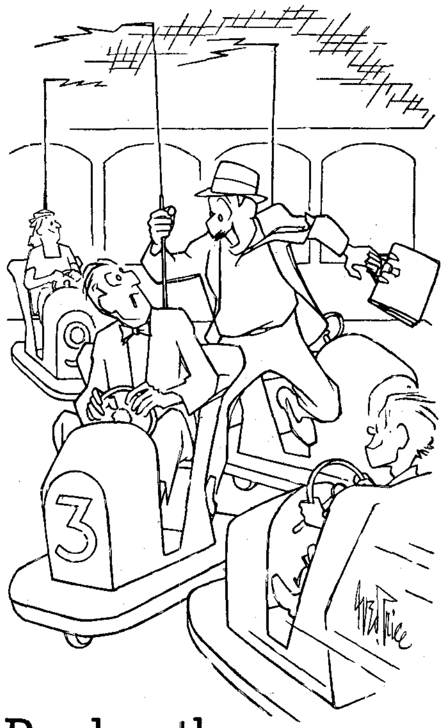

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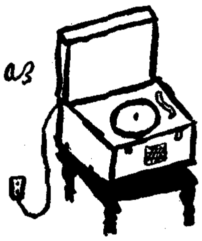
Popular Records



THE current show "New Girl in Town" is a prize example of the awkward transitional period our musical theatre is going through—a period in which larger forms are being sought after but not quite caught. "New Girl in Town," which, as you all know, is based on Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," endeavors to deal with a serious theme in terms of popular music, and while some of it is brisk and spirited, it gives inadequate expression to the emotional content of the story. (And that, after all, is the whole cheese.) Furthermore, it is wanting in style. Everything that can be said of the show can, of course, be said even more emphatically of Victor's recording, under the same name, and with the Broadway cast and orchestra, of the musical numbers and a few snatches of the dialogue.

On the evidence offered by the recorded "New Girl in Town," Bob Merrill, who provided the songs for it, has been useful in jazzing things up, in contributing typical musical-comedy touches, and in putting some life into the party, but aside from Anna's sardonic number "On the Farm," he has been of little help in giving any real musical expression to the tangled love story of the former prostitute and her suitor, stoker Mat Burke. "Anna Lilla," which is sung by Anna's father, Chris, is a maudlin absurdity, and the love duet, "Did You Close Your Eyes?," is strictly a Tin Pan Alley notion. So all we have left of any value are such rhythmically entertaining pieces as "Sunshine Girl," "At the Check Apron Ball," and "There Ain't No Flies on Me," none of which have any direct bearing on "Anna Christie." The roles of Anna, Marthy, Chris, and Mat are satisfactorily sung by Gwen Verdon, Thelma Ritter, Cameron Prud'homme, and George Wallace, in that order, and the choral and orchestral work are up to the usual slick, proficient Broadway standards.

MORE of the same sort of inconclusive handling that characterizes "New Girl in Town" is to be found in "Frankie and Johnny" (M-G-M), a recorded production of the musical numbers (and, again, bits of the dialogue) from a two-act musical play elaborating on the familiar old folk song. Unfortunately, the work contains nothing as pleasantly rowdy and enlivening as the ballad itself. The composer, Robert Cobert (he is also responsible for the book), and his lyricist, Dion McGregor, have sentimentalized the story and, by some astonishing process of divination, found enough pathos in the situation to construct a couple of pieces (the epilogue, in particular) that have the dimensions, at least, of arias. Mr. Cobert alternates between a kind of undistinguished blues idiom, which is used for the dramatic songs, and a rather ordinary pop-song form, which is used for the lighter moments. There is no doubt about his sincerity, or even his superior craftsmanship, nor is there about McGregor's, but their lack of style and their grave approach render their collaboration meaningless, except for one graceful and rather touching song, "Leanin' in the Doorway," which closes the first act. Mary Mayo, Danny Scholl, Joan Coburn, and Nathaniel Frey do well in the only four roles of consequence, and the orchestrations are smoothly competent.

SOMETHING of the homogeneity of style and the dramatic flair I missed in the two foregoing recordings can be found in "Silk Stockings" (M-G-M), a selection of musical episodes from the sound track of the movie version of the recent Broadway show. The score is Cole Porter's, and, as always, it combines wit and sentiment in just proportions. Moreover, the songs that have to do with the plot (the hero's "Paris Loves Lovers," for example, with its harsh interjections from the heroine, and the transition from the heroine's "It's a Chemical Reaction, That's All" into the hero's "All of You") are theatrically effective in their own urbane manner. It has long been my regret that Porter, a writer of Mozartean grace who demonstrated his talents at their best in "Kiss Me, Kate," has almost invariably chosen the most trifling stories to deck out with music. There's no point in mooning over that, though, so I'll simply point out that this movie recording of "Silk Stockings" is distinguished by the presence, in several numbers, of Fred Astaire, whose offhand delivery of a single chorus of "All of You," an Italian cream that is unquestionably the high spot of the score, is all grace. Elsewhere, Janis Paige, Cyd Charisse, and some others do no special harm to the rest of the Porter numbers, but, as usual, the studio orchestra carries on something awful, underscoring scenes whose turbulence we can only guess at as we turn down the volume. Porter himself summed up this kind of musical grandiloquence very neatly in one of the songs, a work entitled "Stereophonic Sound." By the way, the M-G-M recording differs from the earlier, Victor recording of the Broadway production in that two new numbers—"Fated to Be Mated" and "The Ritz Roll and Rock," neither of which need detain you—have been substituted for two others of doubtful value, "As On Through the Seasons We Sail" and "Hail, Bibinski."

NOW for a couple of other recordings I've encountered in the past few weeks:

SPEAKING OF LOVE—Bobby Short, piano and vocals, with Ismael Ugarte on bass and Sonny Rivera on drums. Short, who has a flawed but enthusiastic voice and who plays the piano brightly, has a fine talent for revivifying old songs. Among the things he presents here, with good support from his sidemen, are the title piece, which is a bouncy Vernon Duke-E. Y. Harburg piece from "Walk a Little Faster," a revue that appeared briefly on Broadway a quarter of a century ago; "At Long Last Love," one of Cole Porter's choicer compositions; "Do I Hear You Saying I Love You?," from a Rodgers and Hart show, "Present Arms;" and the Gershwins' "I've Got Beginner's Luck," from the film "Shall We Dance." There's very little the matter with this set, unless it is a somewhat labored composition, "This Is What I Call Love," from the current Broadway show "Happy Hunting." (*Atlantic*)

LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA. This was taken down directly from one of Miss Horne's springtime appearances at the Empire Room of midtown's loftiest commercial hotel. Occasionally, the effects, which were directed at a roomful of nightclub customers, sound contrived, but now and then, as in her renditions of "Honeysuckle Rose," "Mood Indigo," and "New-Fangled Tango," her humor, imagination, and pure vocal ability are as impressive as all getout. (*Victor*)

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

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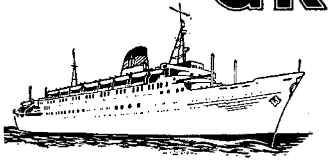

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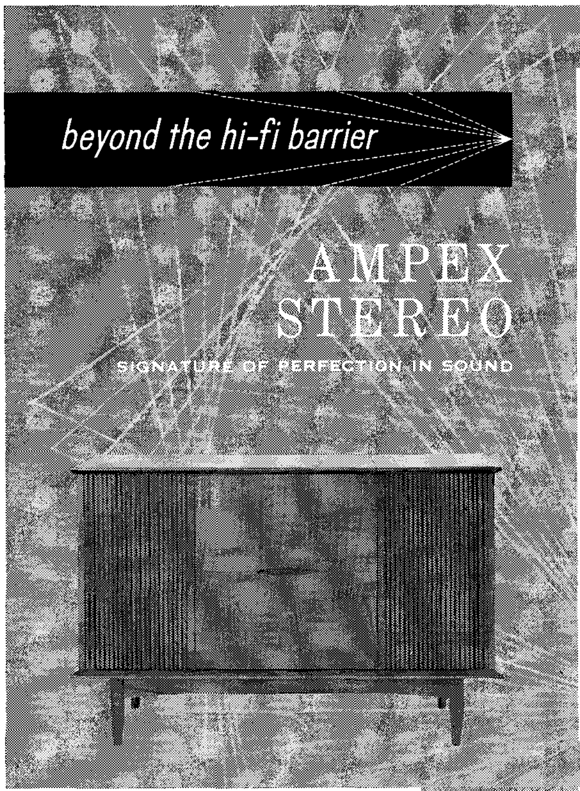

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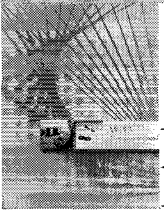

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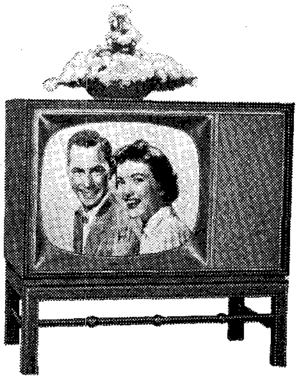

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We might very well do: I joined a teenage gang.

These are, of course, simplifications, but the basic idea is apparent. The problems will be resolved happily in each case. The girl who went steady will discover that she was losing out with other boys and heading toward trouble. The girl who hated Dad will discover that she was going through a normal stage and will be headed toward a normal father-daughter relationship, etc. In other words, the transgressions will be temporary, will produce only momentary unhappiness which can be ended by conformity to the acceptable rules of behavior.

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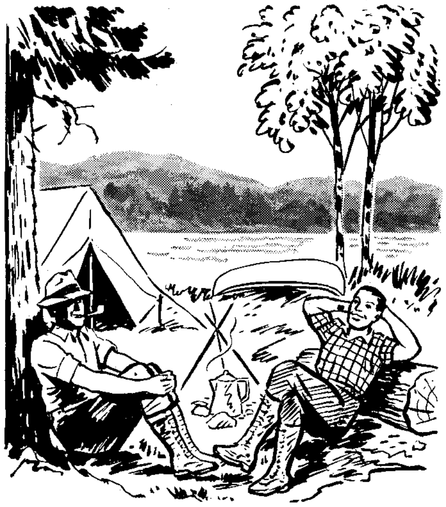

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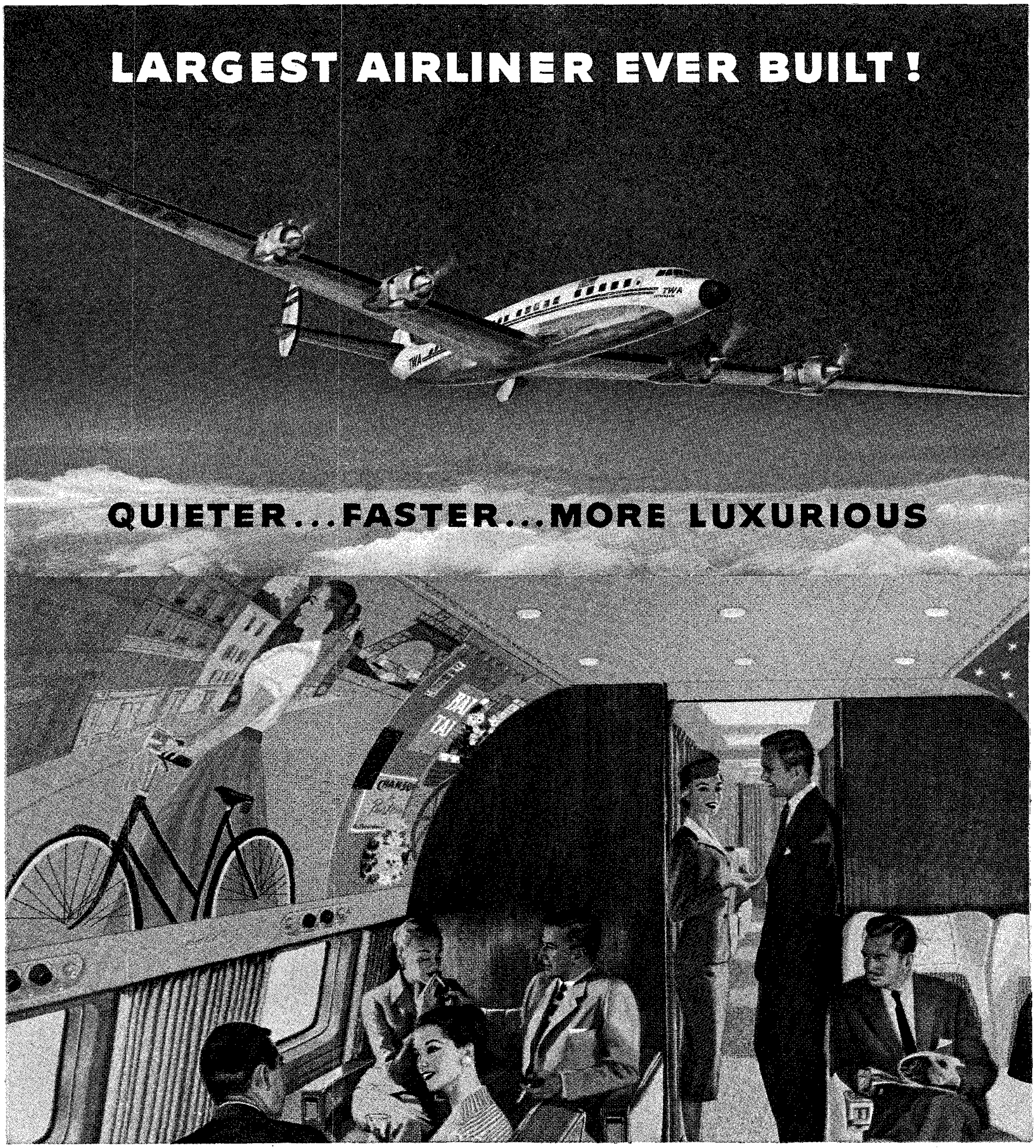
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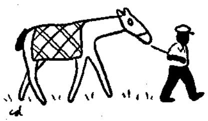

AT Saratoga last weekend, Gallant Man added the Travers Stakes to his list of achievements. He did it pretty handily, too, though he finished only half a length ahead of Bureaucracy, to whom he gave ten pounds. I suppose his margin of victory was something short of the crowd's expectations, for when horseplayers bet a dollar to win fifteen cents, as they did on Gallant Man, they expect the animal to come in first by at least ten lengths. Still, I've never seen Shoemaker ride Gallant Man with more assurance.

Only five horses went to the post for this famous old race for three-year-olds, and except for the start it was a pleasure to watch. As the stall gates opened, Pop Corn plunged forward, and fell. Atkinson, who rode him, was unhurt, but for a second or two it looked as though his mount had broken a front leg. He hadn't; his leg had just become entangled in the reins. (It was the second bad break Atkinson and a Greentree Stable racer had had recently; he and Cohoes came a cropper in the Dwyer Handicap at Belmont last month.) The incident didn't affect the other runners. Jocko's Walk went merrily off into a long lead for three-quarters of a mile, and then Bureaucracy, who runs well when it is least expected, moved up and took command. On the turn for home, Gallant Man, who had been galloping along easily, caught the leader and they went into the stretch together. Shoemaker asked Gallant Man for a final effort in the last furlong, and the little fellow immediately responded, pulling away to win comfortably. Field of Honor and Jocko's Walk finished far behind. If you care, the time for the mile and a quarter was 2:04—the fastest Travers in seven years. It was Gallant Man's first real test since the Belmont Stakes last June, and since he won by only half a length, there is bound to be discussion about how he stacks up against the other three-year-olds. Well, he has won his last four starts, and he was unlucky, to say the least, in the two before that—the Kentucky Derby and the Wood Memorial, both of which he lost by inches. The qualities that distinguish him are courage, equable temperament, stamina, and consistency, and as matters stand at the moment, I'd say he belongs at the top of the list.

TRAVERS DAY is always Saratoga's biggest, and a crowd of 27,173, which is too many people for comfort, turned out for the eighty-eighth renewal last week. In the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, which was run just before the Travers, Jimmer, who can hardly be called one of the better two-year-olds, romped away from nine other runners, including Plion, who had won the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth ten days previously. Earlier in the week, the Saratoga Special had its fifty-fifth running. Grey Monarch, who may be worth remembering, led from beginning to end, winning from Jester, Turpitude, and Dark Tale. (Colonel Martingale remarked that the order of finish sounds like an outline of "Rigoletto.") Grey Monarch, an English-bred colt, is owned by E. P. Taylor, who won the Special last year with Nearctic. On Tuesday, Claiborne Farm trotted out Nadir, who had been the clockers' tip since the meeting opened, and he obligingly won at odds-on by a neck from Grand Mogul, who is said to be the best in George Widener's barn.

If you haven't noticed, only twenty-five per cent of the favorites have won to date at Saratoga. Watchers say the reason is that the track is unusually tiring for horses who are running over it the first time. Maybe that explains the defeat of Outer Space by Miss Blue Jay in the Test Stakes the other day.

THE bidding at the Fasig-Tipton yearling sales last week was high, wide, and handsome, two hundred and forty head bringing a record total of $2,735,900. Incidentally, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Altemus Lunn again paid the top price. This time, it was $61,000, for a bay colt by Nasrullah out of Windsor Whisper. All she has to do is take one of those hundred-thousand-dollar races year after next and she's a winner on the deal.

—AUDAX MINOR

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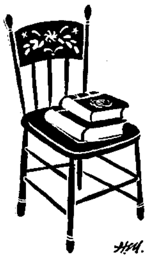
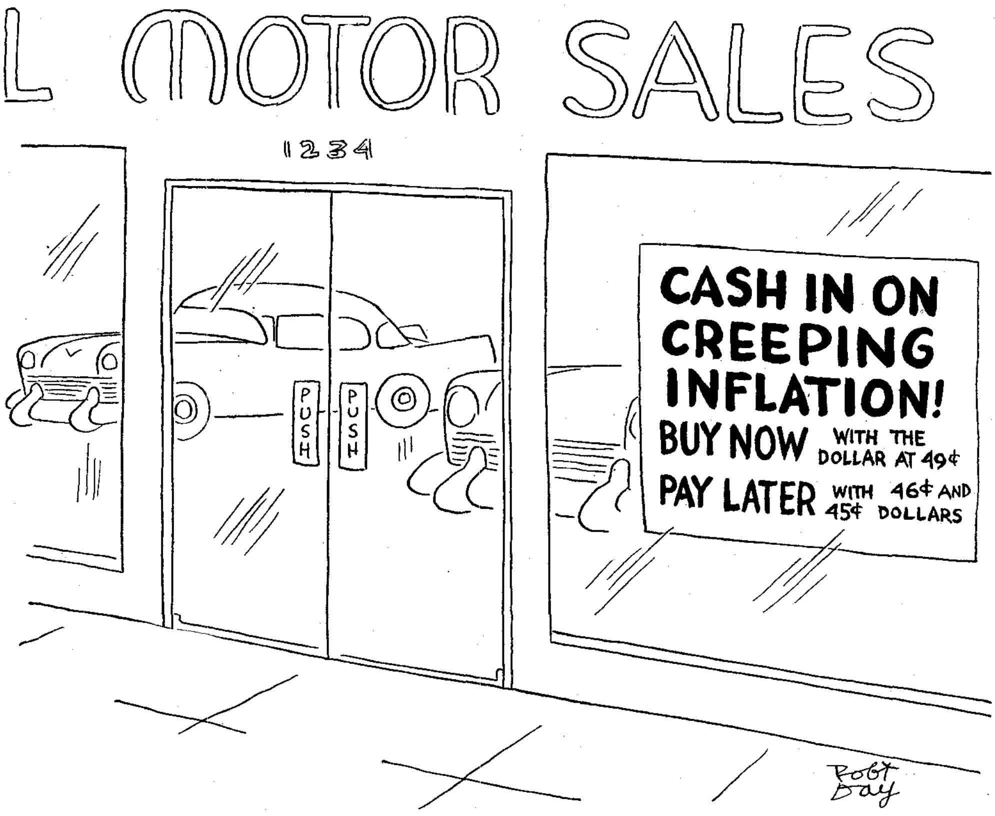


"BY LOVE POSSESSED," the new novel by James Gould Cozzens (Harcourt, Brace), is a masterpiece. It is the author's masterpiece, which in the case of Mr. Cozzens is saying a good deal, yet it would be saying too little not to add at once that "By Love Possessed" would be almost anybody's masterpiece. No American novelist of the twentieth century has attempted more than Mr. Cozzens attempts in the course of this long and bold and delicate book, which, despite its length, one reads through at headlong speed and is then angry with oneself for having reached the end of so precipitately. No other American novelist of this century could bring to such a task the resources of intelligence, literary technique, and knowledge of the intricate, more or less sorry ways of the world that Mr. Cozzens commands. If he had failed, the very ruin of his work might have served as the occasion for grateful thanks and—like that beautiful failure "Tender Is the Night," which one can scarcely bear to think of Fitzgerald still hopefully tinkering with after publication—perhaps for high praise. But Mr. Cozzens is at every point far from failing. He has been superbly ambitious and has superbly realized his ambitions. Rarely seeming to exert himself, only once showing signs of strain, he has performed the sleight of hand that all writers dream of and that few have the discipline and energy, let alone the talent, to accomplish—that of arresting and rendering the surface of life (oh, yes! this is precisely how it looks) and at the same time revealing in undiminished contrariety the flow of things beneath the surface (but this, alas, is how it is). Like all the supremely satisfying novels, "By Love Possessed" contrives to let us recognize the truth not only of what we have experienced as individuals but of what we have not; it radically alters and enlarges us even as it gives delight. An immense achievement, and if Mr. Cozzens isn't practically beside himself with relief and pride at having brought it off, then life in its incessant pursuit of irony has, as usual, gone too far.

Not that Mr. Cozzens' achievement is a surprise. The fact is that he has been a formidable writer for a long time now, quietly—indeed, almost stealthily—extending his range and advancing from strength to strength. At Harvard, over thirty years ago, he was writing novels that he has since permitted to drop from sight. (An exceedingly romantic young writer, he recovered quickly, and the cure has been lasting.) Of the canonical works, all are well known and deserve to be: "S. S. San Pedro," "The Last Adam," "Castaway," "Men and Brethren," "Ask Me Tomorrow," "The Just and the Unjust," and "Guard of Honor." The last of these, though it had nothing to do with combat, has been called the best novel to come out of the Second World War, and won the Pulitzer Prize for 1949. A more surprising distinction is that "By Love Possessed" is the fourth of Mr. Cozzens' novels to be chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club. In short, Mr. Cozzens is by no means an unrecognized American novelist; nevertheless, he is in some quarters a neglected one. Critics and the kind of readers who start fashionable cults have been markedly cool to him. It may be that his refusal to become a public figure—no TV or P.E.N. appearances, no commencement addresses at Sarah Lawrence, no night-club pronouncements recorded by Leonard Lyons—has put them off. By devoting himself to writing, he has made himself invisible to the world of letters, and even the most agile and perspicacious critics must find it hard to take the measure of an invisible man. It is commonly pretended that any work contains enough to explain its author, as well as itself, but in practice how often is this true? On the contrary, doesn't it happen again and again that the ascertainable facts of a man's life are what prompt large and plausible-sounding conclusions about his work? (For that matter, doesn't it also happen from time to time—though only a cad would call attention to such things—that these same facts turn up a few pages later to prove the validity of the conclusions they prompted?) Mr. Cozzens is an especially awkward case for critics, because he is not merely invisible as a man; he does his best to become invisible in his work. The hints of personality that remain unpurged—a presence reticent to the point of aloofness and even, if approached too closely, of truculence—are of little use to them. Mr. Cozzens simply cannot be dealt with in terms of that mode of criticism, derived from the findings of psycho-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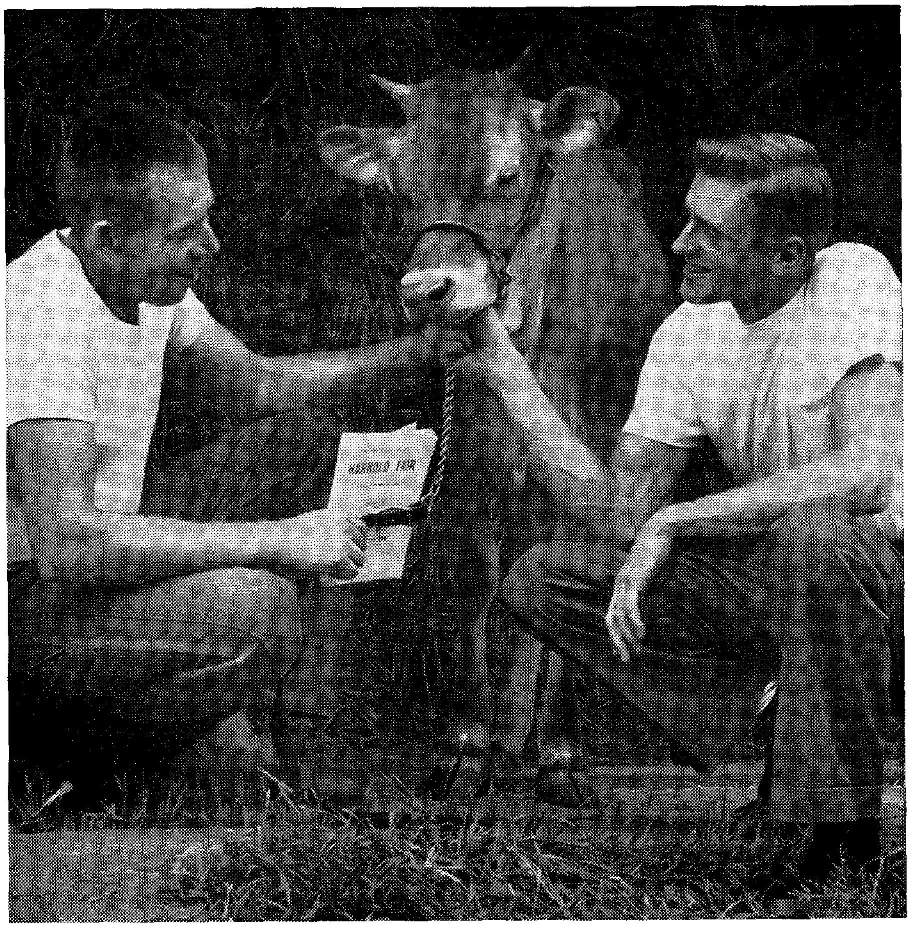
analysis, which holds that art is the product of an unhealable wound and that fiction, for example, is some sort of thinly disguised autobiographical howl. (Poor Freud, who worshipped the Muses and has been doomed to spend so many decades as the vulgarly wielded instrument of their degradation!) We have been encouraged to assume that Stephen Dedalus is Joyce, that the "I" of "Remembrance of Things Past" is Proust, that Nick Adams is Hemingway; if we make the same reckless assumption about a Cozzens hero, we are instantly in trouble. For Mr. Cozzens, in a singularly old-fashioned way, invents his books. He chooses a subject and works it up, and the heroes he creates are not in his image but in images appropriate to the subject being treated. Moreover, he is at pains to see that the treatment never dominates the subject. He is a stern creator, and though there are plenty of lively characters in his assorted worlds, there are no runaway ones. The Cozzens intellect, which is of exceptional breadth and toughness, coolly directs the Cozzens heart, with the result that a Cozzens novel is always perfectly under control; to our pleasure, the god of the machine is in the driver's seat.

Hitherto, Mr. Cozzens has seemed to take up subjects as if with the intention of presenting a human comedy of the professions—medicine, the ministry, the law, the military. The authority of every detail of these brilliant raids into the interior of particular categories of life must have cost Mr. Cozzens many months and possibly years of arduous research, yet they are, after all, only formal settings for the moral questions that have always been Mr. Cozzens' main interest and theme. How is a man to act well in a society in which every right action immediately touches on, or is touched by, the invincible corruption of the majority? How is a man to remain good in the presence of evil save by refraining from action? Yet to retreat into paralysis when one is capable of any right action, however small or useless—surely that would be as evil as it would be humiliating. And if one were to find answers to these mere foothills of questions, what of the Everest question that lies beyond? The possibility, not to be flinched by any Cozzens hero, that good and evil, action and paralysis, are equally meaningless and that the hero asking "What does it all add up to?" may hear no better answer than that nothing plus nothing is nothing?

"By Love Possessed" is, as a story, spellbinding from start to finish; it is



Telephone man Bob Croushore, right, stops at farm of John Rathgeb to discuss the entry of Jersey heifer, Wood-Knoll Stillwater Queen, at Harrold Community Fair near Greensburg, Pa.

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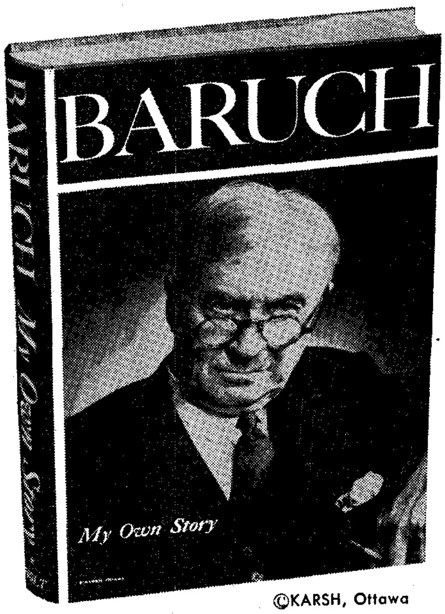

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also, indivisibly, an eloquent summing up of Mr. Cozzens' moral preoccupations. Tolstoyan in size and seriousness, from its beginning pages it gives the impression that the author has gathered all the feeling, all the knowledge, all the wisdom to be found in his earlier books and has here deliberately pushed them to their limits. It is the work of a man at the top of his powers saying (not without sadness; one has so little time at the top, and the view is stupendous), "Here is where I stand. Here is what I make of what I see." The title contains the key word of the novel, which is love. In the past, Mr. Cozzens has been accused of being afraid to deal with love, especially with sexual love. It must have amused him during the years he was writing this book to anticipate the amazement of his accusers on discovering that his finest work was a prolonged scrutiny of love in all its forms—the love of parents for children; the love of children for parents; the love of brothers and sisters for each other; the love of couples courting, engaged, or newly married; the love of couples committing adultery; the love of teen-agers petting and making love; the love of middle-aged couples many years married making love with a passion never known in youth (here is the one sign of strain); homosexual love; onanistical love; the love of the old for the young; the love of the living for the dead; the value of love freely given and taken; the horror of being by love possessed.

The hero of the novel is Arthur Winner, a fifty-four-year-old lawyer in a small town between New York and Washington. As his father had been before him, he is the admired good citizen of the town—the sonhusbandfatherdirectorvestryman on whose shoulders the local honors and responsibilities (in a small town, they are all one) unobtrusively accumulate. Intelligent, successful, tolerant, not without intuition, not without doubts, he is the quintessence of our best qualities; we might not want to be Arthur Winner—who would want to be himself at his best for very long?—but we would dislike a world in which it was impossible to imagine him existing. Little by little, we come to feel that we cannot afford to let him falter, much less fail, and this, of course, is exactly what Mr. Cozzens has it in mind to show happening. The plot of the novel, a marvel of lucid complexity, covers a fraction over two days in Winner's life, and our interest and excitement mount at first hour by hour and then literally minute by minute. Infanticide, possible rape, subornation, suicide, embezzlement—it is a full two days, and the rev-

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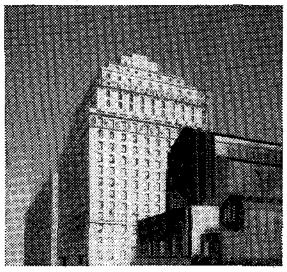

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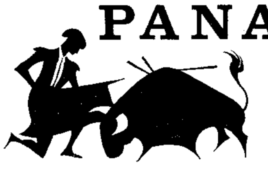

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elations that follow upon the last of these, the discovery of the embezzlement, are like so many blows in the face. Convictions that a man of good will has spent a virtuous lifetime acquiring are put to the test and found . . . not wanting but not useful. The words he has lived by, if never uttered—truth, honor, probity—are suddenly found to be worse than nonsense; they are beside the point. At the moment when they should most apply, they are most irrelevant. In the face of this astonishing development, Arthur Winner, still profoundly good, still sure that it is wrong to tell a lie, can only turn in haste to a new set of irrelevancies: that he is stronger than his enemies (in fact, he has no enemies); that he will endure (in fact, nobody endures). He will get up, he will seem to survive the blows, but life will never be the same for him. Such is the power of Mr. Cozzens' masterpiece that life may never be the same for us. We will be nursing Arthur Winner's hurt, and ours, for a long while to come. —BRENDAN GILL

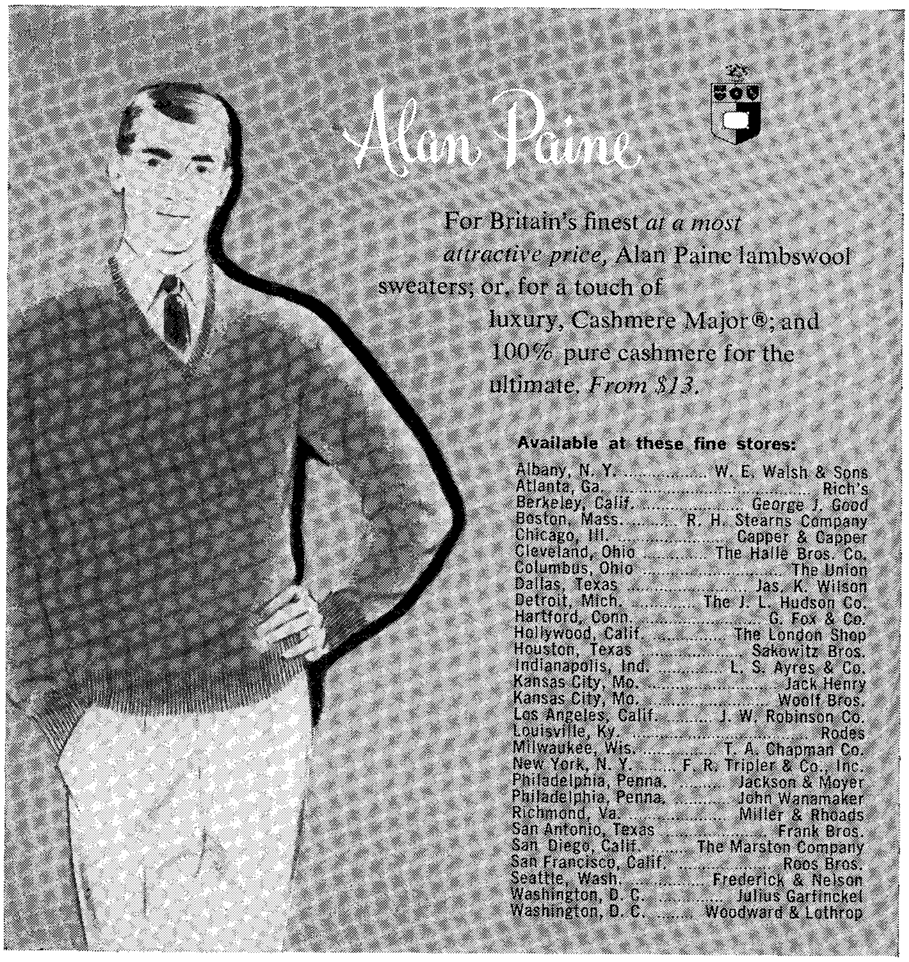
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PILLAR OF CLOUD, by Jackson Burgess (Putnam). Just before the Civil War, a small band of pioneers, led by a professional guide, try to find their way from Kansas to the West but are stopped cold when one of them kills an Indian and gets them all into trouble. Mr. Burgess writes about the frontier without any of the usual hokum, but his story fades quickly from the mind once it is over. A first novel and a Literary Guild selection.

LOVE AMONG THE CANNIBALS, by Wright Morris (Harcourt, Brace). A distasteful little effort at a humorous novel about a couple of songwriters who take a couple of girls to Mexico for a couple of weeks. Occasionally, Mr. Morris seems to be telling us that there is some point to his tale, but those of us who have spent any time at all with the funny papers are unlikely to be fooled.

THE HILLS OF BEVERLY, by Libbie Block (Doubleday). Miss Block, who sees a similarity between life at the court of France a few hundred years ago and life among the movie people today, has adopted a mock-archaic style for her account of the effects of gossip and business intrigue on the marriage of a producer and an heiress. The parody is rather skillful, but since she does not provide much evidence for the point of view behind it, the book dwindles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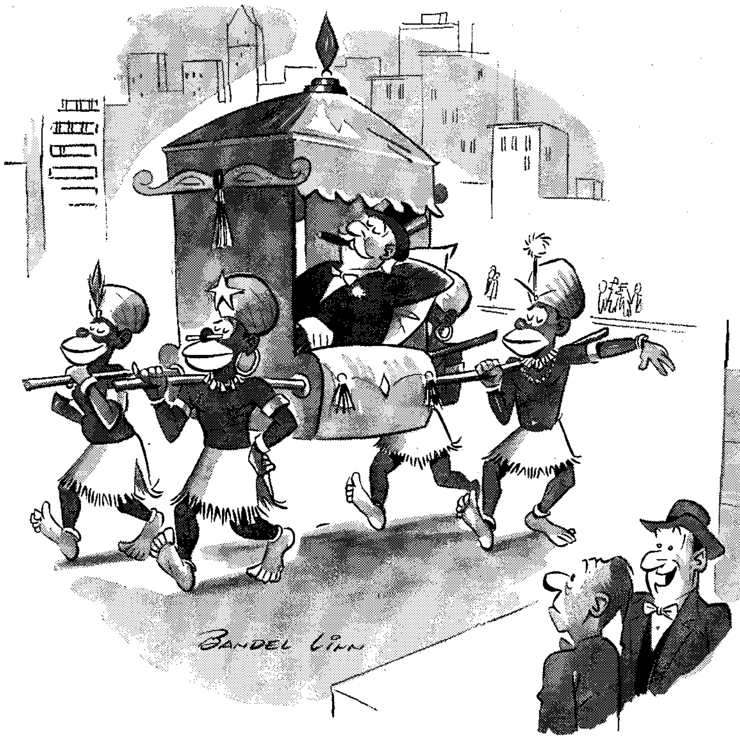

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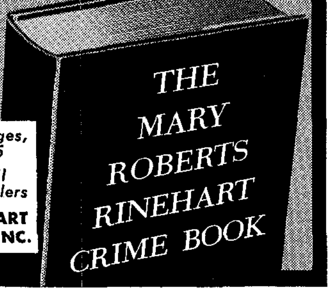
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into an interminable, manner-of-the-word parlor game, and many readers are apt to find themselves sneaking home to bed long before the party is over.

CAMERON HILL, by Martin Flavin (Harper). Mr. Flavin tells, in a rolling drone, of the sorrows of Cameron Bradley, who, born late into a shabby-genteel family, is dominated by his mother, fails at medical school and in both of his marriages, and then murders a prostitute as a last act of self-vindication. Leaden.

WITHOUT LOVE, by Gerald Hanley (Harper). A dyspeptic tale of sin and attempted redemption, set in Barcelona and revolving around an Irish political hoodlum, Michael Brennan; his saintly sister Una, who has come from England to take him home; a kindly, aging Spanish government agent, Pujol, who marries her; and a knife-eyed international agent, Kowalski, who has a hypnotic influence over Brennan. Both Brennan, who has never quite been able to free himself from his feeling of guilt over leaving the church (he is a Catholic), and Kowalski perish in the end, and the mists, thick throughout the book, finally close in.

GENERAL

THE SQUARE PEGS, by Irving Wallace (Knopf). Nine biographical "notes on the gyrations of individualists who . . . swung away from the safety of society's center." The subjects, all Americans, include John Cleves Symmes, who thought the earth was a hollow sphere; Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who thought the earth was flat; Joshua Norton, who thought he was "Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico;" and Timothy Dexter, who published a book untrammelled by punctuation. Like Gerald W. Johnson, whose recent "The Lunatic Fringe" also dealt with the intellectually out-of-step, Mr. Wallace has an honest admiration for the nonconformists and deplores their current scarcity, and the notions of his eccentrics, which (unlike the notions of Mr. Johnson's) have yet to be widely accepted, are paraded before us with taste, courtesy, and style.

AGAINST THE TYRANT, by Oscar Jaszi and John D. Lewis (Free Press). A study of tyranny and tyrannicide, from classical days to the present. Professor Lewis, of Oberlin College, deals with "the theory of tyrannicide" and its practice up to seven-

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teenth-century England, and the late Professor Jaszi, also of Oberlin, picks up from there, effectively scotching the once-common idea that the checks and balances of a parliamentary system would render tyrannicide obsolete by rendering tyrants obsolete. The book, which is probably a unique one, is cogently argued and, in a grisly sort of way, beguiling.

FACE TO FACE, by Ved Mehta (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The autobiography of a young Hindu, blinded by meningitis in his fourth year, who left his native India for the United States, where a first-rate school for the blind prepared him for college and something like normal functioning, including a staggering amount of hitchhiking across the continent. Mr. Mehta deftly and somewhat ruefully explores his tangle of pride, sensitivity, gratitude, and truculence (he still refuses to carry a cane), and he is fascinating when he talks about "facial vision," a quite unmystical ability to perceive without the use of eyes—an ability, that is, to sense the presence of obstacles by the air pressure they exert on the skin pores around the ears.

SUSAN FERRIER OF EDINBURGH, by Aline Grant (Alan Swallow). An unpretentious and useful short biography of the far too little-known author of three fine early-nineteenth-century novels—"Marriage," "The Inheritance," and "Destiny." Miss Grant tends to see her subject as the leader of the Edinburgh Girl Guides ("Underneath all her high spirits and love of nonsense there was a steady realization of the seriousness of life"), but, fortunately, the balance is redressed by ample quotation from Miss Ferrier's engagingly malicious letters, of which the following is typical: "She came bobbing along, sticking out at all points and places, keys and coppers jingling in her pockets, led in triumph by a frightful male creature with a large bow window bound in blue and buff, and a pair of pea-green upper legs."

PIONEER ATLAS OF THE AMERICAN WEST, with an introduction and notes by Dale L. Morgan (Rand McNally). This curious volume, compiled to commemorate the publisher's centennial, is a facsimile reproduction of most of "Rand, McNally & Co.'s Business Atlas Containing Large Scale Maps of Each State and Territory of the Great Mississippi Valley and Pacific Slope," first published in 1877. It measures

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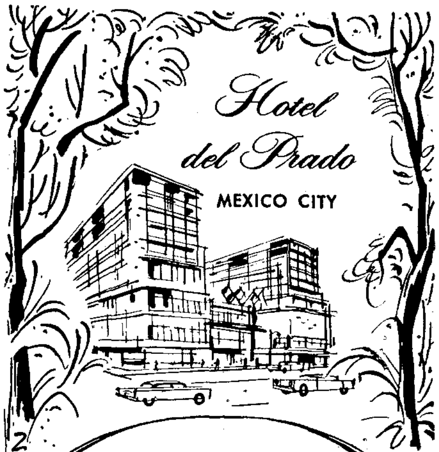

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fifteen by twenty-one inches, and it has maps (with the population boasts of now vanished boom towns) of seventeen states and territories, and a miscellany of railroad timetables and advertising claims. A worthwhile effort, undoubtedly of historical value and certainly something to make a railroad buff drool. Twenty-five dollars.

Lost Cities, by Leonard Cottrell (Rinehart). Popular accounts of the discovery and digging up of ancient metropolises whose names ring like the horn of Roland—Nineveh, Ur, Hattusas, Mohenjo-daro, Pompeii, Macchu Picchu. Mr. Cottrell says that in his earlier popular archeology books (which dispose of Egyptian Thebes, Palmyra, Mycenae, and Knossos) his purpose was a bit didactic, but that now he aims "simply to entertain." He does a good job of it, too, and there is a sizable bibliography of his sources for readers obstinately bent on self-improvement. Photographs but no maps.

Radiation: What It Is and How It Affects You, by Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp (Viking). A calmly written, exhaustive, and deadly serious study of the effects of atomic radiation on human beings, born and unborn. The authors, both of whom have done important work in nuclear research, begin with a detailed discussion of the terrible hazards of everyday, peacetime radiation—X-rays, fluoroscopy, radium treatments, and the like—and warn that "no cell fully recovers from a dose of radiation." They believe American children are subjected to too much radiation, and decry its casual employment by many doctors, dentists, and therapists. Moving on to the big question of fallout, they conclude that "the world has suddenly become a small sphere—too restricted in surface area for the 'safe' testing of superbombs."

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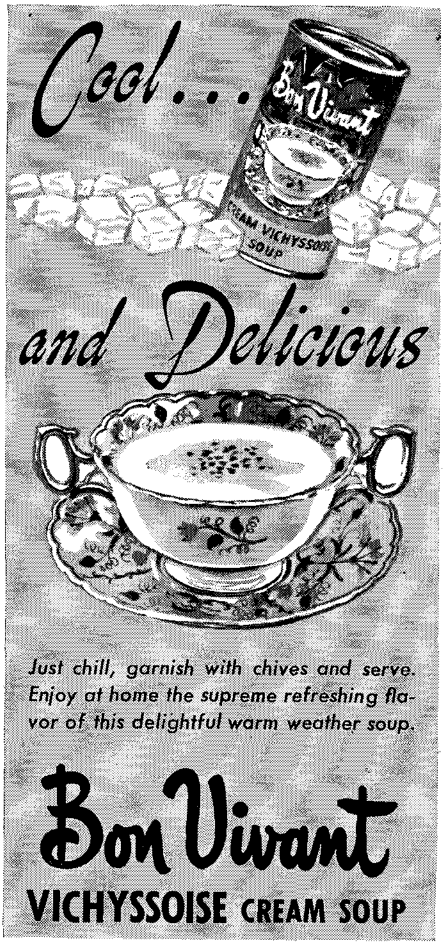

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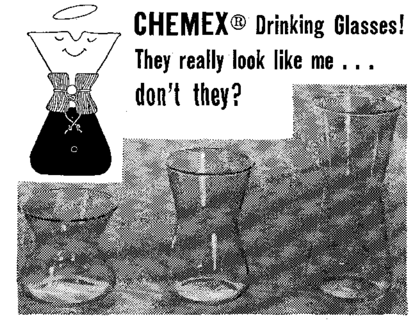
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